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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

WITH

The LIFE of the AUTHOR.

In TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

A NEW EDITION.

TO WHICH IS NOW FIRST ADDED,

THE FATHERS;

OR, THE

GOOD-NATURED MAN.

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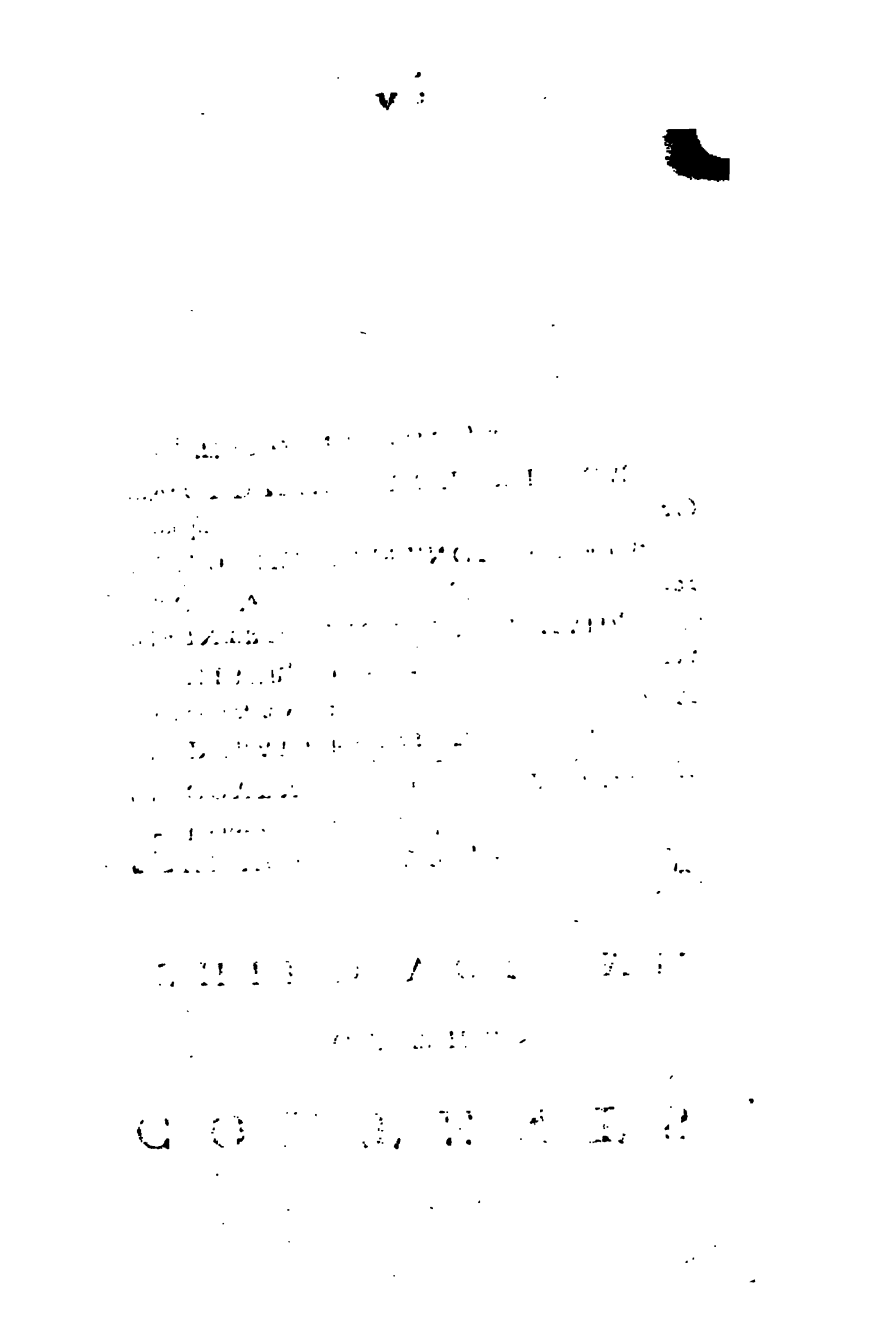

THE

MOCK DOCTOR:

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.

A

COMEDY.

Done from MOLIERE.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1732.

TO

DR. JOHN MISAUBIN.

SIR,

WERE I not well aſſur'd of your great candour, the opinion I have of your nice judgment and refined taſte might give me terrible apprehenſions, while I am preſenting you a piece, wherein, I fear, much injuſtice is done to an author, whoſe beauties you can ſo exquiſitely reliſh in the original.

It would be hard to make a more delicate compliment to a lady, than by dedicating to her the ſixth ſatire of Juvenal. Such an addreſs muſt naturally ſuppoſe her free from all the vices and follies there inveighed againſt. Permit me, therefore, Sir, to prefix to a farce, wherein Quacks are ſo ſeverely expos'd, the name of one who will be remember'd as an honour to his profeſſion, while there is a ſingle practitioner in town, at whoſe door there is a lamp in the evening.

I ſhall not here proceed in the common road of dedications, to ſum up the many great talents with which Nature has enrich'd you: I ſhall not here, as I might, enlarge on excellencies ſo well known to the world; nor ſhall I mention here that politeneſs, which appears equal with your wit in your converſation; and has made you the deſire of the great, and the envy of the whole profeſſion; that generous elegance with which you treat your friends and patients, inſomuch that the latter are often gainers by their diſtempers, and drink you out more wine, than they pay you for phyſick. I ſhall not, I ſay, mention theſe: but I cannot, without the greateſt violence to myſelf, paſs by that Little Pill which has render'd you ſo great a bleſſing to mankind; that Pill which is the oppoſite to Pandora's Box, and has done more real good in the world, than the poets feign the other to have done evil. Forgive me, Sir, *if I am not able to* contain myſelf while I am talking

of this invaluable remedy, to which ſo many owe their health, their pleaſure, nay, the very preſervation of their being.

It is this, Sir, which has animated the brethren of your faculty againſt you: that has made them repreſent one of the greateſt men of this age, as an illiterate empirick; for which weak effort of their malice, you have continually had a very laudable and juſt contempt.

Were I not apprehenſive of offending your ears that are ſo averſe to flattery, I might here mention your great ſkill in divinity, philoſophy, &c. almoſt equal to your knowledge in phyſick. But this the world will, I hope, be ſoon acquainted with, by your being prevail'd on to publiſh ſome of thoſe excellent treatiſes which your leiſure hours have produc'd, and which may, perhaps, be almoſt as ſerviceable to mankind as the labours of our moſt celebrated divines have been.

And now, Sir, give me leave to conclude by wiſhing, that you may meet with the reward you merit; that the gratitude of ſome of your patients may, in return for the lengthening of their lives, contribute to immortalize your reputation. That I may ſee a ſtatue erected to your memory, with that ſerpent of Æſculapius in your hand, which you ſo deſervedly bear in your arms, is the ſincere wiſh of,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient,

moſt humble ſervant.

PREFACE.

LE Medecin malgré Lui of Moliere hath been always eſteemed in France the beſt of that author's humourous pieces. Miſanthrope, to which it was firſt added, owed to it chiefly its ſucceſs. That excellent play was of too grave a kind to hit the genius of the French nation; on which account the author, in a very few days, produced this farce; which being added to the Miſanthrope, gave it one of the greateſt runs that any play ever met with on that ſtage.

The Engliſh theatre owes this farce to an accident not unlike that which gave it to the French. And I wiſh I had been as able to preſerve the ſpirit of Moliere, as I have, in tranſlating it, fallen ſhort even of that very little time he allowed himſelf in writing it: however, the candour of its audiences has given me no reaſon to repent or be aſhamed of my undertaking, as perhaps when I have returned what is due to Moliere, and to the performers, I ſhall have very little cauſe of triumph from it.

The applauſe our Mock Doctor received on the theatre, admits of no addition from my pen. I ſhall only congratulate the town on the lively hope they may entertain of having the loſs, they are one day to ſuffer in the father, ſo well ſupply'd in the ſon.

But I cannot, when I mention the riſing glories of the theatre, omit one, who, tho' ſhe owes little advantage to the part of Dorcas, hath already convinced the beſt judges of her admirable genius for the ſtage: ſhe hath ſufficiently ſhewn in the Old Debauchees, that her capacity is not confined to a ſong; and I dare ſwear they will ſhortly own her able to do juſtice to characters of a much greater conſequence.

One pleaſure I enjoy from the ſucceſs of this piece, is a proſpect of tranſplanting ſucceſsfully ſome others of Moliere of great value. How I have done this, any Engliſh reader may be ſatisfy'd by examining an exact literal tranſlation of the Medecin malgré Lui, *which is the ſecond* in the ſecond volume of Select *Comedies of Moliere.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Sir JASPER,	Mr. SHEPHERD.
LEANDER,	Mr. STOPELAER.
GREGORY,	Mr. CIBBER, Jun.
ROBERT,	Mr. JONES.
JAMES,	Mr. MULLART.
HARRY,	Mr. ROBERTS.
DAVY,	Mr. JONES.
HELLEBOR,	Mr. ROBERTS.

W O M E N.

DORCAS,	Miſs RAFTOR.
CHARLOTTE,	Miſs WILLIAMS.
MAID,	Mrs. MEARS.

SCENE, Partly in a Country-Town, and partly in a Wood.

THE

THE MOCK DOCTOR:

OR,

THE DUMB LADY CUR'D.

SCENE I. A WOOD.

DORCAS, GREGORY.

GREGORY.

I TELL you no, I won't comply, and it is my buſineſs to talk, and to command.

DORC. And I tell you, you ſhall conform to my will; and that I was not marry'd to you to ſuffer your ill-humours.

GREG. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony! Ariſtotle never ſaid a better thing in his life, than when he told us, "That a wife is worſe than a devil."

DORC. Hear the learned gentleman with his Ariſtotle.

GREG. And a learned man I am too; find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myſelf, to reaſon upon things, or that can boaſt ſuch an education as mine.

DORC. An education!

GREG. Ay, huſſy, a regular education; firſt at the charity-ſchool, where I learnt to read; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt——very near as much as my maſter; from whence I attended a travelling phyſician ſix years, under the facetious denomination of a Merry-Andrew, where I learnt phyſick.

DORC. O that thou hadſt follow'd him ſtill! Curs'd be *the hour* wherein I anſwer'd the parſon, "I will!"

GREG. And curs'd be the parſon that aſk'd me the queſtion!

DORC. You have reaſon to complain of him indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment returning thanks to Heaven for that great bleſſing it ſent you when it ſent you myſelf.—— I hope you have not the aſſurance to think you deſerved ſuch a wife as me?

AIR I. Beſſy Bell.

DORC. When a lady, like me, condeſcends to agree,
To let ſuch a jackanapes taſte her,
With what zeal and care ſhould he worſhip the fair,
Who gives him —— what's meat for his maſter!
His actions ſhould ſtill
Attend on her will:
Hear, ſirrah, and take it for warning;
To her he ſhould be
Each night on his knee,
And ſo he ſhould be on each morning.

GREG. Meat for my maſter! you were meat for your maſter, if I an't miſtaken; for, to one of our ſhames be it ſpoken, you roſe as a good virgin from me as you went to bed. Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky day for you, when you found me out.

DORC. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

GREG. That happens to be a miſtake, for I drink ſome part on't.

DORC. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

GREG. You'll riſe the earlier.

DORC. And who from morning 'till night is eternally in an alehouſe.

GREG. It's genteel, the ſquire does the ſame.

DORC. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I ſhall do with my family?

GREG. Whatever you pleaſe.

DORC. My four little children that are continually *crying for bread*?

GREG.

GREG. Give 'em a rod! beſt cure in the world for crying children.

DORC. And do you imagine, ſot ——

GREG. Harkye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above paſſive, and that my arm is extremely active.

DORC. I laugh at your threats, poor, beggarly inſolent fellow.

GREG Soft object of my wiſhing eyes; I ſhall play with your pretty ears.

DORC. Touch me if you dare, you inſolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, raſcally ——

GREG. Oh, ho, ho! you will have it then, I find. [*Beats her.*

DORC. O, murder! murder!

SCENE II.

GREGORY, DORCAS, *Squire* ROBERT.

ROB. What's the matter here? Fy upon you! fy, upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this ſcandalous manner.

DORC. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

ROB. O dear, Madam! I give my conſent with all my heart and ſoul.

DORC. What's that to you, ſaucebox? Is it any buſineſs of yours?

ROB. No, certainly, Madam.

DORC. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't ſuffer a huſband to beat his own wife.

AIR II. Wincheſter Wedding.

Go thraſh your own rib, Sir, at home,
Nor thus interfere with our ſtrife;
May cuckoldom ſtill be his doom,
Who ſtrives to part huſband and wife!
Suppoſe I've a mind he ſhould drub,
Whoſe bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?
At whoſe expence is it, you ſcrub?
You are not to find him a ſtick.

Rob. Neighbour, I aſk your pardon heartily; here, take and thraſh your wife, beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O! Sir! that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I pleaſe, and will not beat her when I do not pleaſe. She is my wife, and not yours.

Rob. Certainly.

Dorc. Give me the ſtick, dear huſband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part huſband and wife again, may I be beaten myſelf.

SCENE III.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dorc. What, after beating me ſo!

Greg. 'Twas but in jeſt.

Dorc. I deſire you will crack your jeſts on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pſhaw! you know, you and I are one, and I beat one half of myſelf when I beat you.

Dorc. Yes, but for the future I deſire you will beat the other half of yourſelf.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I aſk pardon, I'm ſorry for't.

Dorc. For once, I pardon you —— but you ſhall pay for it.

Greg. Pſhaw! pſhaw! child, theſe are only little affairs, neceſſary in friendſhip; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood; and I promiſe thee to make a hundred fagots before I come home again.

Dorc. If I am not reveng'd on thoſe blows of yours!——Oh, that I could but think of ſome method to be reveng'd on him! Hang the rogue, he's quite inſenſible of cuckoldom.

AIR III. Oh London is a fine town.

In ancient days I've heard, with horns
The wife her ſpouſe could fright,

Which now the hero bravely ſcorns,
So common is the fight.
To city, country, camp, or court,
Or whereſoe'er he go,
No horned brother dares make ſport,
They're cuckolds all arow.

Oh that I could find out ſome invention to get him well drubb'd!

SCENE IV.

HARRY, JAMES, DORCAS.

HARRY. Were ever two fools ſent on ſuch a meſſage as we are, in queſt of a dumb doctor?

JAMES. Blame your own curſed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I'll travel thro' the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

HARRY. Was ever ſuch a curſed misfortune to loſe the letter? I ſhould not even know his name if I were to hear it.

DORC. Can I find no invention to be reveng'd?—Heyday! who are theſe?

JAMES. Harkye, miſtreſs, do you know where—where—where doctor What-d'ye-call-him lives?

DORC. Doctor who?

JAMES. Doctor—— doctor—— what's his name?

DORC. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

HARRY. Is there no phyſician hereabouts famous for curing dumbneſs?

DORC. I fancy you have no need of ſuch a phyſician, Mr. Impertinence.

HARRY. Don't miſtake us, good woman, we don't mean to banter you; we are ſent by our maſter, whoſe daughter has loſt her ſpeech, for a certain phyſician who lives hereabouts; we have loſt our direction, and 'tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

DORC. There is one doctor Lazy lives juſt by, but he has left off practiſing. You would not get him a mile, to ſave the lives of a thouſand patients.

JAMES. Direct us but to him; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

HARRY. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, tho' we carry him on our backs.

DORC. Ha! Heaven has inſpir'd me with one of the moſt admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hang-dog! [*Aſide.*]—I aſſure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's buſineſs for her; he's reckon'd one of the beſt phyſicians in the world, eſpecially for dumbneſs.

HARRY. Pray tell us where he lives.

DORC. You'll never be able to get him out of his own houſe; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuſes himſelf with cutting wood.

HARRY. A phyſician cut wood!

JAMES. I ſuppoſe he amuſes himſelf in ſearching after herbs, you mean.

DORC. No, he's one of the moſt extraordinary men in the world: he goes dreſt like a common clown; for there is nothing he ſo much dreads, as to be known for a phyſician.

JAMES. All your great men have ſome ſtrange oddities about 'em.

DORC. Why he will ſuffer himſelf to be beat, before he will own himſelf a phyſician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himſelf one, unleſs you both of you take a good cudgel, and thraſh him into it; 'tis what we are forc'd to do, when we have any need of him.

JAMES. What a ridiculous whim is here!

DORC. Very true; and in ſo great a man!

JAMES. And is he ſo very ſkilful a man?

DORC. Skilful! why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her phyſicians, nay, ſhe had been dead for ſome time; when this great man came to her, as ſoon as he ſaw her, he pour'd a little drop of ſomething down her throat—he had no ſooner done it, than ſhe got out of her bed, and walk'd about her room, as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

BOTH. Oh prodigious!

DORC.

DORC. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a houſe to the bottom, and broke its ſkull, its arms, and legs.—Our phyſician was no ſooner drubb'd into making him a viſit, than having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

BOTH. Oh moſt wonderful!

HARRY. Hey! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

JAMES. But can he cure dumbneſs?

DORC. Dumbneſs! Why the curate of our pariſh's wife was born dumb; and the doctor with a ſort of waſh waſhed her tongue 'till he ſet it a-going ſo, that in leſs than a month's time ſhe out-talked her huſband.

HARRY. This muſt be the very man we were ſent for.

DORC. Yonder is the very man we ſpeak of.

JAMES. What, that he, yonder?

DORC. The very ſame.—— He has ſpy'd us, and taken up his bill.

JAMES. Come, Harry, don't let us loſe one moment. —— Miſtreſs, your ſervant; we give you ten thouſand thanks for this favour.

DORC. Be ſure you make good uſe of your ſticks.

JAMES. He ſhan't want that.

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Wood.*

JAMES, HARRY, GREGORY.

GREG. Pox on't! 'tis moſt confounded hot weather. Hey! who have we here?

JAMES. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.—

GREG. Sir, your ſervant.

JAMES. We are mighty happy in finding you here.——

GREG. Ay, like enough.——

JAMES. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour.—— We come, Sir, to implore your aſſiſtance in a certain affair.

GREG. If it be in my power to give you any aſſiſtance, Maſters, I'm very ready to do it.

JAMES.

JAMES. Sir, you are extremely obliging.—But, dear Sir, let me beg you'd be cover'd; the ſun will hurt your complexion.

HARRY. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, be cover'd.

GREG. Theſe ſhould be footmen, by their dreſs; but ſhould be courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aſide.*

JAMES. You muſt not think it ſtrange, Sir, that we come thus to ſeek after you: men of your capacity will be ſought after by the whole world.

GREG. Truly, Gentlemen, tho' I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, I have a pretty good hand at a fagot.

JAMES, O dear Sir!

GREG. You may, perhaps, buy fagots cheaper otherwhere; but if you find ſuch in all this country, you ſhall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you ſhall have mine for ten ſhillings a hundred.

JAMES. Don't talk in that manner, I deſire you.

GREG. I could not ſell 'em a penny cheaper if 'twas to my father.

JAMES. Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jeſt with us in this manner.

GREG. Faith, maſter, I am ſo much in earneſt, I can't bate one farthing.

JAMES. O pray, Sir, leave this idle diſcourſe.—Can a perſon, like you, amuſe himſelf in this manner? Can a learned and famous phyſician, like you, try to diſguiſe himſelf to the world, and bury ſuch fine talents in the woods?

GREG. The fellow's a fool.

JAMES. Let me intreat you, Sir; not to diſſemble with us.

HARRY. It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

GREG. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

JAMES. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great phyſician.

GREG. Phyſician in your teeth! I a phyſician!

JAMES. The fit is on him.—Sir, let me beſeech you to conceal yourſelf no longer, and oblige us to—you know what.

GREG.

GREG. Devil take me if I know what, Sir.——But I know this, that I'm no phyſician.

JAMES. We muſt proceed to the uſual remedy, I find.—And ſo you are no phyſician?

GREG. No.

JAMES. You are no phyſician?

GREG. No, I tell you.

JAMES. Well, if we muſt, we muſt. [*Beat him.*

GREG. Oh! Oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! What are you doing? I am——I am—whatever you pleaſe to have me.

JAMES. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

HARRY. Why will you force us to this troubleſome remedy?

JAMES. I aſſure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

GREG. I aſſure you, Sir, and ſo it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reaſon that you have a mind to make a phyſician of me?

JAMES. What! do you deny your being a phyſician again?

GREG. And the Devil take me, if I am.

HARRY. You are no phyſician?

GREG. May I be pox'd if I am. [*They beat him.* Oh!—Oh!—— Dear gentlemen; Oh! for Heaven's ſake; I am a phyſician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me; I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the head.

JAMES. Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to ſee you come to your ſenſes; I aſk pardon ten thouſand times for what you have forc'd us to.

GREG. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myſelf, and am a phyſician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a phyſician.

JAMES. Yes, the greateſt phyſician in the world.

GREG. Indeed!

HARRY. A phyſician that has cur'd all ſorts of diſtempers.

GREG. The devil I have!

JAMES. That has made a woman walk about the room, after ſhe was dead ſix hours.

HARRY.

HARRY. That ſet a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

JAMES. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faſter than her huſband.

HARRY. Look ye, Sir, you ſhall have content; my maſter will give you whatever you will demand.

GREG. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

JAMES. You may depend upon it.

GREG. I am a phyſician, without doubt — I had forgot it; but I begin to recollect myſelf — Well — and what is the diſtemper I am to cure?

JAMES. My young miſtreſs, Sir, has loſt her tongue.

GREG. The Devil take me, if I have found it. — But, come, gentlemen, if I muſt go with you, I muſt have a phyſician's habit; for a phyſician can no more preſcribe without a full wig, than without a fee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

DORCAS.

DORC. I don't remember my heart has gone ſo pit-a-pat with joy a long while. — Revenge is ſurely the moſt delicious morſel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which coſts nothing; for alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a huſband's head is more dangerous than is imagin'd. — Odd! I had a narrow eſcape when I met with this fool; the beſt of my market was over, and I began to grow almoſt as cheap as a crack'd China cup.

AIR IV. Pinks and lilies.

A woman's ware, like China,
Now cheap, now dear is bought;
When whole, tho' worth a guinea,
When broke, 's not worth a groat.

A woman at St. James's,
With hundreds you obtain;
But ſtay 'till loſt her fame is,
She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Sir* JASPER's *House.*

Sir JASPER *and* JAMES.

SIR JASP. Where is he? Where is he?

JAMES. Only recruiting himſelf after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for were my young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again.—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other phyſicians do of killing him

SIR JASP. 'Tis ſtrange ſo great a man ſhould have thoſe unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.

JAMES. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himſelf.—Here he is.

SCENE VIII.

Sir JASPER, JAMES, GREGORY, HARRY.

HARRY. Sir, this is the doctor.

SIR JASP. Dear Sir, you're the welcomeſt man in the world.

GREG. Hippocrates ſays, we ſhould both be cover'd.

SIR JASP. Ha! does Hippocrates ſay ſo? In what chapter, pray?

GREG. In his chapter of hats.

SIR JASP. Since Hippocrates ſays ſo, I ſhall obey him.

GREG. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters ——

SIR JASP. Doctor! pray whom do you ſpeak to?

GREG. To you, doctor.

SIR JASP. Ha, ha!——I am a knight, thank the king's grace for it; but no doctor.

GREG What you're no doctor?

SIR JASP. No, upon my word.

GREG. You're no doctor?

SIR JASP. Doctor! no.

GREG, There —— 'tis done. [*Beats him.*

SIR JASP. Done, in the Devil's name! What's done?

GREG.

GREG. Why now you're made a doctor of phyſic—I am ſure it is all the degrees I ever took.

SIR JASP. What a devil of a fellow have you brought here?

JAMES. I told you, Sir, the doctor had ſtrange whims with him.

SIR JASP. Whims, quotha!—Egad, I ſhall bind his phyſicianſhip over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of theſe whims.

GREG. Sir, I aſk pardon for the liberty I have taken.

SIR JASP. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

GREG. I am ſorry for thoſe blows.

SIR JASP. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

GREG. Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on ſo thick upon you.

SIR JASP. Let us talk no more of 'em, Sir.——My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very ſtrange diſtemper.

GREG. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it; and I wiſh, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the ſame occaſion for me, as your daughter, to ſhew the great deſire I have to ſerve you.

SIR JASP. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

GREG. I aſſure you, Sir, I ſpeak from the very bottom of my ſoul.

SIR JASP. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

GREG. What is your daughter's name?

SIR JASP. My daughter's name is Charlot.

GREG. Are you ſure ſhe was chriſten'd Charlot?

SIR JASP. No, Sir, ſhe was chriſten'd Charlotta.

GREG. Hum! I had rather ſhe ſhould have been chriſten'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much ſervice to the patient, as the phyſician is.

SCENE IX.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY, CHARLOTTE, MAID.

SIR JASP. Sir, my daughter's here.

GREG. Is that my patient? Upon my word ſhe carries

ries no diſtemper in her countenance —— and I fancy a healthy young fellow would ſit very well upon her.

Sir JASP. You make her ſmile, doctor.

GREG. So much the better; 'tis a very good ſign when we can bring a patient to ſmile; it is a ſign that the diſtemper begins to clarify, as we ſay.——Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your diſtemper?

CHAR. Han, hi, hon, han.

GREG. What do you ſay?

CHAR. Han, hi, han, hon.

GREG. What, what, what?——

CHAR. Han, hi, hon——

GREG. Han! hon! honin! ha!—I don't underſtand a word ſhe ſays. Han! hi! hon! What the devil of a language is this?

SIR JASP. Why, that's her diſtemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can aſſign the cauſe —— and this diſtemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

GREG. Kept back her marriage? Why ſo?

SIR JASP. Becauſe her lover refuſes to have her till ſhe's cur'd.

GREG. O Lud! was ever ſuch a fool, that would not have his wife dumb!——Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from deſiring to cure her. ——Does this diſtemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppreſs her very much?

SIR JASP. Yes, Sir.

GREG. So much the better. Has ſhe any great pains?

SIR. JASP. Very great.

GREG. That's juſt as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—— a very dumb pulſe, indeed.

SIR JASP. You have gueſs'd her diſtemper.

GREG. Ay, Sir, we great phyſicians know a diſtemper immediately. I know ſome of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other diſtempers; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb —— So I'd have *you be very* eaſy; for there is nothing elſe the mat-

matter with her.——If ſhe were not dumb, ſhe would be as well as I am.

Sir Jasp. But I ſhould be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbneſs proceeds?

Greg. Nothing ſo eaſily accounted for——Her dumbneſs proceeds from her having loſt her ſpeech.

Sir Jasp. But whence, if you pleaſe, proceeds her having loſt her ſpeech?

Greg. All our beſt authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue

Sir Jasp. But if you pleaſe, dear Sir, your ſentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Ariſtotle has upon that ſubject ſaid very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jasp. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was, indeed, a very great man.——A man, who upon that ſubject was a man that——But to return to our reaſoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is cauſed by certain humours which our great phyſicians call—humours—humours.——Ah! you underſtand Latin——

Sir Jasp. Not in the leaſt.

Greg. What, not underſtand Latin?

Sir Jasp. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, ſingulariter nom. Hæc muſa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc muſæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Eſtne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia ſubſtantivo & adjectivum concordat in generi numerum. & caſus, ſic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, & ſimilibus.

Sir Jasp. Ah! Why did I neglect my ſtudies?

Harry. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Beſides, Sir, certain ſpirits paſſing from the left ſide, which is the ſeat of the liver, to the right, which is the ſeat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiſkerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jackbootos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Periwiggus, meet in the road with the ſaid ſpirits which fill the ventricles of the Omotaplaſmus; *and becauſe the ſaid* humours have——you compre-

hend.

hend me well, Sir! And becauſe the ſaid humours have a certain malignity—Liſten ſeriouſly, I beg you.

SIR JASP. I do.

GREG. Have a certain malignity that is cauſed—Be attentive, if you pleaſe.

SIR JASP. I am.

GREG. That is caus'd, I ſay, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arrives, that theſe vapours, Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur, maſculæ dicas, Ut ſunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum—This, Sir, is the cauſe of your daughter's being dumb.

HARRY. O that I had but his tongue!

SIR JASP. It is impoſſible to reaſon better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing.——I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left ſide, and the liver on the right.

GREG. Ay, Sir, ſo they were formerly; but we have chang'd all that.—The college at preſent, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

SIR JASP. I aſk your pardon, Sir.

GREG. Oh, Sir! there's no harm—You're not oblig'd to know ſo much as we do.

SIR JASP. Very true. But, Doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

GREG. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a braſs warming-pan: cauſe her to drink one quart of ſpring-water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, ſix Seville oranges, and three ounces of the beſt double-refin'd ſugar.

SIR JASP. Why, this is punch, Doctor.

GREG. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir.——And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.——I love to do buſineſs all at once.

SIR JASP. Doctor, I aſk pardon; you ſhall be obey'd. [*Gives money.*

GREG. I'll return in the evening, and ſee what effect

fect it has had on her. But hold, there's another you lady here that I muſt apply ſome little remedies to.

MAID. Who? me! I was never better in my life thank you, Sir.

GREG. So much the worſe, Madam; ſo much t worſe.—'Tis very dangerous to be very well—F when one is very well, one has nothing elſe to do b to take phyſick, and bleed away.

SIR JASP. Oh, ſtrange! What, bleed, when o has no diſtemper?

GREG. It may be ſtrange, perhaps, but 'tis ve wholſome. Beſides, Madam, it is not your caſe, preſent, to be very well; at leaſt, you cannot poſſib be well above three days longer; and it is always b to cure a diſtemper before you have it——or, as we ſ in Greek, Diſtemprum beſtum eſt curare ante habeſtu ——What I ſhall preſcribe you, at preſent, is to tak every ſix hours, one of theſe bolus's.

MAID. Ha, ha, ha! Why, Doctor, theſe lo exactly like lumps of loaf-ſugar.

GREG. Take one of theſe bolus's, I ſay, every ſ hours, waſhing it down with ſix ſpoonfuls of the b Holland's Geneva.

SIR JASP. Sure you are in jeſt, Doctor!——Th wench does not ſhew any ſymptom of a diſtemper.

GREG. Sir Jaſper, let me tell you, it were not am if you yourſelf took a little lenitive phyſick: I ſha prepare ſomething for you.

SIR JASP. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, Doctor, I ha eſcap'd both doctors and diſtempers hitherto; and am reſolv'd the diſtemper ſhall pay me the firſt viſit.

GREG. Say you ſo, Sir? Why then, if I can get ſ more patients here, I muſt even ſeek them elſewhere and ſo humbly begge te domine domitii veniam goun foras.

SIR JASP. Well, this is a phyſician of vaſt capacit but of exceeding odd humours.

SCENE X. *The Street.*

LEANDER *ſolus.*

Ah, Charlotte! thou haſt no reaſon to apprehen

my ignorance of what thou endureſt, ſince I can ſo eaſily gueſs thy torment by my own.——Oh, how much more juſtifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you.

AIR V.

O curſed power of gold,
For which all honour's ſold,
And honeſty's no more!
For thee we often find
The great in leagues combin'd
To trick and rob the poor.
By thee the fool and knave
Tranſcend the wiſe and brave,
So abſolute thy reign:
Without ſome help of thine,
The greateſt beauties ſhine,
And lovers plead in vain.

SCENE XI.

LEANDER, GREGORY.

GREG. Upon my word, this is a good beginning; and ſince——

LEAN. I have waited for you, Doctor, a long time; I'm come to beg your aſſiſtance.

GREG. Ay, you have need of aſſiſtance indeed! What a pulſe is here! What do you out o' your bed? [*Feels his pulſe.*

LEAN. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're miſtaken; I am not ſick, I aſſure you.

GREG. How, Sir! not ſick! Do you think I don't know when a man is ſick better than he does himſelf?

LEAN. Well, if I have any diſtemper, it is the love of that young lady, your patient, from whom you juſt now come; and to whom if you can convey me, I ſwear, dear Doctor, I ſhall be effectually cur'd.

GREG. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir? a phyſician for a *pimp?*

LEAN. Dear Sir, make no noiſe.

GREG.

GREG. Sir, I will make a noiſe: you're an impertinent fellow.

LEAN. Softly, good Sir.

GREG. I ſhall ſhew you, Sir, that I'm not ſuch a ſort of a perſon; and that you're an inſolent, ſaucy —[Leander *gives a purſe.*]——I'm not ſpeaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world that take people for what they are not——which always puts me, Sir, into ſach a paſſion, that ——

LEAN. I aſk pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

GREG. O, dear Sir! no offence in the leaſt. —— Pray, Sir, how am I to ſerve you?

LEAN. This diſtemper, Sir, which you are ſent for to cure, is feign'd. The phyſicians have reaſon'd upon it, according to cuſtom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body: but the true cauſe of it is love; and is an invention of Charlot's, to deliver her from a match which ſhe diſlikes.

GREG. Hum!——Suppoſe you were to diſguiſe yourſelf as an apothecary?

LEAN. I'm not very well known to her father; therefore believe I may paſs upon him ſecurely.

GREG. Go then, diſguiſe yourſelf immediately; I'll wait for you here.—— Ha! methinks I ſee a patient.

[*Exit* Leander.

SCENE XII.

GREGORY, JAMES, *and* DAVY.

GREG. Gad, matters go ſwimmingly, I'll ev'n continue a phyſician as long as I live.

JAMES. [*Speaking to* Davy.] Fear not; if he relapſe into his humours, I'll quickly thraſh him into the phyſician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

DAVY. My poor wife, Doctor, has kept her bed theſe ſix months. [Gregory *holds out his hand.*] If your worſhip would find out ſome means to cure *her*——

GREG.

GREG. What's the matter with her?

DAVY. Why, ſhe has had ſeveral phyſicians; one ſays 'tis the dropſy; another 'tis the what-d'ye-call-it, the tumpany; a third ſay 'tis a ſlow fever; a fourth ſays the rhumatiz; a fifth——

GREG. What are the ſymptoms?

DAVY. Symptoms, Sir!

GREG. Ay, ay, what does ſhe complain of?

DAVY. Why, ſhe is always craving and craving for drink; eats nothing at all. Then her legs are ſwell'd up as big as a good handſome poſt, and as cold they be as a ſtone.

GREG. Come, to the purpoſe; ſpeak to the purpoſe, my friend. [*Holding out his Hand.*

DAVY. The purpoſe is, Sir, that I am come to aſk what your worſhip pleaſes to have done with her.

GREG. Pſhaw, pſhaw, pſhaw! I don't underſtand one word what you mean.

JAMES. His wife is ſick, Doctor; and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend. [Davy *gives the guinea.*

GREG. Ay, now I underſtand you; here's a gentleman explains the caſe. You ſay your wife is ſick of the dropſy?

DAVY. Yes, an't pleaſe you worſhip.

GREG. Well, I have made a ſhift to comprehend your meaning at laſt; you have the ſtrangeſt way of deſcribing a diſtemper! You ſay your wife is always calling for drink; let her have as much as ſhe deſires; ſhe can't drink too much; and d'ye hear, give her this piece of cheeſe.

DAVY. Cheeſe, Sir!

GREG. Ay, cheeſe, Sir. The cheeſe of which this is a part, has cur'd more people of the dropſy than ever had it.

DAVY. I give your worſhip a thouſand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [*Exit.*

GREG. Go, and if ſhe dies, be ſure to bury her after the beſt manner you can.

SCENE XIII.

GREGORY, DORCAS.

Dorc. I'm like to pay ſeverely for my frolick, if I have loſt my huſband by it.

Greg. Oh, phyſic and matrimony! my wife!

Dorc. For tho' the rogue uſed me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

AIR VI. Thomas I cannot.

A fig for the dainty civil ſpouſe,
Who's bred at the court, or France,
He treats his wife with ſmiles and bows,
And minds not the good main chance.
Be Gregory
The man for me
Tho' given to many a maggot;
For he would work
Like any Turk;
None like him e'er handled a faggot, a faggot,
None like him e'er handled a faggot.

Greg. What evil ſtars, in the devil's name, have ſent her hither? If I could but perſuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I ſhould be a phyſician to ſome purpoſe.—Come hider, child, leta me feela your pulſe.

Dorc. What have you to do with my pulſe?

Greg. I am de French phyſician, my dear; and I am to feel a de pulſe of de patien.

Dorc. Yes, but I am no patien, Sir; nor want no phyſician, good Doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you muſt be puta to bed, and taka de peel; me ſal give you de litle peel dat ſal cure you, as you have more diſtempre den ever were herod off.

Dorc. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulſe any more, I ſhall feel your ears for you.

Greg. Begar, you muſt taka de peel.

Dorc. Begar, I ſhall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [*Aſide.*

——Maye

——Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you ſal cura me; you ſal be my phyſicion, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purſe.*

Dorc. Ay, my ſtomach does not go againſt thoſe pills. And what muſt I do for your fee?

Greg. Oh, begar, me vill ſhow you; me vill teacha you what you ſal doe. You muſt come kiſſa me now; you muſt come kiſſa me.

Dorc. [*Kiſſes him.*] As I live, my very hangdog! I've diſcover'd him in good time, or he had diſcover'd me. [*Aſide.*]——Well, Doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I ſhall make myſelf a cuckold preſently. [*Aſide.*]—Dis is not a propre place; dis is too publick: for ſud any one paſs bye while I taka dis phyſick, it vill preventa de opperation.

Dorc. What phyſick, Doctor?

Greg. In your ear dat. [*Whiſpers.*

Dorc. And in your ear dat, ſirrah. [*Hitting him a box.*]——Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain? Do you think the world ſhould bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue? There take your purſe again.

Greg. But where's the gold?

Dorc. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. Oh, what a happy dog am I, to find my wife ſo virtuous a woman, when I leaſt expected it! Oh, my injur'd dear! behold your Gregory, your own huſband.

Dorc. Ha!

Greg. Oh me! I'm ſo full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happieſt of men, as thou art the moſt virtuous of women.

Dorc. And art thou really my Gregory? And haſt thou any more of theſe purſes?

Greg. No, my dear, I have no more about me: but 'tis probable in few days I may have a hundred: for the ſtrangeſt accident has happened to me!

Dorc. Yes, my dear! but I can tell you whom you are oblig'd to for that accident: had you not beaten

me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a phyſician.

GREG. Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing.

DORC. Yes, my dear, tho' I little dreamt of the conſequence.

GREG. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee!——But hush!

SCENE XV.

GREGORY, HELEBORE.

HEL. Are not you the great doctor juſt come to this town, ſo famous for curing dumbneſs?

GREG. Sir, I am he.

HEL. Then, Sir, I ſhould be glad of your advice.

GREG. Let me feel your pulſe.

HEL. Not for myſelf, good Doctor; I am myſelf, Sir, a brother of the faculty; what the world calls a mad doctor. I have at preſent under my care a patient whom I can by no means prevail with to ſpeak.

GREG. I ſhall make him ſpeak, Sir.

HEL. It will add, Sir, to the great reputation you have already acquir'd! and I am happy in finding you.

GREG. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. You ſee that woman there; ſhe is poſſeſs'd with a more ſtrange ſort of madneſs, and imagines every man ſhe ſees to be her huſband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your houſe——

HEL. Moſt willingly, Sir.

GREG. The firſt thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood; then, Sir, you are to ſhave off all her hair; all her hair, Sir: after which you are to make a very ſevere uſe of your rod twice a day; and take particular care that ſhe have not the leaſt allowance beyond bread and water.

HEL. Sir, I ſhall readily agree to the dictates of ſo great a man; nor can I help of approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholeſome.

GREG. [*To his wife*]. My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodging.——Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

HEL.

HEL. You may depend on't, Sir; nothing in my power shall be wanting: you have only to enquire for Dr. Helebore.

DORC. 'I won't be long before I see you, husband?

HEL. Husband! This is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with. [*Exit with* Dorcas.

SCENE XV.

GREGORY, LEANDER.

GREG. I think I shall be revenged of you now, my dear! —— So, Sir.

LEAN. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

GREG. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

LEAN. If I could but know a few physical hard words——

GREG. A few physical hard words! Why, in a few physical hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? Come along, come along. —— Hold, let me go first; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI. *Sir* JASPER'S *House.*

Sir JASPER, CHARLOT, MAID, GREGORY, LEANDER.

SIR JASP. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

MAID. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

SIR JASP. [*Looking on his watch.*] 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return.—Oh, he is here. Doctor, your servant.

GREG. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

SIR JASP. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

GREG. *So much the* better; 'tis a sign that it *operates.*

SIR JASP. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

GREG. An apothecary, Sir. Mr. Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that ſong I preſcrib'd.

SIR JASP. A ſong, Doctor! preſcribe a ſong!

GREG. Preſcribe a ſong, Sir! Yes, Sir; preſcribe a ſong, Sir. Is there any thing ſo ſtrange in that? Did you never hear of Pills to purge Melancholy? If you underſtand theſe things better than I, why did you ſend for me? Sbud, Sir, this ſong would make a ſtone ſpeak.—But, if you pleaſe, Sir, you and I will confer at ſome diſtance during the application; for this ſong will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be ſure, Mr. Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very cloſely.

AIR VII.

LEAN. Thus, lovely patient Charlotte ſees
Her dying patient kneel:
Soon cur'd will be your feign'd diſeaſe,
But what phyſician e'er can eaſe
The torments which I feel?

Think, ſkilful nymph, while I complain,
Ah, think what I endure;
All other remedies are vain:
The lovely cauſe of all my pain
Can only cauſe my cure.

GREG. It is, Sir, a great and ſubtle queſtion among the doctors, Whether women are more eaſy to be cured than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you pleaſe.—Some ſay, No; others ſay, Yes; and, for my part, I ſay both Yes and No; foraſmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cauſe that the brutal part will always prevail over the ſenſible.—One ſees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon, and as the ſun that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds —

CHARL. No, I am not at all capable of changing *my opinion.*

SIR

SIR JASP. My daughter ſpeaks! my daughter ſpeaks! Oh, the great power of phyſick! Oh, the admirable phyſician! How can I reward thee for ſuch a ſervice?

GREG. This diſtemper has given me a moſt inſufferable deal of trouble. *[Traverſing the ſtage in great heat, the apothecary following.*

CHARL. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my ſpeech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any huſband but Leander. *Speaks with great eagerneſs, and drives Sir* Jaſper *round the ſtage.*

SIR JASP. But——

CHARL. Nothing is capable to ſhake the reſolution I have taken.

SIR JASP. What!

CHARL. Your rhetorick is in vain, all your diſcourſes ſignify nothing.

SIR JASP. I——

CHARL. I am determin'd, and all the fathers in the world ſhall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

SIR JASP. I have——

CHARL. I will never ſubmit to this tyranny; and if I muſt not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

SIR JASP. You ſhall have Mr. Dapper——

CHARL. No, not in any manner, not in the leaſt, not at all; you throw away your breath, you loſe your time; you may confine me, beat me, bruiſe me, deſtroy me, kill me, do what you will, uſe me as you will, but I never will conſent; not all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-uſage, never ſhall force me to conſent; ſo far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand; for he is my averſion; I hate the very ſight of him; I had rather ſee the devil; I had rather touch a toad; you may make me miſerable any other way, but with him you ſhan't, that I'm reſolv'd.

GREG. There, Sir, there, I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable conſiſtency.

SIR JASP. Conſiſtency, quotha! why there is no ſtopping her *tongue*.——Dear doctor, I deſire you *your make her dumb* again.

GREG. That's impoſſible, Sir; all that I can do to ſerve you is, I can make you deaf, if you pleaſe.

SIR JASP. And do you think——

CHARL. All your reaſoning ſhall never conquer my reſolution.

SIR JASP. You ſhall marry Mr. Dapper this evening.

CHARL. I'll be buried firſt.

GREG. Stay, Sir, ſtay, let me regulate this affair; it is a diſtemper that poſſeſſes her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

SIR JASP. It is impoſſible, Sir, that you can cure the diſtempers of the mind.

GREG. Sir, I can cure any thing. Harkye, Mr. Apothecary, you ſee that the love ſhe has for Leander is intirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to loſe, and that an immediate remedy is neceſſary: for my part, I know of but one, which is a doſe of Purgative Running-away, mixt with two drachms of pills Matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of the Arbor Vitæ; perhaps ſhe will make ſome difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I ſhall truſt you for the ſucceſs: go, make her walk in the garden: be ſure you loſe no time; to the remedy, quick, to the remedy ſpecifick.

SCENE XVII.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY.

SIR JASP. What drugs, Sir, were thoſe I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them ſpoke of before?

GREG. They are ſome, Sir, lately diſcover'd by the Royal Society.

SIR JASP. Did you ever ſee any thing equal to her inſolence?

GREG. Daughters are indeed ſometimes a little too head-ſtrong.

SIR JASP. You cannot imagine, Sir, how fooliſhly fond ſhe is of that Leander.

GREG. The heat of blood, Sir, cauſes that in young *minds.*

SIR

SIR JASP. For my part, the moment I discover'd the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

GREG. You have done very wisely.

SIR JASP. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together, for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him?

GREG. Very true.

SIR JASP. Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shewn the world that I understand a little of women, I think I have; and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art required; if this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

GREG. No certainly, Sir.

SCENE XVIII.

Sir JASPER, DORCAS, GREGORY.

DORC. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

SIR JASP. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

DORC. Oh, sirrah! sirrah!——would you have destroy'd your wife, you villain! Would you have been guilty of murder, dog?

GREG. Hoity, toity!—— What mad woman is this?

SIR JASP. Poor wretch! for pity's sake cure her, doctor.

GREG. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee.—If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

DORC. I'll fee you, you villain.——Cure me!

AIR VIII.

If you hope by your skill
To give Dorcas [illegible]

You are not a deep politician;
Cou'd wives but be brought
To ſwallow the draught,
Each huſband would be a phyſician.

SCENE XIX.

Sir JASPER, GREGORY, DORCAS, JAMES.

JAMES. Oh, Sir! undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here diſguiſed like an apothecary—and this is the rogue of a phyſician who has contriv'd all the affair.

SIR JASP. How! am I abus'd in this manner? Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper. I'll ſend this fellow to jail immediately.

JAMES. Indeed, my good doctor, you ſtand a very fair chance to be hang'd for ſtealing an heireſs.

GREG. Yes, indeed, I believe I ſhall take my degrees now.

DORC. And are they going to hang you, my dear huſband?

GREG. You ſee, my dear wife.

DORC. Had you finiſh'd the faggots, it had been ſome conſolation.

GREG. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

DORC. No, I'll ſtay to encourage you at your death —— nor will I budge an inch, 'till I've ſeen you hang'd.

SCENE XX.

To them, LEANDER *and* CHARLOTTE.

LEAN. Behold, Sir, that Leander whom you had forbid your houſe, reſtores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your hands. I have receiv'd letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whoſe eſtate far exceeds that of your intended ſon-in-law.

SIR JASP. Sir, your virtue is beyond all eſtates, and I give you my daughter with all the pleaſure in the world.

LEAN. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my

my deareſt Charlotte.——And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

GREG. If you would be ſo kind to make me a phyſician in earneſt, I ſhould deſire no other fortune.

LEAN. Faith, doctor, I wiſh I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

DORC. So, ſo, our phyſician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, ſirrah, that you have been a phyſician at all?

SIR JASP. May I beg to know whether you are a phyſician or not——or what the Devil you are?

GREG. I think Sir, after the miraculous cure you have ſeen me perform, you have no reaſon to aſk, whether I am a phyſician or no.—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatneſs.

DORC. Why, thou puff'd-up fool, I could have made as good a phyſician myſelf; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

AIR IX. We've cheated the Parſon, &c.

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,
You may ſend for a dozen great doctors in vain;
All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;
Each writes her a cure, tho' all miſs her diſeaſe;
Powders, drops,
Juleps, ſlops,
A cargo of poiſon from phyſical ſhops.

Tho' they phyſick to death the unhappy poor maid,
What's that to the doctor——ſince he muſt be paid?
Would you know how you may manage her right;
Our doctor has brought you a Noſtrum to-night:
Never vary,
Nor miſcarry,
If the lover be but the apothecary.

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EPILOGUE.

WELL, ladies, pray how goes our doctor down?
Shall he not ev'n be ſent for up to town?
'Tis ſuch a pleaſant and audacious rogue,
He'd have a humming chance to be in vogue.
What, tho' no Greek or Latin he command,
Since he can talk what none can underſtand?
Ah! there are many ſuch phyſicians in the land.
And what though he has taken no degrees?
No doctor here can better take——his fees.
Let none his real ignorance deſpiſe,
Since he can feel a pulſe, and—look extremely wiſe.
Tho', like ſome quack, he ſhine out in news-papers,
He is a rare phyſician for the vapours.
Ah! ladies, in that caſe, he has more knowledge
Than all the ancient fellows in the college.
Beſides, a double calling he purſues,
He writes you bills, and brings you—billet-doux.
Doctors, with ſome, are in ſmall eſtimation,
But pimps, all own, are uſeful to the nation.
Phyſick now ſlackens, and now haſtens death;
Pimping's the ſureſt way of giving breath.
How many maids, who pine away their hours,
And droop in beauteous ſpring, like blaſted flowers,
Had ſtill ſurviv'd had they our doctor known;
Widows, who grieve to death, for huſbands gone;
And wives, who die, for huſbands living on?
Would they our mighty doctor's art eſſay,
I'd warrant he——wou'd put 'em in a way.
Doctors, beware, ſhould once this quack take root,
I'gad he'd force you all to walk on foot!

THE

COVENT-GARDEN

TRAGEDY.

As it was acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1732.

——— quæ amanti parcet, eadem ſibi parcet parum.
Quaſi piſcis, itidem eſt amator lenæ: nequam eſt niſi recens.
Is habet ſuccum; is ſuavitatem; eum quovis pacto condias;
Vel patinarium vel aſſum: verſes, quo pacto lubet.
Is dare volt, is ſe aliquid poſci, nam ubi de pleno promitur,
Neque ille ſcit, quid det, quid damni faciat; illi rei ſtudet:
Volt placere ſeſe amicæ, volt mihi, pediſſequæ,
Volt famulis, volt etiam ancillis: & quoque catulo meo
Subblanditur novus amator, ſe ut quum videat, gaudeat.

PLAUTUS, Aſinar.

PROLEGOMENA.

IT hath been cuſtomary with authors of extraordinary merit to prefix to their works certain commendatory epiſtles in verſe and proſe, written by a friend, or left with the printer by an unknown hand; which are of notable uſe to an injudicious reader, and often lead him to the diſcovery of beauties which might otherwiſe have eſcaped his eye. They ſtand like champions at the head of a volume, and bid defiance to an army of critics.

As I have not been able to procure any ſuch panegyrics on the following ſcenes from my friends, nor leiſure to write them myſelf, I have, in an unprecedented manner, collected ſuch criticiſms as I could meet with on this tragedy, and have placed them before it; but I muſt at the ſame time aſſure the reader, that he may ſhortly expect an anſwer to them.

The firſt of theſe pieces, by its date, appears to be the production of ſome fine gentleman, who plays the Critic for his diverſion, tho' he has not ſpoiled his eyes with too much reading. The latter will be eaſily diſcover'd to come from the hands of one of that club which hath determin'd to inſtruct the world in arts and ſciences, without underſtanding any; who

> With leſs learning than makes felons 'ſcape,
> Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,

are reſolv'd

> ——— in ſpite
> Of nature, and their ſtars, to write.

"DEAR JACK,

"SINCE you have left the town, and no rational "creature except myſelf in it, I have applied my- "ſelf pretty much to my books: I have, beſides the "CRAFTSMAN and GRUB-STREET JOURNALS, read "a good deal in Mr. POPE's RAPE OF THE LOCK, "and ſeveral pages in the HISTORY OF THE KING OF "SWEDEN, which is tranſlated into Engliſh; but fancy "I ſhould underſtand more of it if I had a better "map; for I have not been able to find out Livonia "in mine.

"I believe you will be ſurpriz'd to hear I have not "been twice at the play-houſe ſince your departure. "But, alas! what entertainment can a man of ſenſe "find there now? The MODERN HUSBAND, which "we hiſs'd the firſt night, had ſuch ſucceſs, that I "began to think it a good play, till the GRUB- "STREET JOURNAL aſſured me it was not. The "EARL OF ESSEX, which you know is my favourite "of all Shakſpeare's plays, was acted the other night; "but I was kept from it by a damn'd farce which I "abominate and deteſt ſo much, that I have never "either ſeen it, or read it.

"Laſt Monday came out a new Tragedy, called "The COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY, which, I be- "liere, I may affirm to be the worſt that ever was "written. I will not ſhock your good judgment by "any quotation out of it. To tell you the truth, I "know not what to make of it: one would have "gueſs'd from the audience, it had been a Comedy; "for I ſaw more people laugh than cry at it. It adds "a very ſtrong confirmation to your opinion, That it "is impoſſible any thing worth reading ſhould be "written in this age."

I am, &c.

St. James's Coffee-houſe.

A CRITICISM on THE COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY,

Originally intended for the GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.

I Have been long ſenſible that the days of poetry are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (who ſhall be nameleſs) that can write either ſenſe, or Engliſh, or grammar. For this reaſon I have paſs'd by unremark'd, generally unread, the little, quaint, ſhort-liv'd productions of my contemporaries; for it is a maxim with my bookſeller, that no criticiſm on any work can ſell, when the work itſelf does not.

But when I obſerve an author growing into any reputation; when I ſee the ſame play, which I had liberally hiſs'd the firſt night, advertiſed for a conſiderable number of nights together; I then begin to look about me, and to think it worth criticizing on. A play that runs twelve nights, will ſupport a temperate critic as many days.

The ſucceſs of The TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES, and The MODERN HUSBAND, did not only determine me to draw my pen againſt thoſe two performances, but hath likewiſe engaged my criticiſm on every thing which comes from the hands of that author, of whatever nature it be,

Seu Græcum ſive Latinum.

The COVENT-GARDEN TRAGEDY bears ſo great an analogy to the TRAGEDY OF TOM THUMB, that it needs not the author's name to aſſure us from what quarter it had its original. I ſhall beg leave, therefore, to examine this piece a little, even before I am aſſured what ſucceſs it will meet with. Perhaps what I ſhall herein ſay may prevent its meeting with any.

I ſhall not here trouble the reader with a laborious definition of Tragedy drawn from Ariſtuttle or Horaſe, *for which I refer him to thoſe authors.* I ſhall content

tent myſelf with the following plain propoſition; "That a Tragedy is a thing of five acts, written dialoguewiſe, conſiſting of ſeveral fine ſimiles, metaphors, and moral phraſes, with here and there a ſpeech upon liberty. That it muſt contain an action, characters, ſentiments, diction, and a moral." Whatever falls ſhort of any of theſe, is by no means worthy the name of a Tragedy.

Quæ genus aut flexum variant, quæcunque novato
Ritu deficiunt ſuperantve, heteroclita ſunto.

I ſhall proceed to examine the piece before us on theſe rules; nor do I doubt to prove it deficient in them all.

Quæ ſequitur manca eſt numero caſuque propago.

As for an action, I have read it over twice, and do ſolemnly aver, I can find none, at leaſt none worthy to be called an action. The author, indeed, in one place, ſeems to promiſe ſomething like an action, where Stormandra, who is enraged with Lovegirld, ſends Bilkum to deſtroy him, and at the ſame time threatens to deſtroy herſelf! But alas! what comes of all this preparation?——Why, parturiunt montes—the audience is deceived, according to cuſtom, and the two murdered people appear in good health. For all which great revolution of fortune we have no other reaſon given, but that the one has been run through the coat, and the other has hung up her gown inſtead of herſelf.—Ridiculum!

The characters, I think, are ſuch, as I have not yet met with in Tragedy. Firſt, for the character of Mother Punchbowl; and, by the way, I cannot conceive why ſhe is called Mother. Is ſhe the mother of any body in the play? No. From one line one might gueſs ſhe was a bawd. Leatherſides deſires her to procure two whores, &c. but then is ſhe not continually talking of virtue? How can ſhe be a bawd? In the third ſcene of the ſecond act ſhe appears to be Stormandra's mother.

Punchb. Daughter, you uſe the Captain too unkind. But,

But, if I miſtake not, in the ſcene immediately preceding, Bilkum and ſhe have mother'd and ſon'd it ſeveral times. Sure ſhe cannot be mother to them both, when ſhe would put them to bed together. Perhaps ſhe is mother-in-law to one of them, as being married to her own child. But of this the poet ſhould, I think, have given us ſome better aſſurance than barely intimating that they were going to bed together; which people in this our iſland have been ſometimes known to do, without going to church together.

What is intended by the character of Gollono, is difficult to imagine. Either he is taken from life, or he is not. Methinks, I could wiſh he had been left out of the dance *, nothing being more natural than to conceive ſo great a ſot to be a lover of dancing; nay, ſo great a lover of dancing, as to take that woman for a partner whom he had juſt before been abuſing. As for the characters of Lovegirlo and Kiſſinda, they are poor imitations of the characters of Pyrrhus and Andromache in The DISTREST MOTHER, as Bilkum and Stormandra are of Areſtes and Hermione.

——— Sed quid morer iſtis.

As for Mr. Leatherſides, he is indeed an original; and ſuch a one as, I hope, will never have a copy. We are told (to ſet him off) that he has learn'd to read, has read play-bills, and writ The GRUB-STREET JOURNAL. But how reading play-bills, and writing Grub-ſtreet papers, can qualify him to be a judge of plays, I confeſs I cannot tell.

The only character I can find intirely faultleſs is the chairman: for firſt we are aſſur'd,

He aſks but for his fare,

when the Captain anſwers him,

Thy fare be damn'd.

He replies in the gentleſt manner imaginable,

This is not acting like a gentleman.

* The Critic is out in this particular; it being notorious Gallono is not in the dance; but to ſhew how careful the Author was to *maintain his character* throughout, the ſaid Gallono, during the *whole dance, is employ'd* with his bottle and his pipe.

The

The Captain, upon this, threatens to knock his brains out. He then answers, in a most intrepid and justifiable manner;

Oh! that with me, &c.

I cannot help wishing this may teach all gentlemen to pay their chairmen.

Proceed we now to the sentiments. And here, to shew how inclin'd I am to admire rather than dislike, I shall allow the beautiful manner wherein this play sets out. The first five lines are a mighty pretty satire on our age, our country, statesmen, lawyers, and physicians. What did I not expect from such a beginning? But alas! what follows? No fine moral sentences, not a word of liberty and property, no insinuations that courtiers are fools, and statesmen rogues. You have indeed a few similes; but they are very thin sown.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

The sentiments fall very short of politeness every where; but those in the mouth of Captain Bilkum breathe the truth spirit of Billingsgate. The courtship that passes between him and Stormandra in the second act is so extremely delicate, sure the author must have serv'd an apprenticeship there before he could have produced it. How unlike this was the beautiful manner of making love in use among the ancients, that charming simplicity of manners which shines so apparently in all the * Tragedies of Plautus, where,

——— petit & precæ blandus amicam.

But alas! how should an illiterate modern imitate authors he has never read?

To say nothing of the meanness of the diction, which is some degrees lower than I have seen in any modern Tragedy, we very often meet with contradictions in the same line. The substantive is so far from shewing the signification of its adjective as the latter requires,

'An adjective requires some word to be joined to it 'to shew its signification,' Vide Accidence.

* *I suppose these are lost, there remaining now no more than six Comedies.*

that

that it very often takes away its meaning, as particularly 'virtuous whore.' Did it ever enter into any head before to bring theſe two words together? Indeed, my friend, I could as ſoon unite the idea of your ſweet ſelf and a good poet.

Forth from your empty head I'll knock your brains.

Had you had any brains in your own head, you never had writ this line.

Yet do not ſhock it with a thought ſo baſe.
Ten low words creep here in a line, indeed.

——— Monoſyllabla nomina quædam,
Sal, ſol, ren et ſplen, car, ſer, vir, vas.——
Virgal rod, grief-ſtung ſoul, &c.

I would recommend to this author (if he can read) that wholeſome little treatiſe, called Gulielmi Lilii Monita Pædagogica, where he will find this inſtruction:

——— Veluti ſcopulos barbara verba fuge.——

Much may be ſaid on both ſides of this queſtion. Let me conſider what the queſtion is.

Mighty pretty, faith! reſolving a queſtion firſt, and then aſking it.

——— thou haſt a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.

Very likely, indeed! I fancy, Sir, if ever you were in the hands of a bailiff, you have not eſcap'd ſo eaſily.

Hanover-ſquare ſhall come to Drury-lane.

Wonderful!

Thou ſhalt wear farms and houſes in each ear.

Oh! Bavius! Oh! conundrum! is this true! Sure the poet exaggerates! What! a woman wear farms and houſes in her ear, nay, in each ear, to make it ſtill the more incredible! I ſuppoſe theſe are poetical farms and houſes, which any woman may carry about her without being the heavier. But I paſs by this, and *many other* beauties of the like nature, quæ lectio juxta

juxta docebit, to come to a little word which is worth the whole work.

Nor modeſty, nor pride, nor fear, nor REP.

Quid ſibi vult iſtud REP? ——I have looked over all my dictionaries, but in vain.

Nuſquam reperitur in uſu.

I find, indeed, ſuch a word in ſome of the Latin authors; but as it is not in the dictionary, I ſuppoſe it to be obſolete. Perhaps it is a proper name; if ſo, it ſhould have been in Italics. I am a little inclined to this opinion, as we find ſeveral very odd names in this piece, ſuch as Hackabouta, &c.

I am weary of raking in this dirt, and ſhall therefore paſs on to the moral, which the poet very ingenuouſly tells us is, he knows not what; nor any one elſe, I dare ſwear. I ſhall however allow him this merit, that except in the five lines above mentioned, I ſcarce know any performance more of a piece. Either the author never ſleeps, or never wakes throughout.

* ASS in præſenti perfectum format in avi.

* Gul. Lilius reads this word with a ſingle S.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. THEOPHILUS CIBBER.

IN Athens firſt (as dictionaries write)
The Tragic Muſe was midwif'd into light;
Rome knew her next, and next ſhe took a dance,
Some ſay to England, others ſay to France.
But when, or whence, the tuneful goddeſs came,
Since ſhe is here, I think, is much the ſame.
Oft have you ſeen the king and hero rage,
Oft has the virgin's paſſion fill'd the ſtage:
To-night nor king, nor hero, ſhall you ſpy,
Nor virgin's love ſhall fill the virgin's eye.
Our poet from unknown, untaſted ſprings,
A curious draught of tragic nectar brings;
From Covent-Garden culls delicious ſtores,
Of bullies, bawds, and ſots, and rakes, and whores.
Examples of the great can ſerve but few;
For what are kings and heroes faults to you?
But theſe examples are of general uſe.
What rake is ignorant of King's coffee-houſe?*
Here the old rake may view the crimes h'as known,
And boys hence dread the vices of the town.
Here nymphs ſeduc'd may mourn their pleaſures paſt,
And maids, who have their virtue, learn to hold it faſt.

* A place in Covent Garden market, well known to all gentlemen to whom beds are unknown.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

GENTLEMEN.

CAPTAIN BILKUM,	Mr. MULLART.
LOVEGIRLO,	Mr. CIBBER, Jun.
GALLONO,	Mr. PAGET.
LEATHERSIDES,	Mr. ROBERTS.
CHAIRMAN,	Mr. JONES.

LADIES.

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL,	Mr. BRIDGWATER.
KISSINDA,	Miſs RAFTOR.
STORMANDRA,	Mrs. MULLART.
NONPAREL,	Miſs MEARS.

SCENE, An Antichamber, or rather Back-parlour, in MOTHER PUNCHBOWL's Houſe.

THE
COVENT-GARDEN
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Antichamber.*

MOTHER PUNCHBOWL, LEATHERSIDES, NONPAREL, INDUSTRIOUS JENNY.

MOTHER.

WHO'D be a bawd in this degen'rate age!
Who'd for her country unrewarded toil!
Not ſo the ſtateſman ſcrubs his plotful head,
Not ſo the lawyer ſhakes his unfee'd tongue,
Not ſo the doctor guides the doleful quill.
Say, Nonparel, induſtrious Jenny, ſay,
Is the play done, and yet no cull appears?

NONP. The play is done: for from the pigeon-hole
I heard them hiſs the curtain as it fell.

MOTH. Ha, did they hiſs? why then the play is damn'd,
And I ſhall ſee the poet's face no more.
Say, Leatherſides, 'tis thou that beſt can tell;
For thou haſt learnt to read, haſt play bills read,
The Grub-ſtreet Journal thou haſt known to write;
Thou art a judge; ſay, wherefore was it damn'd?

LEATHER. I heard a tailor ſitting by my ſide,
Play on his cat-call, and cry out, 'ſad ſtuff.'
A little farther an apprentice ſat,

And

And he too hiſs'd, and he too cry'd, ' 'twas low.'
Then o'er the pit I downward caſt my eye:
The pit all hiſs'd, all whiſtled, and all groan'd.
MOTH. Enough. The poet's loſt, and ſo's his bil
Oh! 'tis the tradeſman's, not the poet's hurt:
For him the waſherwoman toils in vain,
For him in vain the tailor ſits croſs-legg'd;
He runs away, and leaves all debts unpaid.
LEATH. The mighty captain Bilkum this wa comes.
I left him in the entry with his chairman
Wrangling about his fare.
MOTH. Leatherſides, 'tis well.
Retire, my girls, and patient wait for culls.

SCENE II.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, *Captain* BILKUM CHAIRMAN.

CHAIR. Your honour, Sir, has paid but half m fare.
I aſk but for my fare.
CAPT. BILK. Thy fare be damn'd.
CHAIR. This is not acting like a gentleman.
CAPT. BILK. Begone, or by the powers of dice ſwear,
Were there no other chairman in the world,
From out thy empty head, I'd knock thy brains.
CHAIR. Oh, that with me, all chairmen would conſpire,
No more to carry ſuch ſad dogs for hire,
But let the lazy raſcals ſtraggle thro' the mire.

SCENE III.

Captain BILKUM, *Mother* PUNCHBOWL.

MOTH. What is the reaſon, captain, that you mak
This noiſe within my houſe? Do you intend
To arm reforming conſtables againſt me?
Wou'd it delight your eye to ſee me dragg'd
By baſe plebeians hands to Weſtminſter,
The ſcoff of ſerjeants and attornies clerks,

And then exalted on the pillory,
To ſtand the ſneer of ev'ry virtuous whore?
Oh! could'ſt thou bear to ſee the rotten egg
Mix with my tears, and trickle down my cheeks,
Like dew diſtilling from the full-blown roſe?
Or ſee me follow the attractive cart,
To ſee the hangman lift the virgal rod,
That hangman you ſo narrowly eſcap'd!

CAPT. BILK. Ha! that laſt thought has ſtung me to the ſoul:
Damnation on all laws and lawyers too!
Behold thee carted——oh! forefend that ſight:
May Bilkum's neck be ſtretch'd before that day!

MOTH. Come to my arms, thou beſt belov'd of ſons,
Forgive the weakneſs of thy mother's fears:
Oh! may I never, never ſee thee hang'd!

CAPT. BILK. If born to ſwing, I never ſhall be drown'd:
Far be it from me, with too curious mind,
To ſearch the office whence eternal fate
Iſſues her writs of various ills to men;
Too ſoon arreſted we ſhall know our doom.
And now a preſent evil gnaws my heart,
Oh! Mother, Mother——.

MOTH. Say, what wou'd my ſon?

CAPT. BILK. Get me a wench, and lend me half a crown.

MOTH. Thou ſhalt have both.

CAPT. BILK. Oh! goodneſs moſt unmatch'd,
What are your 'Nelope's compar'd to thee?
In vain we'd ſearch the hundreds of the town,
From where, in Goodman's-Fields, the city dame
Emboxed ſits, for two times eighteen pence,
To where, at midnight hours, the noble race
In borrow'd voice and mimick habit ſqueak.
Yet where, oh where is ſuch a bawd as thou?

MOTH. Oh! deal not praiſe with ſuch a laviſh tongue;
If I excel all others of my trade,
Thanks to thoſe ſtars that taught me to excel!

SCENE IV.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, *Captain* BILKUM, LEATHERSIDES.

LEATH. A porter from Lovegirlo is arriv'd,
If in your train one harlot can be found,
That has not been a month upon the town;
Her he expects to find in bed by two.
MOTH. Thou, Leatherſides, beſt know'ſt ſu nymphs to find,
To thee their lodgings they communicate.
Go, thou procure the girl, I'll make the punch,
Which ſhe muſt call for when ſhe firſt arrives.
Oh! Bilkum, when I backward caſt my thoughts,
When I revolve the glorious days I've ſeen,
(Days I ſhall ſee no more)—it tears my brain.
When cullis ſent frequent, and were ſent away,
When col'nels, majors, captains, and lieutenants,
Here ſpent the iſſue of their glorious toils;
Theſe were the men, my Bilkum, that ſubdu'd
The haughty foe, and paid for beauty here.
Now we are ſunk to a low race of beaus,
Fellows unfit for women or for war;
And one poor cull is all the gueſts I have.

SCENE V.

LEATHERSIDES, *Mother* PUNCHBOW BILKUM.

LEATH. Two whores, great Madam, muſt ſtraight prepar'd;
A fat one for the 'ſquire, and for my lord a lean.
MOTH. Be that thy care. This weighty buſ'ı done,
A bowl of humming punch ſhall glad my ſon.

SCENE VI.

BILKUM, *ſolus.*

Oh! 'tis not in the power of punch to eaſe
My grief-ſtung ſoul, ſince Hecatiſſa's falſe,

Since ſhe could hide a poor half guinea from me.
Oh! had I ſearch'd her pockets ere I roſe,
I had not left a ſingle ſhilling in them.
But lo! Lovegirlo comes, I will retire.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGIRLO, GALLONO.

GAL. And wilt thou leave us for a woman thus!
Art thou Lovegirlo? Tell me, art thou he,
Whom I have ſeen the ſaffron-colour'd morn
With roſy fingers beckon home in vain,
Than whom none oft'ner pull'd the pendent bell,
None oftner cry'd, "another bottle bring?"
And canſt thou leave us for a worthleſs woman?

LOVE. I charge thee, my Gallono, do not ſpeak
Aught againſt woman; by Kiſſinda's ſmiles,
(Thoſe ſmiles more worth than all the Cornwall mines)
When I drank moſt, 'twas woman made me drink,
The toaſt was to the wine an orange-peel.

GAL. Oh! would they ſpur us on to noble drink,
I too would be a lover of the ſex.
And ſure for nothing elſe they were deſign'd:
Woman was only born to be a toaſt.

LOVE. What madneſs moves thy ſlander-hurling tongue?
Woman! What is there in the world like woman?
Man without woman is a ſingle boot,
Is half a pair of ſheers. Her wanton ſmiles
Are ſweeter than a draught of cool ſmall-beer
To the ſcorch'd palate of a waking ſot.
Man is a puppet which a woman moves
And dances as ſhe will——Oh! had it not
Been for a woman thou hadſt not been here.

GAL. And were it not for wine—I would not be.
Wine makes a cobler greater than a king;
Wine gives mankind the preference to beaſts;
Thirſt teaches all the animals to drink;
But drunkenneſs belongs to only man.

LOVE. If women were not, my Gallono, man
Would make a ſilly figure in the world.

Gal. And without wine all human kind would be

One ſtupid, ſniveling, ſneaking ſober fellow.

LOVE. What does the pleaſures of our life refine?
'Tis charming woman.

GAL. Wine.

LOVE. 'Tis woman.

GAL. Wine.

SCENE. VII.

BILKUM.

Much may be ſaid on both ſides of this queſtion.
Let me conſider what the quſtion is:
If wine or woman be our greater good,
Wine is a good——and ſo is woman too;
But which the greater good [*a long pauſe*] I cannot tell.
Either to other to prefer I'm loth,
But he does wiſeſt who takes moſt of both.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGIRLO, KISSINDA.

LOVE. Oh! my Kiſſinda! how ſweet art thou?
Nor Covent-Garden, nor Stocks Market knows
A flower like thee; leſs ſweet the Sunday roſe,
With which, in country church, the milk-maid decks
Her ruddy breaſt: ne'er waſh'd the courtly dame
Her neck with honey-water half ſo ſweet.
Oh! thou art perfume all; a perfume ſhop.

KIS. Ceaſe, my Lovegirlo: oh! thou haſt a tongue
Might charm a bailiff to forego his hold.
Oh! I could hear thee ever, could with joy
Live a whole day upon a diſh of tea,
And liſten to the bagpipes in thy voice.

LOVE. Hear this, ye harlots, hear her and reform:
Not ſo the miſer loves to ſee his gold,
Not ſo the poet loves to ſee his play,
Not ſo the critic loves to ſee a fault,
Not ſo the beauty loves to ſee herſelf,
As I delight to ſee Kiſſinda ſmile.

KIS. Oh! my Lovegirlo, I muſt hear no more,

Thy

Thy words are ſtongeſt poiſon to my ſoul;
I ſhall forget my trade, and learn to dote.
LOVE. Oh! give a looſe to all the warmth of love.
Love like a bride upon the ſecond night;
I like a raviſh'd bridegroom on the firſt.
KIS. Thou know'ſt too well a lady of the town,
If ſhe give way to love, muſt be undone.
LOVE. The town! thou ſhalt be on the town no more,
I'll take thee into keeping, take thee rooms
So large, ſo furniſh'd, in ſo fine a ſtreet,
The miſtreſs of a Jew ſhall envy thee;
By Jove, I'll force the ſooty tribe to own,
A Chriſtian keeps a whore as well as they.
KIS. And wilt thou take me into keeping?——
LOVE. Yes.
KIS. Then I am bleſt indeed——and I will be
The kindeſt, gentleſt, and the cheapeſt girl.
A joint of meat a day is all I aſk,
And that I'll dreſs myſelf——a pot of beer,
When thou din'ſt from me, ſhall be all my wine;
Few cloaths I'll have, and thoſe too ſecond-hand;
Then when a hole within thy ſtocking's ſeen,
(For ſtockings will have holes) I'll darn it for thee;
With my own hands I'll waſh thy ſoapen'd ſhirt,
And make the bed I have unmade with thee.
LOVE. Do virtuous women uſe their huſbands ſo?
Who but a fool would marry that can keep———
What is this virtue that mankind adore?
Sounds leſs the ſcolding of a virtuous tongue,
Or who remembers, to increaſe his joy,
In the laſt moments of exceſſive bliſs,
The ring, the licenſe, parſon, or his clerk?
Beſides, whene'er my miſtreſs plays me foul,
I caſt her, like a dirty ſhirt, away.
But oh! a wife ſticks like a plaiſter faſt,
Like a perpetual bliſter to the poll.
KIS. And wilt thou never throw me off?
LOVE. Never,
'Till thou art foil'd.
KIS. Then turn me to the ſtreets,
Thoſe *ſtreets you took me from.*

LOVE. Forbid it, all
Ye powers propitious to unlawful love.
Oh! my Kiſſinda, by this kiſs I ſwear,
(This kiſs which at a ſhilling is not dear)
I wou'd not quit the joys this night ſhall give,
For all the virtuous wives or maids alive.
Oh! I am all on fire, thou lovely wench,
Torrents of joy my burning ſoul muſt quench,
Reiterated joys!
Thus burning from the fire, the waſher lifts
The red-hot iron to make ſmooth her ſhifts,
With arm impetuous rubs her ſhift amain,
And rubs, and rubs, and rubs it o'er again;
Nor ſooner does her rubbing arm withhold,
'Till ſhe grows warm, and the hot iron cold.

ACT II. SCENE I.

STORMANDRA, *Captain* BILKUM.

STORMANDRA.

NOT, tho' you were the beſt man in the land,
Should you, unpaid for, have from me a favour.
Therefore come down the Ready, or I go.

CAPT. BILK. Forbid it, Venus, I ſhould ever ſet
So curſed an example to the world:
Forbid! The rake, in full purſuit of joy
Requir'd the unready Ready to come down,
Shou'd curſe my name, and cry, "Thus Bilkum did;
"To him this curſed precedent we owe."

STOR. Rather forbid, that, bilk'd in after-time,
The chair-leſs girl ſhould curſe Stormandra's name,
That as ſhe walks with draggled coats the ſtreet,
(Coats ſhortly to be pawn'd) the hungry wretch
Shou'd bellow out, "For this, I thank Stormandra!"

CAPT. BILK. Truſt me to-night, and never truſt me more,
If I do not come down when I get up.

STOR. And doſt thou think I have a ſoul ſo mean?
Truſt thee! doſt think I came laſt week to town,

The waggon ſtraws yet hanging to my tail?
Truſt thee! oh! when I truſt thee for a groat,
Hanover-Square ſhall come to Drury-Lane.
CAPT. BILK. Madam, 'tis well; your mother may perhaps
Teach your rude tongue to know a ſofter tone.
And ſee, ſhe comes, the ſmiling brightneſs comes.

SCENE II.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, *Captain* BILKUM, STORMANDRA.

STOR. Oh! Mother Punchbowl, teach me how to rail;
Oh! teach me to abuſe this monſtrous man.
MOTH. What has he done?
STOR. Sure a deſign ſo baſe,
Turk never yet contriv'd.
MOTH. Forbid it, virtue.
STOR. It wounds me to the ſoul—he would have bilk'd me.
MOTH. Ha! in my houſe! oh! Bilkum, is this true?
Who ſet thee on, thou traitor, to undo me?
Is it ſome envious ſiſter? ſuch may be;
For even bawds, I own it with a bluſh,
May be diſhoneſt in this vicious age.
Perhaps, thou art an enemy to us all,
Wilt join malicious juſtices againſt us.
Oh! think not thus to bribe th' ungrateful tribe:
The hand to Bridewell which thy mother ſends
May one day ſend thee to more fatal gaol;
And oh! (avert the omen, all ye ſtars!)
The very hemp I beat may hang my ſon.
CAPT. BILK. Mother, you know the paſſage to my heart,
But do not ſhock it with a thought ſo baſe.
Sooner Fleet-Ditch like ſilver Thames ſhall flow,
The New-Exchange ſhall with the Royal vie,
Or Covent-Garden's with St. Paul's great bell.
Give no belief to that ungrateful woman;
Gods! who would be a bully to a woman?

Canſt thou forget—(it is too plain thou canſt)
When at the Rummer, at the noon of night,
I found thee with a baſe apprentice boxing?
And tho' none better dart the clinched fiſt,
Yet waſt thou over-match'd, and on the ground.
Then like a bull-dog in Hockleian holes,
Ruſh'd I tremendous on the ſnotty foe,
I took him by the throat and kick'd him down the ſtairs.

STOR. Doſt thou recount thy ſervices, baſe wretch,
Forgetting mine? Doſt thou forget the time,
When ſhiv'ring on a winter's icy morn,
I found thy coatleſs carcaſe at the Roundhouſe,
Did I not then forget my proper woes?
Did I not ſend for half a pint of gin,
To warm th' ungrateful guts? Pull'd I not off
A quilted-petticoat to clothe thy back,
That unſkinn'd back, which rods had dreſs'd in red,
Thy only title to the name of Captain?
Did I not pick a pocket of a watch,
A pocket pick for thee?

CAPT. BILK. Doſt thou mention
So ſlight a favour? Have I not for thee
Fled from the feather-bed of ſoft repoſe,
And as the watch proclaim'd approaching day,
Robb'd the ſtage-coach?——Again, when puddings hot,
And Well-fleet oyſters cry'd, the evening come,
Have I not been a foot-pad for thy pride?

MOTH. Enough, my children, let this diſcord ceaſe.
Had both your merits had, you both deſerve
The fate of greater perſons——Go, my ſon,
Retire to reſt——gentle Stormandra ſoon
Will follow you. See kind conſent appear,
In ſofteſt ſmiles upon her lovely brow.

BILK. And can I think Stormandra will be mine!
Once more, unpaid for mine! then I again
Am bleſt, am paid for all her former ſcorn.
So when the doating hen-peck'd huſband long
Hath ſtood the thunder of his deary's tongue;
If, ſupper over, ſhe attempt to toy,
And laugh and languiſh for approaching joy,

His

His raptur'd fancy runs her charms all o'er,
While tranſport dances jiggs thro' ev'ry pore,
He hears the thunder of her tongue no more.

SCENE III.

STORMANDRA, *Mother* PUNCHBOWL.

Moth. Daughter, you uſe the captain too unkind.
Forbid it, virtue, I ſhou'd ever think
A woman ſqueezes any cull too much,
But bullies never ſhou'd be us'd as culls.
With caution ſtill preſerve the bully's love,
A houſe like this, without a bully left,
Is like a puppet-ſhow without a Punch.
When you ſhall be a bawd, and ſure that day
Is written in the almanack of fate,
You'll own the mighty truth of what I ſay.
So the gay girl whoſe head romances fill,
By mother married well againſt her will,
Once paſt the age that pants for love's delight,
Herſelf a mother, owns her mother in the right.

SCENE IV.

STORMANDRA *ſola.*

What ſhall I do? Shall I unpaid to bed?
Oh! my Lovegirlo! oh! that thou wert here;
How my heart doats upon Lovegirlo's name,
For no one ever paid his girls like him.
She, with Lovegirlo who had ſpent the night,
Sighs not in vain for next day's maſquerade,
Sure of a ticket from him——Ha! ye powers,
What is't I ſee? Is it a ghoſt I ſee?
It is a ghoſt. It is Lovegirlo's ghoſt.
Lovegirlo's dead; for if he were not dead,
How cou'd his living ghoſt be walking here?

SCENE V.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA.

Love. *Surely this is* ſome holiday in hell,
And ghoſts are let abroad to take the air,

For

For I have ſeen a dozen ghoſts to-night
Dancing in merry mood the winding hayes.
If ghoſts all lead ſuch merry lives as theſe,
Who wou'd not be a ghoſt!

STOR. Art thou not one?

LOVE. What do I ſee, ye ſtars? Is it Stormandra?

STOR. Art thou Lovegirlo?—Oh! I ſee thou art.
But tell me, I conjure, art thou not dead?

LOVE. No, by my ſoul I am not.

STOR. May I truſt thee?
Yet if thou art alive, what doſt thou here
Without Stormandra?——But thou need'ſt not ſay:
I know thy falſhood, yes, perfidious fellow,
I know thee falſe as water or as hell;
Falſer than any thing but thyſelf——

LOVE. Or thee.
Dares thus the devil to rebuke our ſin!
Dares thus the kettle ſay the pot is black!
Canſt thou upbraid my falſhood! thou! who ſtill
Art ready to upbraid the porter's call,
At any hour, to any ſort of gueſt;
Thy perſon is as common as the dirt
Which Piccadilly leaves on ev'ry heel.

STOR. Can I hear this, ye ſtars! Injurious man!
May I be ever bilk'd!——May I ne'er fetch
My watch from pawn, if I've been falſe to you.

LOVE. Oh! impudence unmatch'd! canſt thou deny
That thou haſt had a thouſand diff'rent men?

STOR. If that be falſhood, I indeed am falſe,
And never lady of the town was true;
But tho' my perſon be upon the town,
My heart has ſtill been fix'd on only you.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, KISSINDA.

KIS. Where's my Lovegirlo? Point him out, ye ſtars,
Reſtore him panting to Kiſſinda's arms.
Ha! do I ſee!

STOR.

STOR. Haſt thou forgot to rail;
Now call me falſe, perfidious, and ingrate,
Common as air, as dirt, or as thyſelf.
Beneath my rage, haſt thou forſaken me?
All my full meals of luſcious love, to ſtarve
At the lean table of a girl like that?
KIS. That girl you mention with ſo forc'd a ſcorn,
Envies not all the large repaſts you boaſt;
A little diſh oft furniſhes enough:
And ſure enough is equal to a feaſt.
STOR. The puny wretch ſuch little plates may chuſe;
Give me the man who knows a ſtronger taſte.
KIS. Senſual and baſe! to ſuch as you we owe
That harlot is a title of diſgrace,
The worſt of ſcandals on the beſt of trades.
STOR. That ſhame more juſtly to the wretch belongs,
Who gives thoſe favours which ſhe cannot ſell.
KIS. But harder is the wretched harlot's lot,
Who offers them for nothing, and in vain.
STOR. Shew me the man who thus accuſes me.
I own I choſe Lovegirlo, own I lov'd him;
But then I choſe and lov'd him as a cull;
Therefore preferr'd him to all other men,
Becauſe he better paid his girls than they.
Oh! I deſpiſe all love but that of gold:
Throw that aſide, and all men are alike.
KIS. And I deſpiſe all other charms but love.
Nothing could bribe me from Lovegirlo's arms;
Him, in a cellar, would my love preſer
To lords in houſes of ſix rooms a floor.
Oh! had I in the world a hundred pound,
I'd give him all. Or did he (fate forbid!)
Want three half crowns his reckoning to pay,
I'd pawn my under petticoat to lend them.
LOVE. Would'ſt thou, my ſweet? Now, by the powers of love,
I'll mortgage all my lands to deck thee fine.
Thou ſhalt wear farms and houſes in each ear,
Ten thouſand load of timber ſhall embrace

Thy

Thy necklac'd neck. I'll make thy glitt'ring form
Shine thro' th admiring Mall a blazing ſtar.
Neglected virtue ſhall with envy die;
The town ſhall know no other toaſt but thee.
So have I ſeen upon my lord-mayor's day,
While coaches after coaches roll away,
The gazing crowd admire by turns, and cry,
"See ſuch and ſuch an alderman paſs by:"
But when the mighty magiſtrate appears,
No other name is ſounded in your ears;
The crowd all cry unanimous ——— "See there,
"Ye citizens, behold the coach of the lord-mayor."

SCENE VII.

STORMANDRA, *Captain* BILKUM.

CAPT. BILK. Why comes not my Stormandra? Twice and once
I've told the ſtriking clock's increaſing ſound,
And yet unkind Stormandra ſtays away.
STOR. Captain, are you a man?
CAPT. BILK. I think I am.
The time has been when you have thought ſo too.
Try me again in the ſoft fields of love.
STOR. 'Tis war, not love, muſt try your manhood now.
By gin, I ſwear, ne'er to receive thee more,
Till curs'd Lovegirlo's blood has dy'd thy ſword.
CAPT. BILK. Lovegirlo! Whence this fury bent on him?
STOR. Ha! doſt thou queſtion, coward? ——— Aſk again,
And I will never call thee captain more.
Inſtant obey my purpoſe, or by hemp
Rods, all the horrors Bridewell ever knew,
I will arreſt thee for the note of hand,
Which thou haſt given me for twice one pound;
But if thou doſt, I call my ſacred honour
To witneſs, thy reward ſhall be my love.
CAPT. BILK. Lovegirlo is no more. Yet wrong me not;

It

It is your promiſe, not your threat prevails.
So when ſome parent of indulgence mild,
Wou'd to the nauſeous potion bring the child;
In vain to win or frighten for its good,
He cries, "My dear," or lifts the uſeleſs rod:
But if, by chance, the ſugar-plum he ſhows,
The ſimp'ring child no more reluctance knows;
It ſtretches out its finger and its thumb,
It ſwallows firſt the potion, then the ſugar-plum.

SCENE VIII.

STORMANDRA *ſola.*

Go, act my juſt revenge, and then be hang'd,
While I retire and gently hang myſelf.
May women be by my example taught,
Still to be good, and never to be naught;
Never from virtue's rules to go aſtray,
Nor ever to believe what man can ſay.
She who believes a man, I am afraid,
May be a woman long, but not a maid.
If ſuch bleſt harveſt my example bring,
The female world ſhall with my praiſes ring,
And ſay, that when I hang'd myſelf, I did a noble thing.

SCENE IX.

Mother PUNCHBOWL, KISSINDA, NONPAREL.

MOTH. Oh! Nonparel, thou lovelieſt of girls,
Thou lateſt darling of thy mother's years;
Let thy tongue know no commerce with thy heart;
For if thou telleſt truth thou art undone.
NONP. Forgive me, Madam, this firſt fault—— henceforth
I'll learn with utmoſt diligence to fib.
MOTH. Oh! never give your eaſy mind to love;
But poiſe the ſcales of your affection ſo,
That a bare ſix-pence added to his ſcale,
Might make the cit apprentice or the clerk

Out-

Outweigh a flaming col'nel of the guards.
Oh! never give your mind to officers,
Whoſe gold is on the outſide of the pocket.
But fly a poet as the worſt of plagues,
Who never pays with any thing but words.
Oh! had Kiſſinda taken this advice,
She had not now been bilk'd.———

KIS. Think me not ſo:
Some haſty buſineſs has Lovegirlo drawn
To leave me thus—— but I will hold a crown
To eighteen pence, he's here within an hour.

SCENE X.

To them LEATHERSIDES.

MOTH. Oh! Leatherſides, what means this newsful look?

LEATH. Through the Piaches as I took my way
To fetch a girl, I at a diſtance view'd
Lovegirlo with great Captain Bilkum fighting;
Lovegirlo puſh'd, the Captain parry'd, thus
Lovegirlo puſh'd, he parried again:
Oft did he puſh, and oft was puſh'd aſide.
At length the Captain, with his body thus,
Threw in a curſed thruſt in ſtanconade.
'Twas then——oh! dreadful horror to relate!
I at a diſtance ſaw Lovegirlo fall,
And look as if he cry'd——"Oh! I am ſlain."

[Kiſſinda *ſinks into* Nonparel's *arms.*

SCENE XI.

To them GALLONO.

GAL. Give me my friend, thou moſt accurſed bawd;
Reſtore him to me drunken as he was
Ere thy vile arts ſeduc'd him from the glaſs.

MOTH. Oh! that I could reſtore him—but alas!
Or drunk or ſober, you'll ne'er ſee him more,
Unleſs you ſee his ghoſt——his ghoſt, perhaps,
May have eſcap'd from Captain Bilkum's ſword.

GAL.

GAL. What do I hear?—Oh damn'd accurſed jade,
Thou art the cauſe of all——With artful ſmiles
Tho didſt ſeduce him to go home ere morn.
Bridewell ſhall be thy fate; I'll give a crown
To ſome poor juſtice to commit thee thither,
Where I will come and ſee thee flogg'd myſelf.

KIS. One flogg'd as I am can be flogg'd no more;
In her Lovegirlo Miſs Kiſſinda liv'd:
The ſword that paſs'd thro' poor Lovegirlo's heart,
Paſs'd eke thro' mine; he was three-fifths of me.

SCENE XII.

To them BILKUM.

CAPT. BILK. Behold the moſt accurs'd of human kind!
I for a woman with a man have fought;
She, for I know not what, has hang'd herſelf;
And now Jack Ketch may do the ſame for me.
Oh! my Stormandra!

MOTH. What of her?

CAPT. BILK. Alas!
She hang'd herſelf all to her curtain's rod!
I ſaw her ſwinging, and I ran away.
Oh! if you lov'd Stormandra, come with me!
Skin off your fleſh, and bite away your eyes;
Lug out your heart, and dry it in your hands;
Grind it to powder, make it into pills,
And take it down your throat.

MOTH. Stormandra's gone!
Weep all ye ſiſter-harlots of the town;
Pawn your beſt cloaths, and clothe yourſelves in rags.
Oh! my Stormandra!

KIS. Poor Lovegirlo's ſlain.
Oh! give me way; come, all you furies, come,
Lodge in th' unfurniſh'd chambers of my heart;
My heart, which never ſhall be let again
To any gueſt but endleſs miſery,
Never ſhall have a bill upon it more.
Oh! I am mad, methinks; I ſwim in air,
In ſeas of *ſulphur* and eternal fire,
And ſee Lovegirlo too.

GAL.

GAL. Ha! ſee him! Where?
Where is the much-lov'd youth?—Oh! never more
Shall I behold him. Ha! diſtraction wild
Begins to wanton in my unhing'd brain.
Methinks I'm mad, mad as a wild March hare;
My muddy brain is addled like an egg:
My teeth, like magpies, chatter in my head;
My reeling head; which akes like any mad.
OMNES. Oh!
LEATH. Was ever ſuch a diſmal ſcene of woe?

SCENE *the laſt.*

To them LOVEGIRLO, STORMANDRA, *and a* FIDLER.

LOVE. Where's my Kiſſinda?——bear me to her arms,
Ye winged winds——and let me periſh there.
KIS. Lovegirlo lives!——Oh! let my eager arms
Preſs him to death upon my panting breaſt.
CAPT. BILK. Oh! all ye powers of gin! Stormandra lives.
STORM. Nor modeſty, nor pride, nor fear, nor rep,
Shall now forbid this tender chaſte embrace.
Henceforth I'm thine as long as e'er thou wilt.
GAL. Lovegirlo!
LOVE. Oh, joy unknown! Gallono!
MOTH. Come all at once to my capacious arms;
I know not where I ſhou'd th' embrace begin.
My children! oh! with what tumultuous joy
Do I behold your almoſt virtuous loves!
By ſay, Lovegirlo, when we thought you dead,
Say, by what lucky chance we ſee you here?
LOVE. In a few words I'll ſatisfy your doubt;
I through the coat was, not the body, run.
CAPT. BILK. But ſay, Stormadra, did I not behold
Thee hanging to the curtains of thy bed?
STORM. No, my dear love, it was my gown, not me:
I did intend to hang myſelf; but ere
The knot was ty'd, repented my deſign.

KIS.

KIS. Henceforth, Stormandra, never rivals more;
By Bilkum you, I by Lovegirlo kept.
LOVE. Foreſeeing all this ſudden turn of joy,
I've brought a fiddle to play forth the ſame.
MOTH. I too will ſhake a foot on this bleſt day.
LOVE. From ſuch examples as of this and that,
We all are taught to know I know not what.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs RAFTOR, who acted the parts of ISABEL in The OLD DEBAUCHEES, and of KISSINDA in this TRAGEDY.

IN various lights this night you've ſeen me dreſt,
A virtuous lady, and a miſs confeſt;
Pray tell me, Sirs, in which you like me beſt?
Neither averſe to love's ſoft joys you find;
'Tis hard to ſay which is the beſt inclin'd.
The prieſt makes all the diff'rence in the caſe;
Kiſſinda's always ready to embrace,
And Iſabel ſtays only to ſay grace.
For ſeveral prices ready both to treat,
This takes a guinea, that your whole eſtate.
Gallants, believe your paſſions are the ſame,
And virtuous women, tho' they dread the ſhame,
Let 'em but play ſecure, all love the game.
For tho' ſome prude her lover long may vex,
Her coyneſs is put on, ſhe loves your ſex.
At you the pretty things their airs diſplay;
For you we dance, we ſing, we ſmile, we pray;
On you we dream all night, we think all day.
For you the Mall and Ring with beauties ſwarm;
You teach ſoft Seneſino's airs to charm.
For thin wou'd be th' aſſembly of the fair
At operas——were none but eunuchs there.
In ſhort, you are the buſineſs of our lives,
To be a miſtreſs kept the ſtrumpet ſtrives,
And all the modeſt virgins to be wives.
For prudes may cant of virtues and of vices,
But faith! we only differ in our prices.

THE

DEBAUCHEES:

OR, THE

JESUIT CAUGHT.

A

COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1732.

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. MILLS.

I Wiſh, with all my heart, the ſtage and town
Would both agree to cry all prologues down;
That we, no more oblig'd to ſay or ſing,
Might drop this uſeleſs neceſſary thing:
No more with awkward ſtrut, before the curtain,
Chaunt out ſome rhimes—there's neither good nor hurt in.

What is this ſtuff the poets make us deal in,
But ſome old worn-out jokes of their retailing:
From ſages of our own, or former times,
Tranſvers'd from proſe, perhaps tranſpos'd from rhimes!

How long the tragick muſe her ſtation kept,
How guilt was humbled, and how tyrants wept,
Forgetting ſtill how often hearers ſlept.

Perhaps, for change, you, now and then, by fits,
Are told that criticks are the bane of wits;
How they turn vampyres, being dead and damn'd,
And with the blood of living bards are cramm'd:
That poets thus tormented die, and then
The Devil gets in them, and they ſuck agen.

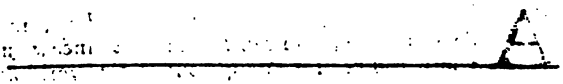
Thus modern bards, like Bayes, their prologues frame
For this, and that, and every play the ſame,
Which you, moſt juſtly, neither praiſe nor blame.

As ſomething muſt be ſpoke, no matter what;
No friends are now by prologues loſt or got;
By ſuch harangues we raiſe nor ſpleen nor pity——
Thus ends this idle, but important ditty.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Old LAROON,	Mr. YATES.
Young LAROON,	Mr. MOZEEN.
Father MARTIN,	Mr. TASWELL.
Old JOURDAIN,	Mr. NEALE.
ISABEL,	Mrs. RIDOUT.
BEATRICE,	Miſs ROYER.

SCENE, THOULON.



N. B. Thoſe lines mark'd thus " are left out in the acting.

THE

DEBAUCHEES:

OR, THE

JESUIT CAUGHT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Mr.* JOURDAIN'S.

ISABEL, BEATRICE.

ISABEL.

A Nunnery! Ha, ha, ha! and is it poſſible, my dear Beatrice, you can intend to ſacrifice your youth and beauty, to go out of the world as ſoon as you come into it!

BEAT. No one, my dear Iſabel, can ſacrifice too much or too ſoon to Heaven.

ISA. Pſhaw! Heaven regards hearts, and not faces, and an old woman will be as acceptable a ſacrifice as a young one.

BEAT. It is poſſible you may come to a better underſtanding, and value the world as little as I do.

"ISA. As you ſay, it is poſſible, when I can enjoy "it no longer, I may; nay, I do not care if I pro-"miſe you, when I grow old and ugly, I'll come and "keep you company: but this I am poſitive, till the "world is weary of me, I never ſhall be weary of the "world."

BEAT. What can a woman of ſenſe ſee in this world worth her *valuing?*

ISA. Oh! ten thouſand pretty things! Equipage, cards, muſick, plays, balls, flattery, viſits, and that prettieſt thing of all pretty things, a pretty fellow.—"I rather wonder what charms a woman of any ſpirit "can fancy in a nunnery, in watching, working, "praying, and ſometimes, I am afraid, wiſhing for "other company than that of an old fuſty frier."—— Oh! 'tis a delightful ſtate, when every man one ſees, inſtead of tempting us to ſin, is to rebuke us for them!

"BEAT. Such ſentiments as theſe would indeed "make you very uneaſy——but believe me, child, "you would ſoon bring yourſelf to hate mankind; "faſting and praying are the beſt cures in the world "for theſe violent paſſions.

"ISA. On my conſcience, I ſhould want neither; "if the continual ſight of a ſet of dirty prieſts would "not bring me to abhor mankind, I dare ſwear no-"thing could."

SCENE II.

Old LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

OLD LAR. Good morrow, my little wag-tail—— my graſhopper, my butterfly. Odſo! you little baggage, you look as full of——as full of love, and ſport, and wantonneſs——I wiſh I was a young fellow again ——Oh! that I was but five-and-twenty for thy ſake. Where's my boy? What, has he not been with you, has not he ſerenaded you?—Odſheart——I never let his mother ſleep for a month before I married her.

ISA. Indeed!

OLD LAR. No, Madam, nor for a month afterwards neither. The young fellows of this age are nothing, mere butterflies, to thoſe of ours——Odſheart, I remember the time, when I could have taken a hop, ſtep, and jump over the ſteeple of Notre Dame.

BEAT. I fancy the ſparks of your age had wings, Sir.

OLD LAR. Wings, you little baggage, no——but *they had—they* had limbs like elephants, and as ſtrong

they

they were as Samſon, and as ſwift as—Why, I have myſelf run down a ſtag in a fair chace, and eat him afterwards for my dinner. But come, where is my old neighbour, my old friend, my old Jourdain?

ISA. At his devotions, I ſuppoſe; this is the hour he generally employs in them.

OLD LAR. This hour! ay, all hours. I dare ſwear he ſpends more time in them, than all the prieſts in Thoulon. Well, give him his due, he was wicked as long as he could be ſo; and when he could ſin no longer, why he began to repent that he had ſinned at all. Oh! there is nothing ſo devout as an old whoremaſter.

BEAT. I fancy then it will be ſhortly time for you to think of it, Sir!

OLD LAR. Ay, Madam, about ſome thirty or forty years hence it may——Odſheart! I am but in the prime of my years yet: "And if it was not for a "ſaucy young raſcal, who looks me in the face and "calls me father, might make a very good figure "among the beaux. But though I am not ſo young in "years, I am in conſtitution, as any of them;" and I don't queſtion but to live to ſee a ſon and a great grandſon both born on the ſame day.

ISA. You will excuſe this lady, Mr. Laroon, who is going to retire ſo much earlier——

OLD LAR. Retire!——Then it is with a young fellow, I hope.

ISA. Into a cloiſter, I aſſure you.

OLD LAR. A cloiſter!——Why, Madam, if you have a mind to hang yourſelf at the year's end, would it not be better to ſpend your time in matrimony than in a nunnery? Don't let a ſet of raſcally prieſts put ſtrange notions in your head. Take my word for it, and I am a very honeſt fellow, there are no raptures worth a louſe but thoſe in the arms of a briſk young cavalier. Of all the actions of my youth, there are none I reflect on with ſo much pleaſure as having burnt half a dozen nunneries, and delivered ſeveral hundred virgins out of captivity.

BEAT. Oh! villainy! unheard-of villany!

ISA. Unheard-of till this moment, I dare ſwear.

OLD LAR. Out of which number there are at preſent nine counteſſes, three ducheſſes, and a queen, who owe their liberty and their promotion to this arm.

SCENE III.

Old LAROON, *Young* LAROON, ISABEL, BEATRICE.

OLD LAR. You are a fine ſpark truly, to let your father viſit your miſtreſs before you—'Sdeath! I believe you are no ſon of mine. Where have you been, Sir? What have you been doing; Sir, hey?

YO. LAR. Sir, I have been at my devotions.

OLD LAR. At your devotions! nay, then you are no ſon of mine, that's certain. Is not this the ſhrine you are to offer up at, ſirrah! Is not here the altar you are to officiate at?—Sirrah! you have no blood of mine in you. I believe you are the baſtard of ſome travelling Engliſh alderman, and muſt have come into the world with a cuſtard in your mouth.

YO. LAR. I hope, Madam, you will allow my excuſe, though the old gentleman here will not.

OLD LAR. Old gentleman! very fine! Sirrah! I'll convince you I am a young gentleman; I'll marry to-night, and make you a brother before you are a father; I'll teach you to thruſt him out of the world that thruſt you into it.—Madam, have no more to ſay to the ungracious dog.

YO. LAR. That will be a ſure way to quit all obligations between us; for the happineſs I propoſe in this lady, is the chief reaſon why I ſhould thank you for bringing me into the world.

OLD LAR. What's that you ſay, Sir? Say that again, Sir.

YO. LAR. I was only thanking you, Sir, for deſiring this lady to take from me all I eſteem on earth.

OLD LAR. Well enough that! I begin to think him my own again. I have made that very ſpeech to half the women in Paris.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

To them, MARTIN.

MART. Peace be with you all, good people.

OLD LAR. Peace cannot ſtay long in any place where a prieſt comes. [*Aſide.*

MART. Daughter, I am ready to receive your confeſſion——

OLD LAR. Ay, ay, ſhe has a fine parcel of ſinful thoughts to anſwer for, I warrant her.

MART. Mr. Laroon, you are too much inclined to ſlander, I muſt reprove you for it. My daughter's thoughts are as pure as a ſaint's.

OLD LAR. As any ſaint's in Chriſtendom within a day of matrimony.

MART. Within a day of matrimony! it is too quick, I have not yet had ſufficient time to prepare her mind for that ſolemn ſacrament.

OLD LAR. Prepare her mind for a young fellow! prepare your mind for a biſhoprick.

MART. Sir, there are ceremonies requiſite; I ſhall be as expeditious as poſſible, but the church has rules.

OLD LAR. Sir, you may be as expeditious or as ſlow as you pleaſe; but I will not have my boy diſappointed of his happineſs, one day, for all the rules in Europe.

SCENE V.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

MART. I ſhall bring this haughtineſs to a penance you may not like. Well, my dear daughter, I hope your account is not long. You have not many articles ſince our laſt reckoning.

ISA. I wiſh you do not think it ſo, father. Firſt, telling nine lies at the opera the other night to Mr. Laroon! yeſterday talk'd during the whole maſs to a young cavalier. [*He groans.*] Nay, if you groan already, I ſhall make you groan more before I have done; laſt night cheated at cards, ſcandalized three of my acquaintance, went to bed without ſaying my prayers, and dreamt of Mr. Laroon.

MART. Oh!——Tell me the particulars of that dream.

ISA. Nay, father, that I muſt be excus'd.

MART. Modeſty at confeſſion is as unſeaſonble, as in bed; and your mind ſhould appear as naked to your confeſſor, as your perſon to your huſband.

ISA. I thought he embraced me with the utmoſt tenderneſs.

MART. But were you pleaſed therewith?

ISA. You know, father, a lye now would be the greateſt of ſins. I was not diſpleaſed, I aſſure you. But I have often heard you ſay, there is no ſin in love.

MART. No, in love itſelf there is not: love is not malum in ſe. Nor in the exceſs is there ſometimes any: but then it muſt be rightly placed, muſt be directed to a proper object. The love a daughter bears her confeſſor is no doubt not only innocent, but extremely laudable.

ISA. Yes, but that—that is another ſort of love, you know.

MART. You are deceived; there is but one ſort of love which is juſtifiable, or, indeed, deſirable.

ISA. I hope my love for Laroon is that.

MART. That I know not, I wiſh it may; however, I have ſome diſpute as yet remaining with me concerning it; "till that be ſatisfied, it will be improper for "you to proceed any farther in the affair." All the penance, therefore, I ſhall enjoin you on this confeſſion, is to defer your marriage one week; by which time I ſhall have reſolved within myſelf whether you ſhall marry him at all.

ISA. Not marry him at all! Sure, father, you are not in earneſt?

MART. I never jeſt on theſe occaſions.

ISA. What reaſons can you have?

MART. My reaſons may not be ſo ripe for your ears at preſent. But, perhaps, better things are deſigned for you.

ISA. A fiddleſtick! I tell you, father, better things cannot be deſigned for me. "I ſuppoſe, you have "found out ſome old fellow with twenty livres a year "more

" more in his power; but I can aſſure you, if I marry
" not Laroon, I'll not marry any.

" MART. Perhaps you are not deſigned to marry
" any. Let me feel your pulſe—Extremely feveriſh.

" ISA. You are enough to put any one in a fever.
" I was to have been married to-morrow to a pretty
" fellow, and now I muſt defer my marriage till you
" have conſider'd whether I ſhall marry at all or no.

" MART. Have you any more ſins to confeſs?

" ISA. Sins!—You have put all my ſins out of my
" head, I think."

MART. Benedicite—[*croſſing himſelf.*] Daughter, you ſhall ſee me ſoon again, for great things are in agitation: at preſent, I leave you to your prayers.

SCENE VI.

ISABEL *alone.*

Sure never poor maid had more need of prayers; but you have left me no great ſtomach to them. " Great things are in agitation! What can he mean? " It muſt be ſo—Some old liquoriſh rogue with a " title, or a larger eſtate, hath a mind to ſupplant my " dear Laroon."

SCENE VII.

Young LAROON, ISABEL.

YO. LAR. My Iſabel, my ſweet!—how painfully do I count each tedious hour, till I can call you mine?

ISA. Indeed, you are like to count many more tedious hours than you imagine.

YO. LAR. Ha! What means my love?

ISA. I would not have your wiſhes too impatient, that's all; but if you will wait a week, you ſhall know whether I intend to marry you or not.

YO. LAR. And is this poſſible? Can words like theſe fall from Iſabel's ſweet lips? can ſhe be falſe, i con ſtant, perjur'd?

ISA. Oh do not diſcharge ſuch a volley of terrible names upon me before you are certain I deſerve them; a little

doubt only whether I can be obedient to my confeſſor, and gueſs the reſt.

YO. LAR. Can he have enjoined you to be perjured? By Heaven! it would be ſinful to obey him.

ISA. Be ſatisfied, if I prevail with myſelf to obey him in this week's delay, I will carry my obedience no farther.

"YO. LAR. Oh! to what happineſs have thoſe "dear words reſtor'd me! I am again myſelf: for "while the poſſeſſion of thee is ſure, though diſtant, "there is in that dear hope more tranſport than any "other actual enjoyment can afford.

"ISA. Well, adieu; and, to cram you quite full "with hope (ſince you like the food), I here promiſe "you, that the commands of all the prieſts in France "ſhall not force me to marry another." That is, Sir, I will either marry you or die a maid; and I have no violent inclination to the latter, on the word of a virgin.

SCENE VIII.

Young LAROON *ſolus.*

Whether a violent hatred to my father, or an inordinate love for miſchief, hath ſet the prieſt on this affair, I know not. Perhaps it is the former—for the old gentleman hath the happineſs of being univerſally hated by every prieſt in Thoulon.—Let a man abuſe a phyſician, he makes another phyſician his friend; let him rail at a lawyer, another will plead his cauſe gratis; if he libel this courtier, that courtier receives him into his boſom: but let him once attack a hornet or a prieſt, the whole neſt of hornets, and the whole regiment of black-guards, are ſure to be upon him.

SCENE IX.

Old LAROON *laughing*, *Young* LAROON.

YO. LAR. You are merry, Sir.

OLD LAR. Merry, Sir! Ay, Sir! I am merry, Sir. Would you have your father ſad, you raſcal? Have *you a mind to bury him in his youth?*

Yo.

YO. LAR. Pardon me, Sir; I rather wiſhed to know the happy occaſion of your mirth.

OLD LAR. The occaſion of my mirth, Sir, is the ſaddeſt ſight that ever mortal beheld.

YO. LAR. A very odd occaſion indeed.

OLD LAR. Very odd, truly. It is the ſight of an old honeſt whoremaſter in a fit of deſpair, and a damned rogue of a prieſt riding him to the devil.

YO. LAR. Ay, Sir; but I have ſeen a more melancholy ſight.

OLD LAR. Ha! what can that be?

YO. LAR. A fine young lady in a fit of love, and a prieſt keeping her from her lover.

OLD LAR. How?

YO. LAR. The explanation of which is, that father Martin hath put off our match for a week.

OLD LAR. Put off your match with Iſabel!

YO. LAR. Even ſo, Sir.

OLD LAR. Well, I never made a hole in a gown yet, I never have tapped a prieſt: but if I don't let out ſome reverend blood before the ſun ſets, may I never ſee him riſe again! I'll carbonade the villain, I'll make a ragout for the devil's ſupper of him.

YO. LAR. Let me intreat you, Sir, to do nothing raſhly, as long as I am ſafe in the faith of my Iſabel.

OLD LAR. I tell you, ſirrah, no man is ſafe in the faith of a miſtreſs, no one is ſecure of a woman till he is in bed with her. "Had there been any ſecurity in "the faith of a miſtreſs, I had been at preſent mar-"ried to half the dutcheſſes in France." I no more rely on what a woman ſays out of a church, than on what a prieſt ſays in it.

"YO. LAR. Pardon me, Sir: but I ſhould have "very little appetite to marry the woman whom I had "ſuch an opinion of.

"OLD LAR. You had an opinion of! What buſi-"neſs have you to have any opinion? Is it not enough "that I have an opinion of her, that is of her for-"tune,—But I ſuppoſe you are one of thoſe roman-"tick, whining coxcombs, that are in love with a "woman behind her back." Sirrah, I have had two

women lawfully, and two thouſand unlawfully, and never was in love in my life.

" YO. LAR. Well, ſir, then I am happy, that we " both agree in the ſame perſon; I like the woman, " and you her fortune.

" OLD LAR. Yes, you dog, and I'd have you ſe- " cure her as ſoon as you can: for if a greater for- " tune ſhould be found out in Thoulon, I'd make you " marry her "——So go find out your miſtreſs, and ſtick cloſe to her, and I'll go ſeek the prieſt, whom, if I can find, I will ſtick cloſe to with a vengeance.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

JOURD. Alas! father, there is one ſin ſticks by me more than any I have confeſſed to you. It is ſo enormous a one, my ſhame hath prevented me diſcovering it——I have often concealed my crimes from my confeſſor.

MART. That is a damnable ſin indeed. It ſeemeth to argue a diſtruſt of the church, the greateſt of all crimes; a ſin, I fear, the church cannot forgive.

JOURD. Oh! ſay not ſo, father!

MART. I ſhould have ſaid, will not, or not without difficulty: for the church can do all things.

JOURD. That is ſome comfort again.

MART. I hope, however, though you have not confeſſed them, you have not forgotten them; for they muſt be confeſſed before they can be forgiven.

JOURD. I hope I ſhall recollect them, they are a black roll——I remember I once was the occaſion of ruining a woman's reputation by ſhewing a letter from her.

MART. If you had ſhewn it to the prieſt, it had been no fault.

JOURD. Alas! Sir, I wrote the letter to myſelf, and thus traduced the innocent. I afterwards commanded a company of grenadiers, at the taking of a town, where I knocked a poor old gentleman on the head for the ſake of his money, and raviſhed his daughter.

MART. Theſe are crying ſins indeed.

JOURD

JOURD. At the ſame time I robbed a jeſuit of two piſtoles.

MART. Oh! damnable! Oh! execrable!

"JOURD. Good father, have patience; I once bor-"rowed five hundred livres of an honeſt citizen in "Paris, and repayed him by lying with his wife: "and, what ſits neareſt my heart, was forced to pay a "young cavalier the ſame ſum, by ſuffering him to "lie with mine.

"MART. Oh!

"JOURD. And yet what are theſe to what I have "done ſince I commenced merchant! What have I "not done to get a penny! I inſured a ſhip for a "great value, and then caſt it away;" I broke when I was worth a hundred thouſand livres, and went over to London. I ſettled there, renounced my religion, and was made a juſtice of peace.

MART. Oh! that ſeat of hereſy and damnation! that whore of Babylon.

JOURD With the whores of Babylon did I unite: I protected them from juſtice: gaming-houſes and bawdy-houſes did I licenſe, nay, and frequent too: I never puniſhed any vice but poverty; for Oh! I dread to name it, I once committed a prieſt to Newgate for picking pockets.

MART. Oh! monſtrous! horrible! dreadful! I'll hear no more. Thou art damn'd without reprieve.

JOURD. Take pity, father, take pity on a penitent.

MART. Pity! the church abhors it. 'Twere mercy to ſuch a wretch to pray him into Purgatory.

JOURD. I'll give all my eſtate to the church, I'll found monaſteries, I'll build abbies.

MART. All will not do, ten thouſand maſſes will not deliver you.

JOURD. Was ever ſuch a miſerable wretch!

MART. Thou haſt ſins enough to damn thy whole family. Monſtrous impiety! to lift up the hand of juſtice againſt the church.

JOURD. O ſpeak ſome comfort to me: will no penance expiate my crime?

MART. It is too grievous for a ſingle penance; go ſettle your eſtate on the church, and ſend your daugh-

ter

ter to a nunnery, her prayers will avail more than yours: Heaven hears the young and innocent with pleasure. I will, myself, say four masses a-day for you; and all these, I hope, will purchase your forgiveness, at least your stay in Purgatory will be short.

JOURD. My daughter! she is to be married to-morrow, and I shall never prevail on her.

MART. You must force her; your all depends on it.

JOURD. But I have already sworn I will not force her.

MART. The church absolves you from that oath, and it were now impiety to keep it. Go, lose not a moment, see her entered with the utmost expedition; she may put it out of your power.

JOURD. What a poor miserable wretch am I!

SCENE XI.

MARTIN *solus.*

Thou art a miserable wretch indeed! and it is on such miserable wretches depends our power: that superstition which tears thy bowels, feeds ours. This nunnery is a masterpiece; let me but once shut up my dear Isabel from every other man, and the warmth of her constitution may be my very powerful friend. How far am I got already from the very brink of despair, by the despair of this old fool! Superstition, I adore thee,

Thou handle to the cheated layman's mind,
By which in fetters priestcraft leads mankind.

ACT II. SCENE I.

JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

JOURDAIN.

HAVE you no compassion for your father, for him that gave you being? Could you bear to *hear me howl in* Purgatory?

ISA.

ISA. Lud! pappa! Do you think your putting me into Purgatory in this world, will ſave you from Purgatory in the next? "If you have any ſins, you muſt "repent of them yourſelf; for I give you my word, "I have enough to do to repent of my own.

"JOURD. You will ſoon wipe off that ſcore, and "will be then in a place where you cannot contract "a new one.

"ISA. Indeed, Sir, to ſhut a woman out from ſin, "is not ſo eaſy. But, dear Sir, how can it enter "into your head, that my penance can be acceptable "for your ſin?" Take my word, one week's faſting will be of more ſervice to you, than this long faſt you would enjoin me.

JOURD. Alas! child, if faſting would do, I am ſure I have not been wanting to my duty; I have faſted till I am almoſt worn away to nothing; I have almoſt faſted myſelf into Purgatory, while I was faſting myſelf out of it.

ISA. But whence comes all this apprehenſion of your danger?

JOURD. Whence ſhould it come, but from the church.

ISA. Oh! Sir, I have thought of the moſt lucky thing. You know, my couſin Beatrice is juſt going into a nunnery, and ſhe will pray for you as much as you would have her.

JOURD. Trifle not with ſo ſerious a concern. No prayers but yours will ever do me good.

ISA. Then you ſhall have them any where but in a nunnery.

JOURD. They muſt be there too.

ISA. That will be impoſſible: for if I was there, inſtead of praying you out of Purgatory, my prayers would be all bent to pray myſelf out of the nunnery again.

SCENE II.

Old LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

OLD LAR. A dog, a villain, put off my ſon's match! Mr *Jourdain*, your ſervant; will you ſuffer a

rogue of a Jeſuit to defer your daughter's marriage a whole week?

JOURD. I am ſorry, Mr. Laroon, for the diſappointment, but her marriage will be deferred longer than that.

OLD LAR. How, Sir!

JOURD. She is intended for another marriage, Sir; a much better match.——

OLD LAR. A much better match!——

ISA. Yes, Sir, I am to be ſent to a nunnery, to pray my father out of Purgatory.

OLD LAR. Oh! Ho!—We'll make that matter very eaſy: he ſhall have no fear of Purgatory; for I'll ſend him to the devil this moment. Come, Sir, draw, draw——

JOURD. Draw what, Sir!

OLD LAR. Draw your ſword, Sir.

JOURD. Alas, Sir, I have long ſince done with ſwords, I have broke my ſword long ſince.

OLD LAR. Then I ſhall break your head, you old rogue.

JOURD. Heyday——you are mad; what's the matter?

OLD LAR. Oh! no matter, no matter; you have uſed me ill, and you are a ſon of a whore, that's all.

JOURD. I would not, Mr. Laroon, have my conſcience accuſe me of uſing you ill: I would not have preferred any earthly match to your ſon, but if Heaven requires her——

OLD LAR. I ſhall run mad.

JOURD. I hope my daughter has grace enough to make an atonement for her father's ſins.

OLD LAR. And ſo you would atone for all your former rogueries by a greater, by perverting the deſign of Nature! Was this girl intended for praying! Harkee, old gentleman, let the young couple together, and they'll ſacrifice their firſt fruits to the church.

JOURD. It is impoſſible.

OLD LAR. Well, Sir, then I ſhall attempt to perſuade you no longer; ſo, Sir, I deſire you would fetch your ſword.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Young LAROON *in a Frier's habit*, *Old* LAROON, JOURDAIN.

YO. LAR. Let peace be in this house——Where is the sinner Jourdain?

JOURD. Here is the miserable wretch.

OLD LAR. Death and the Devil, another priest!

YO. LAR. Then know that I am thy friend, and am come to save thee from destruction.

OLD LAR. That's likely enough.

YO. LAR. St. Francis, the patron of our order, hath sent me on this journey, to caution thee, that thou may not suffer thy sinful daughter to profane the holy veil. Such was it seems thy purpose; but the perdition that would have attended it, I dread to think on. Rejoice, therefore, and prostrate thyself at the shrine of a saint, who has not only sent thee this caution, but does himself intercede for all thy sins.

OLD LAR. Agad! and St. Francis is a very honest fellow, and thou art the first priest that ever I lik'd in my whole life.

JOURD. St. Francis honours me too much. I shall try to deserve the favour of that saint. But wherefore is my daughter denied the holy veil?

YO. LAR. Your daughter, I am concerned to say it, is now with child by a young gentleman, one Mr. Laroon.

JOURD. Oh Heavens!

OLD LAR. What's that you say, Sir? because I thought I heard somewhat of a damn'd lye come out of your mouth.

YO. LAR. Sir, it is St. Francis speaks within me, and he cannot be mistaken.

OLD LAR. I can tell you, Sir, if that young gentleman had heard you, he would certainly have thrashed St. Francis out of you.

YO. LAR. Sir, you have nothing to do now, but to prepare the match with the utmost expedition.

OLD LAR. This St. Francis must lye, or the boy would not be so eager upon the affair; no one is ever

eager

eager to ſign articles when they have entered the town. ——Well, Maſter Jourdain, if the young dog has tripped up your daughter's heels in an unlawful way, as St. Francis ſays, why, he ſhall make her amends and——and do it in a lawful one. So I'll go ſee for my ſon, while you go and comfort the poor chicken that is pining for fear of a nunnery.—Odſheart, it would be very hard indeed, when a girl has once had her belly full, that ſhe muſt faſt all her life afterwards.

YO. LAR. I have delivered my commiſſion, and ſhall now return to my convent———Farewell, and return thanks to St. Francis.

JOURD. Oh! St. Francis! St. Francis! What a merciful Saint art thou!

[*Here begins the ſecond Act, as it is now play'd.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Apartment.*

MARTIN, ISABEL.

MART. Indeed, child, there are pleaſures in a retired life, which you are entirely ignorant of. Nay, there are indulgences granted to people in that ſtate, which would be ſinful out of it. "And, perhaps, the "ſame liberties are permitted them with one perſon, "which are deny'd them with another." Come, put on a chearful countenance, you don't know what you are deſign'd for.

ISA. No, but I know what I am not deſign'd for.

MART. Let me feel your pulſe.

ISA. You are a phyſician as well as a prieſt, I ſuppoſe.

MART. Have you never very odd dreams?

ISA. No.

MART. Do you never find any ſtrange emotions?

ISA. No. None but what I believe are very natural.

MART. Strange that!——Did you never ſee me in your ſleep?

ISA. I never dream of a prieſt, I aſſure you.

MART. Nay, nay; be candid, confeſs, perhaps *there may be* nothing ſo ſinful in it. We cannot help

what

what we are deſign'd for. "We are only paſſive, "and the ſin lies not at our doors. While you are "only paſſive, I'll anſwer for your ſins."

ISA. What do you mean?

MART. That you muſt not yet know—Great things are deſign'd for you, very great things are deſign'd for you.

ISA. (Hum! I begin to gueſs what is deſign'd for me.) [*Aſide.*

"MART. Thoſe eyes have a fire in them that ſcarce "ſeems mortal. Come hither——give me a kiſs—— "ha! there is a ſweetneſs in that breath like what I've "read of Ambroſia. That boſom heaves like thoſe "of prieſteſſes of old, when big with inſpiration.

"ISA. (Haity-tity.——Are you thereabouts, good "father?") [*Aſide.*

MART. Let me embrace thee, my dear daughter, let me give thee joy of ſuch promotion, ſuch happineſs as will attend you.

ISA. I'll try this reverend gentleman his own way. [*Aſide.*

MART. You muſt reſign yourſelf up to my will, you muſt be paſſive in all things.

ISA. Oh! let me thus beg pardon, on my knees, for an offence which modeſty occaſioned.

MART. Ha! ſpeak.

ISA. Oh! I ſee it is in vain to hide my ſecrets from you. What need have I to confeſs what you already know?

MART. Confeſſion was intended for the ſake of the penitent, not the confeſſor: for to the church all things are revealed.

ISA. Oh! then I had a dream——I dreamt——I dreamt——oh! I can never tell you what I dreamt.

"MART. Horrible!

"ISA. I dreamt——I dreamt——I dreamt——"

MART. Oh! the ſtrength of ſin!

ISA. I dreamt I was brought to bed of the pope.

MART. The very happineſs I meant; let me embrace you, let me kiſs you, my dear daughter: henceforth you may defy Purgatory——the mother of a pope was never there.

ISA.

ISA. But how can that be, when I am to be a nun, father?

MART. Leave the means to me. Learn only to be paſſive, the church will work the reſt. A pope is always the ſon of a nun. Go you to your chamber, waſh yourſelf, then pray devoutly, ſhut every ray of light out, leave open the door, and expect the conſequence.

ISA. Father, I ſhall be obedient—Oh! the villain!

MART. Be paſſive and be happy.

SCENE V.

JOURDAIN, MARTIN, ISABEL.

MART. Ha! Why this unſeaſonable interruption, while your daughter is at confeſſion?

JOURD. Oh, father, I have brought you news will make you happy, will rejoice your poor heart. My daughter is redeemed.

MART. Out of Purgatory——vain man! doſt thou think to inform the church?——

JOURD. I ſuppoſe St. Francis has been beforehand with me. Indeed I ſhould have imagined that before: for we ſeldom hear any thing from the ſaints, but thro' the mouth of a prieſt.

MART. (What does he mean?) [*Aſide.*

JOURD. Well, daughter, the thoughts of a nunnery need now give you no uneaſineſs.

MART. No, no, ſhe is perfectly reconciled to it, and, I am confident, would not quit the nunnery for the bed of a prince.

JOURD. Ha! would not quit the nunnery, Heaven forbid.

MART. How! you are not mad!

JOURD. Unleſs with joy. I thought you had known that I have received an order from St. Francis, to marry my daughter immediately.

MART. "Oh! folly!" to marry her immediately, why ay, to marry her to the church, St. Francis means. You ſee into what errors the laity run, when they go *without* the leading-ſtrings of the church, "and would "inter-

" interpret for themſelves what they know nothing " of."

ISA. I'll take this opportunity to ſteal off, and communicate a deſign of mine to young Laroon, which may draw this prieſt into a ſnare he little dreams of.

JOURD. But I cannot ſee how that ſhould be St. Francis's meaning: for tho' my daughter may be married to the church in a figurative ſenſe, ſure ſhe cannot be with child by the church in a literal one.

MART. I ſee the buſineſs now, unhappy man! I was in hopes to have prevented this——*Exorcizo te, Exorcizo te*, Satan. *Yon Dapamibominos proſephe podas ocus Achilleus.*

JOURD. Bleſs us, what mean you?

MART. You are poſſeſſed; the devil has taken poſſeſſion of you; he is now within you, I ſaw him juſt now look out of your eyes.

JOURD. O miſerable wretch that I am!

SCENE VI.

Old LAROON, *Young* LAROON, JOURDAIN, MARTIN.

OLD LAR. Mr. Jourdain, your ſervant. Where is my daughter-in-law: I'll warrant ſhe will eaſily forgive one day's forwarding the match. Odſo, it's an error of the right ſide.

JOURD. Talk not to me of my daughter, I am poſſeſſed, I am poſſeſſed.

OLD LAR. Poſſeſſed—what the devil are you poſſeſſed with?

JOURD. I am poſſeſſed with the Devil.

OLD LAR. You are poſſeſſed with a prieſt, and that's worſe. Come, let's have the wedding, and at night, we'll drive the Devil out of you with a fiddle. The Devil is a great lover of muſick. I have known half a dozen devils dance out of a man's mouth at the tuning of a violin, then preſent the company with a hornpipe, and ſo dance a jig through the key-hole.

MART. Thou art the Devil's ſon; for he is the father of liars.

OLD

OLD LAR. Thou art the Devil's footman, and weareſt his proper livery.

JOURD. Fy upon you, Mr. Laroon; fy upon you.

MART. Mr. Laroon! O ſurpriſing effect of poſſeſſion ——Here is nobody.

JOURD. Can I not believe my eyes?

MART. Can you not! no—you are to believe mine. The eyes of the laity may err, the eyes of a prieſt cannot.

JOURD. And do I not ſee Mr. Laroon and his ſon!

MART. You ſee neither. It is the ſpirit within you that repreſents to your eyes and ears what objects it pleaſes.

JOURD. Oh! miſerable wretch.

OLD LAR. Agad I'll try whether I am nobody or no, and whether I cannot make this prieſt ſenſible that I am ſomebody.

YO. LAR. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, conſider the conſequence.

OLD LAR. Conſequence! do you think I'll ſuffer a raſcal to prove me nothing at all to my face?

JOURD. And is it poſſible all this is a viſion?

MART. Retire to reſt—while I, by the force and battery of prayer, expel this dreadful gueſt.

JOURD. Oh! what a miſerable wretch am I!

SCENE VII.

Old LAROON, *Young* LAROON, MARTIN.

OLD LAR. Harkee, Sir, will you pleaſe to tell me what this great impudence of yours means? and what you would intend by annihilating me?

MART. It were happy for ſuch ſinners that they could be annihilated: "It were worth to you two "hundred thouſand maſſes, take my word for it.

"OLD LAR. It were happy for ſuch raſcals as you, "ſirrah, that all honeſty was annihilated.

"YO. LAR. But pray, father, what reaſons have "you for preventing my match with Iſabel?

"MART. Reaſons, young gentleman, that are not "*proper for your ears.* Iſabel is intended for a bet-"*ter bridegroom* than you.

"OL-

" OLD LAR. How, ſirrah! how! do you diſparage " my ſon? do you run down my boy?" Harkee, either make up affairs between them immediately, exert thyſelf in thy proper office, and hold the door, or I'll blow up thy convent; I'll burn your garriſon, and diſband ſuch a ſet of black locuſts, as ſhall rob and pillage all Thoulon.

MART. I contemn thy threats. The ſaints defend their miniſters.

OLD LAR. The ſaints defend their miniſters! the laws defend them: St. Wheel, and St. Priſon, and St. Gibbet, and St. Faggot; theſe are the ſaints that defend you. If you had no defence but from the ſaints in the other world, you would few of you ſtay long in this. If you had no other arms than your beads, you would have ſhortly no other food.

MART. Oh ſlanderous! Oh impious! Some judgment cannot be far off.

OLD LAR. When a prieſt is ſo near——ſirrah!

SCENE VIII.

ISABEL, *to them.*

MART. Daughter, fly from this wicked place; the breath of ſin has infected it, " and two gallons of holy " water will ſcarce purify the air."

ISA. Oh! Heavens! what's the matter, father?

OLD LAR. Why, the matter is, this gentleman in black here, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, and another gentleman in black, has thought fit to forbid your marriage.

ISA. What the ſaints pleaſe.

OLD LAR. Hoity-toity! What has he fill'd your head with the ſaints too!

ISA. Oh Sir! I have had ſuch dreams.

OLD LAR. Dreams! Ha, ha, ha: the devil's in it, if a girl juſt going to be married ſhould not have dreams. But they were dreams the ſaints had nothing to do with, I warrant you.

" ISA. Such viſions of ſaints appearing to me, and " *adviſing me to* a nunnery.

" *OLD LAR. Impoſſible! impoſſible! for I have*

" had

" had viſions too: I have been order'd by half a dozen
" ſaints to ſee you married with the utmoſt expedi-
" tion; and a very honeſt ſaint, whoſe name I forgot,
" came to me about an hour ago, and ſwore heartily,
" if you were not married within this week, he'd lead
" you to Purgatory in a fortnight.

" MART. Oh! grievous!

" ISA. Can there be ſuch contradictions?

" OLD LAR. Pſhaw! pſhaw! Yours was a dream,
" and ſo to be underſtood backwards; mine, a true
" viſion, therefore to be believ'd. Why, child, I
" have been a famous ſeer of viſions in my time.
" Would you believe it? While I was in the army,
" there never was a battle, but I ſaw it ſome time be-
" forehand. I have had an infinite familiarity with
" the ſaints, I know them all: there is not one of them
" could be capable of ſaying ſuch a thing."

ISA. Oh! Sir, I ſaw, and heard, and muſt believe; for none but the church can contradict our ſenſes.

OLD LAR. So, ſo! the diſtemper's hereditary, I find: the daughter is as full of the church as the father. Come away, ſon, come away: I would not have thee marry into ſuch a family; I ſhould be grandfather to a race of greaſy prieſts. 'Sdeath! this girl will be brought to bed of a pope one day or other.

ISA. 'Tis out, 'tis out.

MART. Oh prodigious! that ſuch a ſaint ſhould prophely truth through thoſe lips, whence the devil has been thundering ſo many lyes.

OLD LAR. What truth, Sir, what truth?

ISA. Oh! Sir, the bleſſing you mentioned has been promiſed me! I am to give a pope to the world.

OLD LAR. Are you ſo, Madam? He ſhall have no blood of mine in him; I'm reſolv'd I'll never aſk bleſſings of a grandſon. Come away, Jack, come away, I ſay; let us leave the devil's ſon and the pope's mother together.

YO. LAR. Remember, my Iſabel, I only live in the hopes of ſeeing you mine.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

MART. It were better thou ſhould'ſt howl in Purgatory ten thouſand years, than ever ſee that day. Oh! that we had but an inquiſition in France. Burning four or five hunded ſuch fellows in a morning would be the beſt way of deterring others. Religion loves to warm itſelf at the fire of a heretick.

ISA. Fire is as neceſſary to keep our minds warm as our bodies, father; "and burning a heretick is "really a very great ſervice done to himſelf; a faggot "is a purge for a ſick ſoul, and a heretick is obliged "to the prieſt who applies it."

MART. There ſpoke the ſpirit of zeal: let me embrace thee, my little ſaint; for ſuch thou wilt be, let me kiſs thee with the pure affection of a confeſſor—— Ha! there is ſomething divine in theſe lips, let me taſte them again; are you ſure you have drunk no holy water this morning?

ISA. None, upon my word.

MART. Let me ſmell a third time. There. *Numero Deus impare gaudet.* Depend on it, child, very great happineſs will attend you. But be ſure to obſerve my directions in every thing.

ISA. I ſhall, father. I did as you commanded me this morning.

MART. Well, and did you perceive any great alterations in yourſelf? any extraordinary emotion?

ISA. I cannot ſay I did.

MART. Hum! Spirits have their own times of operation; which muſt be diligently watch'd for. "Perhaps your good genius was at that time otherwiſe "employ'd. Repeat the ceremony often, and my "life on the ſucceſs." Let me ſee, about an hour hence will be a very good ſeaſon. Be ready to receive him, and, I firmly believe, the ſpirit will come to you.

ISA. Oh lud! father, I ſhall be frighted out of my wits at the ſight of a ſpirit.

MART. You will ſee nothing frightful, take my word for it.

ISA. I hope he won't appear in any horrible ſhape.

MART. Hum——That is to be averted by *Ave Maries*. As this is a friendly ſpirit, I dare ſay, you may prevail on him to take what ſhape you pleaſe. Perhaps your father; or if you cannot prevail for a lay-man, I dare ſwear, you may at leaſt pray him into the ſhape of your confeſſor: and though I muſt ſuffer pain on that account, I am ready to undergo it for your ſervice.

ISA. I am infinitely obliged to my dear father; I'll prepare myſelf for this vaſt happineſs, and nothing ſhall be wanting on my part, I aſſure you.

MART. And if any thing be wanting on mine, may I never ſay maſs again, or never be paid for maſſes I have not ſaid! "Either this girl has extraordinary "ſimplicity, or, what is more likely, extraordinary "cunning; ſhe does not ſeem averſe to my kiſſes. "Why ſhould I not imagine ſhe ſees and approves my "deſign? Well, I'll ſay this for the ſex; let a man "but invent any excuſe for the ſin, and they are all "ready to undertake it." How happy is a prieſt,

Who can the bluſhing maid's reſiſtance ſmother,
With ſin in one hand, pardon in the other.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE ISABEL's *Apartment*.

Young LAROON, ISABEL.

Young LAROON.

PErdition ſeize the villain! may all the torments of twenty inquiſitions wrack his ſoul!

ISA. Act your part well, and we ſhall not want his own weapons againſt him.

YO. LAR. Sure it is impoſſible he can intend it—

ISA. Shall I make the experiment?

YO. LAR. I ſhall never be able to forbear murdering *him*.

ISA. You ſhall promiſe not to commit any violence,

you know too well what will be the conſequence of that. " Let us ſufficiently convict him, and leave his " puniſhment to the law.

YO. LAR. " And I know too well what will be the " conſequence of that. There ſeems to be a combi- " nation between prieſts and lawyers; the lawyers " are to ſave the prieſts from puniſhment for their " rogueries in this world, and the prieſts the lawyers " in the next."

ISA. However the ſame law that ſcreens him for having injured you, will puniſh you for having done juſtice to him. [*Knocking at the door.*

ISA. Oh! Heavens! the prieſt is at the door. What ſhall we do?

YO. LAR. Damn him: I'll ſtay here and confront him.

ISA. Oh! no, by no means: for once, I'll attack him in his own way; ſo the moment he opens the door, do you run out, and leave the reſt to me.

[*She throws herſelf into a chair, and ſhrieks.*

Young Laroon *overturns* Martin.

SCENE II.

MARTIN, ISABEL.

MART. I am ſlain, I am overlaid, I am murdered. Oh! daughter, daughter, is this your patient expectation of the ſpirit?

ISA. It has been here: it has been here.

MART. What has been here?

ISA. Oh! the ſpirit, the ſpirit. It has been here this half hour; and juſt as you came in, it vaniſhed away in a clap of thunder, and I thought would have taken the room with it.

MART. I thought it would have taken me with it, I am ſure. Spirit, indeed! There are abundance of ſuch ſpirits as theſe in Thoulon. And pray, how have the ſpirit and you employed your time this half hour?

ISA. Oh! don't aſk me: it is impoſſible to tell you.

MART. Ay, 'tis needleſs too: for I can give a *ſhrewd gueſs. I ſuppoſe* you like his company?

ISA. Oh! ſo well, that I could wiſh he would viſit me ten times every day.

" MART. Oh, ho! and in the ſame ſhape too?

" ISA. Oh! I ſhould like him in any ſhape; and I " dare ſwear he'll come in any ſhape too: for he is " the pureſt, ſweeteſt, moſt complaiſant ſpirit! I " could have almoſt ſworn it had been Mr. Laroon " himſelf.

" MART. Was there ever ſuch a ——————"

ISA. Nay, when it came in firſt, it behaved juſt like Mr. Laroon, and call'd itſelf by his name; but when it found I did not anſwer a word, it took me by the hand, and cry'd, 'Is it poſſible you can be angry 'with your Laroon!' I anſwer'd not a word; then it kiſſed me a hundred times; I ſaid nothing ſtill; it caught me in its arms, and embraced me paſſionately; I ſtill behaved as you commanded me, very paſſive.

" MART. Oh! the devil, the devil! Was ever man " ſo caught? And did you never apprehend it to be " Mr. Laroon himſelf?

" ISA. Heaven forbid I ſhould have ſuffered Mr. " Laroon in theſe familiarities, which you order'd me " to allow the ſpirit."

MART. I am caught indeed. Damn'd drivelling idiot! [*Aſide.*

ISA. But, dear father, tell me, ſhall I not ſee it again quickly? For I long to ſee it again.

MART. Oh! yes, yes——————

ISA. I long to ſee it in the dark, methinks; for, you know, father, one ſees ſpirits beſt in the dark.

MART. Ay, ay, you'll ſee it in the dark, I warrant you; but be ſure you behave as you did before.

ISA. And will he always behave as he did before, father?

MART. Hum! Be in your chamber this evening at eight; take care there be no light in the room, and perhaps the ſpirit may pay you a ſecond viſit.

ISA. I'll be ſure to be punctual.

MART. And paſſive.

ISA. I'll obey you in every thing.

MART. Senſeleſs calf! But tho' I have loſt the firſt *fruits by* her extreme folly, yet am I highly delighted with

with it: and if I do not make a notable uſe of it, I am no prieſt.

SCENE III.

JOURDAIN *ſolus.*

Oh! Purgatory! Purgatory! What would I not give to eſcape thy flames! Methinks I feel them already. Hark! What noiſe is that?——Nothing—Ha! what's that I ſee? Something with two heads—What can all this portend—"What a poor miſerable "wretch am I?"

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, a frier below deſires to ſpeak with you.

JOUR. Why will you ſuffer a man of holy order to wait a moment at my door? Bring him in.

"Perhaps he is ſome meſſenger of comfort. But "oh! I rather fear the reverſe: for what comfort "can a ſinner like me expect?"

SCENE IV.

Old LAROON *in a frier's habit*, JOURDAIN.

OLD LAR. A plague attend this houſe, and all that are in it!

JOURD. Oh! Oh!

OLD LAR. Art thou that miſerable, ſad, poor ſon of a whore, Jourdain?

JOURD. Alas! alas!

OLD LAR. If thou art he, I have a meſſage to thee from St. Francis. The ſaint gives his humble ſervice to you, and bids me tell you, you are one of the ſaddeſt dogs that ever liv'd, for having diſobey'd his orders, and attempted to put your daughter into a nunnery: for which he has given me poſitive orders to aſſure you, you ſhall lie in purgatory five hundred thouſand years.

JOURD. Oh!

OLD LAR. And I aſſure you it is a very warm ſort of a place; for I call'd there as I came along, to take lodgings for you.

JOURD. Oh! heavens! is it poſſible! that you can have ſeen the dreadful horrors of that place?

OLD LAR. Seen them! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I have been there half a dozen times in a day. "Why, "how far do you take it to be to Purgatory? Not "above a mile and a half at fartheſt, and every ſtep "of the way down hill." Seen them! Ay, ay, I have ſeen them; and a pretty ſight they are too, a pretty tragical ſort of a ſight if it were not for the confounded heat of the air——then there is the pretticſt concert of muſick.

JOURD. Oh! heavens! muſick!

OLD LAR. Ay, ay, groans, groans, a fine concert of groans; you would think yourſelf at an opera, if it were not for the great heat of the air, as I ſaid before. Some ſpirits are ſhut up in ovens, ſome are chain'd to ſpits, ſome are ſcatter'd in frying-pans——and I have taken up a place for you on a gridiron.

JOURD. Oh! I am ſcorch'd, I am ſcorch'd.——For pity's ſake, father, intercede with St. Francis for me: compaſſionate my caſe———

"OLD LAR. There is but one way; let me carry "him the news of your daughter's marriage, that "may perhaps appeaſe him. Between you and I, St. "Francis is a liquoriſh old dog, and loves to ſet "people to work to his heart.

"JOURD. She ſhall be married this inſtant: the "Saint muſt know it is none of my fault. Had I "right'y underſtood his will, it had been long ſince "performed.——But well might I miſinterpret him, "when even the church, when father Martin failed."

OLD LAR. I would be very glad to know where I ſhould find that ſame father Martin. I have a ſmall commiſſion to him relating to a Purgatory affair. St. Francis has ſentenced him to lie in a frying-pan there juſt ſix hundred years, for his amour with your daughter.

JOURD. My daughter!

OLD LAR. Are you ignorant of it then? Did not you know that he had debauched your daughter?

JOURD. Ignorant! Oh! heavens! no wonder ſhe *is refuſed the veil.*

OLD

OLD LAR. I thought you had known it. I'll ſhew you a ſight worſe than Purgatory itſelf: you ſhall behold this diſgrace to the church, a ſight ſhall make you ſhudder.

JOURD. Is is poſſible a prieſt ſhould be ſuch a villain?

OLD LAR. Nothing's impoſſible to the church, you know.

"JOURD. And may I hope St. Francis will be ap-
"peas'd?

"OLD LAR. Hum! There is a great favourite of
"that Saint who lives in this town; his name is Mon-
"ſieur Laroon. If you could get him to ſay half a
"dozen bead-rolls for you, they might be of great
"ſervice.

"JOURD. How! Can the Saint regard ſo looſe a
"liver?

"OLD LAR. Oh! St. Francis loves an honeſt merry
"fellow to his ſoul. And harkee, I don't think it im-
"poſſible for Mr. Laroon to bring you acquainted
"with the Saint; for to my knowledge they very of-
"ten crack a bottle together.

"JOURD. Can I believe it?"

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Father Martin is below.

OLD LAR. Son, behave civilly to him, nor mention a word of what I have told you—that we may entrap him more ſecurely.

SCENE V.

MARTIN, *to them.*

MART. Peace be with my ſon. Ha! a frier here! I like not this; I will have no partners in my plunder. Save you, reverend father.

OLD LAR. Tu quoque.

MART. This fellow ſhould be a jeſuit by his taciturnity. You ſee, father, the miſerable ſtate of our poor ſon.

OLD LAR. *I have* advis'd him theron.

MART. Your advice is kind, tho' needleſs. He hath not wanted prayer, faſting, nor caſtigation, which are proper phyſick for him.

OLD LAR. Or ſuppoſe, father, he was to go to a ball. What think you of a ball?

MART. A ball?

OLD LAR. Ay, or a wench now; ſuppoſe we were to procure him a wench?

MART. Oh! monſtrous! Oh! impious!———

OLD LAR. I only give my opinion.

MART. Thy opinion is damnable: and thou art ſome wolf in ſheep's cloathing. Thou art a ſcandal to thy order.

OLD LAR. I wiſh thou art not more a ſcandal to thine, brother father, to abuſe a poor old fellow in a fit of the ſpleen here as thou doſt, with a ſet of ridiculous notions of Purgatory and the devil knows what, when both you and I know there is no ſuch thing.

MART. That I ſhould not know thee before! Don't you know this reverend father, ſon? your worthy neighbour Laroon?

OLD LAR. Then farewel, hypocriſy. I would not wear thy cloke another hour for any conſideration.

JOURD. What do I ſee?

OLD LAR. Why, you ſee a very honeſt neighbour of yours, that has try'd to deliver you out of the claws of a roguiſh prieſt, whom you may ſee too; look in the glaſs, and you may ſee an old dothing fool, who is afraid of his own ſhadow.

MART. Be not concerned at this, ſon. Perhaps one hour's ſuffering from this fellow may ſtrike off ſeveral years of Purgatory: I have known ſuch inſtances.

JOURD. Oh! father! didſt thou know what I have been guilty of believing againſt thee from the mouth of this wicked man!

OLD LAR. Death and the devil! I'll ſtay no longer here; for if I do, I ſhall cut this prieſt's throat, tho' the rack was before my face.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

MARTIN, JOURDAIN.

MART. Son, take care of believing any thing againſt the church: it is as ſinful to believe any thing againſt the church, as to diſbelieve any thing for it. You are to believe what the church tells you, and no more.

JOURD. I almoſt ſhudder when I think what I believed againſt you. I believed that you had ſeduced my daughter.

MART. Oh! horrible! and did you believe it? Think not you believed it. I order you to think you did not believe it, and it were now ſinful to believe you did believe it.

JOURD. And can I think ſo?

MART. Certainly. I know what you believe better than you yourſelf do. However, that your mind may be cleanſed from the leaſt pollution of thought —go, ſay over ten bead-rolls immediately, go, and peace attend you——

JOURD. I am exceedingly comforted within.

SCENE VII.

MARTIN, *ſolus*.

Go, while I retire and comfort your daughter. Was this a ſuſpicion of Laroon's, or am I betray'd? I begin to fear. I'll act with caution; for I am not able yet to diſcover whether this girl be of prodigious ſimplicity or cunning. How vain is policy, when the little arts of a woman are ſuperior to the wiſdom of a conclave! A prieſt may cheat mankind, but a woman would cheat the devil.

SCENE VII. *The Street.*

"*Old* LAROON *and Young* LAROON *meet.*

"YO. LAR. Well, Sir, what ſucceſs?

"OLD LAR. Succeſs! you raſcal! if ever you of-
"fer to put me into a prieſt's ſkin again, I'll beat
"you out of your own.

"YO. LAR. What's the matter, Sir?

"OLD LAR. Matter, Sir? Why I have been "laughed at, have been abuſed. 'Sdeath! Sir! I am "in ſuch a paſſion, that I do not believe I ſhall come "to myſelf again theſe twenty years. That raſcal "Martin diſcovered me in an inſtant, and turned me "into a jeſt.

"YO. LAR. Be comforted, Sir, you may yet have "the pleaſure of turning him into one.

"OLD LAR. Nothing leſs than turning him inſide "out——Nothing leſs than broiling his gizzard will "ſatisfy me.

"YO. LAR. Come with me, and I dare ſwear I'll "give your revenge content. We have laid a ſnare "for him, which I think it is impoſſible he ſhould "eſcape.

"OLD LAR. A ſnare for a prieſt! a trap for the "devil! You will as ſoon catch the one as the other.

"YO. LAR. I am ſure our bait is good—A fine "woman is as good a bait for a prieſt-trap, as toaſted "cheeſe is for a mouſe-trap.

"OLD LAR. Yes, but the raſcal will nibble off "twenty baits before you can take him.

"YO. LAR. Leave that to us. I'll warrant our "ſucceſs.

"OLD LAR. Wilt thou? then I ſhall have more "pleaſure in taking this one prieſt, than in all the "other wild beaſts I have ever taken."

SCENE IX.

JOURDAIN, ISABEL.

ISA. If I don't convince you he's a villain, renounce me for your daughter. Do not ſhut your ears againſt truth, and you ſhall want no other evidence.

JOURD. Oh, daughter, daughter, ſome evil ſpirit is buſy within you. The ſame ſpirit that viſited me this morning, is now in you.

ISA. I wiſh the ſpirit that is in me would viſit you, you would kick this rogue out of doors.

JOURD. The wicked reaſon of your anger is too *plain. The* prieſt won't let you have your fellow.

ISA.

ISA. The prieſt would have me for himſelf.

JOURD. Oh! wicked aſſertion! Oh! baſe return for the care he has taken of your poor ſinful father, for the love he has ſhewn for your ſoul.

ISA. He has ſhewn more love for my body, believe me, Sir. Nay, go but with me, and you ſhall believe your own eyes and ears.

JOURD. Againſt the church! Heaven forbid!

ISA. Will you not believe your own ſenſes, Sir?

JOURD. Not when the church contradicts them—Alas! how do we know what we believe without the church? Why, I thought I ſaw Mr. Laroon and his ſon to day, when I ſaw neither. Alack-a day, child, the church oftens contradicts our ſenſes. But you owe theſe wicked thoughts to your education in England, that vile heretical country, where every man believes what religion he pleaſes, and moſt believe none.

ISA. Well, Sir, if you will not be convinced, you ſhall be the only perſon in Thoulon that is not.

JOURD. I will go with thee, if it were only to ſee how far this wicked ſpirit will carry his impoſition; for I am convinced the devil will leave no ſtone unturn'd to work my deſtruction.

ISA. I hope you will find us too hard for him and his ambaſſador too.

SCENE X. *Another Apartment.*

Young LAROON *in woman's cloaths.*

None ever waited with more impatience for her lover than I for mine. It is a delightful aſſignation, but I hope it is a prelude to one more agreeable. I ſhall have difficulty to refrain from beating the raſcal before he has diſcover'd himſelf——

[*Knocking at the door.*

Who's there? [*Softly.*

BEAT. Iſabel, Iſabel.

YO. LAR. Come in. What a ſoft voice the rogue caterwauls in!

SCENE XI.

Young LAROON, BEATRICE.

BEAT. What are you doing in the dark, my dear?

YO. LAR. Heyday, who the devil is this? I ſeem to be in a way of an aſſignation in earneſt.

BEAT. Iſabel, where are you?

YO. LAR. Here, child, give me your hand. Dear Madamoiſelle Beatrice, is it you?

BEAT. Oh Heavens! am I in a man's arms?

YO. LAR. Huſh! huſh!——Don't you know my voice——I am Laroon.

BEAT. Mr. Laroon! What buſineſs can you have here?

YO. LAR. Aſk me no queſtions, get but into a corner of the room and be ſilent, and you will perhaps ſee a very diverting ſcene. Nay, do not be afraid, for I aſſure you, it will be a very innocent one; make haſte, dear Madam, you will do a very laudable action, by being an additional evidence to the diſcovery of a notorious villain.

BEAT. I cannot gueſs your meaning, but would willingly aſſiſt on ſuch an occaſion.

YO. LAR. Now for my deſiring lover. Ha! I think I hear him.

SCENE XII.

Young LAROON, MARTIN.

MART. Iſabel, Iſabel, where are you?

YO. LAR. Here.

MART. Come to my arms, my angel.

YO. LAR. I hope you are in no frightful ſhape.

MART. I am in the ſhape of that very good man thy confeſſor, honeſt father Martin. Let me embrace thee, my love, my charmer.

YO. LAR. Bleſs me! what do you mean?

MART. The words even of a ſpirit cannot tell you what I mean. Lead me to thy bed, there ſhalt thou know my meaning. There will we repeat thoſe pleaſures which this day I gave thee in another ſhape—Tread ſoftly, my deareſt, ſweeteſt! This night ſhall *make thee mother* to a pope. [Laroon *leads him out.*

SCENE XIII. *Another Apartment.*

Old LAROON, JOURDAIN, ISABEL, *a Prieſt*, *Young* LAROON, MARTIN, *and* BEATRICE.

MART. Whither will you pull me?

YO. LAR. Villain, I'll ſhew thee whither.

MART. Ha!

YO. LAR. Down on thy knees, confeſs thyſelf the worſt of villains, or I'll drive this dagger to thy heart.

PRIEST. He needs not confeſs; our ears are ſufficient witneſſes againſt him.

OLD LAR. Huzzah! huzzah! the prieſt is caught, the prieſt is caught.

JOURD. I am thunderſtruck with amazement.

OLD LAR. How durſt thou attempt to debauch my ſon, you black raſcal? I have a great mind to make an example of you for attempting to diſhonour my family.

PRIEST. You ſhall be made a ſevere example of for having diſhonour'd your order.

MART. I ſhall find another time to anſwer you.

OLD LAR. Hold, Sir, hold. I have too much charity not to cleanſe you, as much as poſſible, from your pollution. So, who's there? [*Enter ſervants.* Here take this worthy gentleman, and waſh him a little in a horſe-pond, then toſs him dry in a blanket.

1 SERV. We will waſh him with a vengeance.

ALL. Ay, ay, we'll waſh him.

MART. You may repent this, Mr. Laroon.

SCENE *the laſt.*

Old LAROON, *Young* LAROON, JOURDAIN, PRIEST, ISABEL, *and* BEATRICE.

PRIEST. Though he deſerves the worſt, yet conſider his order, Mr. Laroon.

OLD LAR. Sir, he ſhall undergo the puniſhment, tho' I ſuffer the like afterwards. Well, Maſter Jourdain, I hope you are now convinced, that you may marry your daughter without going to Purgatory for it.

JOUR. I hope you will pardon what is paſt, my

good neighbour. And you, young gentleman, will, I hope, do the ſame. If my girl can make you any amends, I give you her for ever.

Yo. LAR. Amends! Oh! ſhe would make me large amends for twenty thouſand times my ſufferings.

ISA. Tell me ſo hereafter, my dear lover. "A woman may make a man amends for his ſufferings "before marriage; but can ſhe make him amends for "what he ſuffers after it?

"Yo. LAR. Oh! think not that can ever be my "fate with you.

"OLD. LAR. Pox o' your raptures. If you don't "make her ſuffer before to-morrow morning, thou art "no ſon of mine; and if ſhe does not make you ſuf- "fer within this twelve-month, 'ſblood ſhe is no wo- "man—come, honeſt neighbour, I hope thou haſt "diſcovered thy own folly and the prieſt's roguery to- "gether, and thou wilt return and be one of us again.

"JOURD. Mr. Larcon, if I have err'd on one ſide, "you have err'd as widely on the other. Let me tell "you, a reflexion on the ſins of your youth would "not be unwholſome.

"OLD LAR. 'Sblood, Sir! but it would. Re- "flexion is the moſt unwholſome thing in the world. "Beſides, Sir, I have no ſins to reflect on but thoſe of "an honeſt fellow. If I have lov'd a whore at five "and twenty, and a bottle at forty; why, I have "done as much good as I could in my generation; "and that, I hope, will make amends."

ISA. Well, my dear Beatrice, and are you poſitively bent on a nunnery ſtill?

BEAT. Hum! I ſuppoſe you will laugh at me, if I ſhould change my reſolution; but I have ſeen ſo much of a prieſt to-day, that I really believe, I ſhall ſpend my life in the company of a lay-man.

OLD LAR. Why, that is bravely ſaid, Madam. 'Sbud! I like you, and if I had not reſolv'd, for the ſake of this raſcal here, never to marry again, 'ſbud! I might take you into my arms: and I can tell you, they are as warm as any young fellow's in Europe.—Come, Maſter Jourdain, this night you and I will crack a bottle together, and to-morrow morning we

will

will employ this honeſt gentleman here to tack our ſon and daughter together, and then I don't care if I never ſee a prieſt again as long as I live.

ISA. [To *Yo. Lar.*] Well, Sir, you ſee we have got the better of all difficulties at laſt. The fears of a lover are very unreaſonable, when he is once aſſured of the ſincerity of his miſtreſs.

For when a woman ſets herſelf about it,
Nor prieſt nor devil can make her go without it.

THE MISER.

A

COMEDY.

Taken from PLAUTUS and MOLIERE.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1732.

Servorum ventres modio caſtigat iniquo,
Ipſe quoque eſuriens: neque enim omnia ſuſtinet unquam
Mucida cœrulei panis conſumere fruſtra,
Heſternum ſolitus medio ſervare minutal
Septembri; nec non differre in tempora cœnæ
Alterius, conchem æſtivi cum parte lacerti
Signatam, vel dimidio putríque ſiſuro,
Filáque ſectivi numerata includere porri.
Invitatus ad hæc aliquis de ponte negabit.
Sed quò divitias hæc per tormenta coactas?
Cùm furor haud dubius, cùm ſit manifeſta phreneſis,
Ut locuples moriaris, egenti vivere fato?

JUVENAL.

TO HIS GRACE

CHARLES

DUKE OF

RICHMOND AND LENOX.

MY LORD,

AS there is ſcarce any vanity more general than that of deſiring to be thought well received by the great, pardon me, if I take the firſt opportunity of boaſting the countenance I have met with from one who is an honour to the high rank in which he is born. The Muſes, my LORD, ſtand in need of ſuch protectors; nor do I know under whoſe protection I can ſo properly introduce MOLIERE as that of your GRACE, to whom he is as familiar in his own language as in ours.

The pleaſure, which I may be ſuppoſed to receive from an extraordinary ſucceſs in ſo difficult an undertaking, muſt be indeed complete by your approbation. The perfect knowledge which your GRACE is known to have of the manners, habits, and taſte of that nation whence this Play was derived, makes you the *propereſt judge*, wherein I have judiciouſly kept up to

or

or departed from, the original. The theatre hath declared loudly in favour of THE MISER; and you, my LORD, are to decide what ſhare the tranſlator merits in the applauſe.

I ſhall not grow tedious, by entering into the uſual ſtyle of dedications: for my pen cannot accompany my heart when I ſpeak of your GRACE; and I am now writing to the only perſon living to whom ſuch a panegyrick would be diſpleaſing. Therefore I ſhall beg leave to conclude with the higheſt on myſelf, by affirming that it is my greateſt ambition to be thought,

MY LORD,

Your GRACE's moſt obliged,

and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PROLOGUE.

Written by a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BRIDGWATER.

TOO long the ſlighted Comic Muſe has mourn'd,
Her face quite alter'd, and her art o'erturn'd;
That force of nature now no more ſhe ſees,
With which ſo well her Jonſon knew to pleaſe.
No characters from nature now we trace;
All ſerve to empty books of common place:
Our modern bards, who to aſſemblies ſtray,
Frequent the park, the viſit, or the play,
Regard not what fools do, but what wits ſay.
Juſt they retail each quibble to the town,
That ſurely muſt admire what is its own.
Thus, without characters from nature got,
Without a moral, or without a plot,
A dull collection of inſipid jokes,
Some ſtole from converſation, ſome from books,
Provided lords and ladies give 'em vent,
We call high Comedy, and ſeem content.
But to regale with other ſort of fare,
To-night our author treats you with Moliere;
Moliere, who nature's inmoſt ſecrets knew;
Whoſe juſteſt pen, like Kneller's pencil, drew;
In whoſe ſtrong ſcenes all characters are ſhewn,
Not by low jeſts, but actions of their own.
Happy our Engliſh bard, if your applauſe
Grant he has not injur'd the French author's cauſe.
From that alone ariſes all his fear;
He muſt be baſe, if he has ſav'd Moliere.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

LOVEGOLD, the Miſer,	Mr. GRIFFIN.
FREDERICK, his Son,	Mr. BRIDGEWATER.
CLERMONT,	Mr. MILLS, Jun.
RAMILIE, Servant to FREDERICK,	Mr. CIBBER, Jun.
Mr. DECOY, a Broker,	Mr. OATES.
Mr. FURNISH, an Upholſterer,	Mr. FIELDING.
Mr. SPARKLE, a Jeweller,	Mr. BERRY.
Mr. SATTIN, a Mercer,	Mr. GREY.
Mr. LIST, a Tailor,	Mr. OATES.
CHA. BUBBLEBOY,	Mr. MULLART.
A LAWYER,	Mr. MULLART.

W O M E N.

HARRIET, Daught. to LOVEGOLD,	Mrs. BUTLER.
Mrs. WISELY,	Mrs. GRACE.
MARIANA,	Mrs. HORTON.
LAPPET, Maid to HARRIET,	Mrs. RAFTOR.
WHEEDLE, Maid to MARIANA,	Mrs. MULLART.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE MISER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE LOVEGOLD'S *Houſe.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

LAPPET.

I'LL hear no more. Perfidious fellow! Have I for thee ſlighted ſo many good matches? Have I for thee turn'd off Sir Oliver's ſteward, and my Lord Landy's butler, and ſeveral others, thy betters, and all to be affronted in ſo public a manner?

RAMIL. Do but hear me, Madam.

LAP. If thou wou'dſt have neglected me, was there nobody elſe to dance a minuet with but Mrs. Suſan Croſs-ſtitch, whom you know to be my utter averſion?

RAMIL. Curſe on all balls! Henceforth I ſhall hate the ſound of a violin.

LAP. I have more reaſon, I am ſure, after having been the jeſt of the whole company; what muſt they think of me, when they ſee you, after I have countenanced your addreſſes in the eye of the world, take out another lady before me?

RAMIL. I'm ſure the world muſt think worſe of me, did they imagine, Madam, I could prefer any other to you.

LAP. None of your wheedling, Sir; that won't do. if you ever hope to ſpeak to me more, let me ſee you affront the little minx in the next aſſembly you meet *her.*

RAMIL.

RAMIL. I'll do it; and luckily, you know, we ar to have a ball at my Lord Landy's the firſt night h lies out of town, where I'll give your revenge ampl ſatisfaction.

LAP. On that condition I pardon you this time but if ever you do the like again——

RAMIL. May I be baniſh'd for ever from thoſe de eyes, and be turn'd out of the family while you liv in it!

SCENE II.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE, RAMILIE.

WHEED. Dear Mrs. Lappet!

LAP. My dear, this is extremely kind.

WHEED. It is what all your acquaintance muſt d that expect to ſee you. It is in vain to hope for th favour of a viſit.

LAP. Nay, dear creature, now you are barbarous my young lady has ſtaid at home ſo much, I have n had one moment to myſelf; the firſt time I had gon out, I am ſure, Madam, would have been to wait o Mrs. Wheedle.

WHEED. My lady has ſtaid at home too pretty muc lately. Oh! Mr. Ramilie, are you confin'd too your maſter does not ſtay at home, I am ſure; he ca find the way to our houſe tho' you can't.

RAMIL. That is the only happineſs, Madam, I env him; but faith! I don't know how it is in this parlia ment time, one's whole days are ſo taken up in th court of Requeſt, and one's evenings at Quadrille, th duce take me if I have ſeen one opera ſince I came t town. Oh! now I mention operas, if you have mind to ſee Cato, I believe can ſteal my maſter's ſil ver ticket; for I know he is engaged to-morrow wit ſome gentlemen, who never leave their bottle fo muſic.

LAP. Ah, the ſavages.

WHEED. No one can ſay that of you, Mr. Ramilie you preſer muſic to every thing—

RAMIL.——But the ladies. [*Bell rings.*] So, there' my ſummons.

LAP

LAP. Well, but ſhall we never have a party of Quadrille more?

WHEED. O, don't name it, I have worked my eyes out ſince I ſaw you; for my lady has taken a whim of flouriſhing all her old cambrick pinners and handkerchiefs; in ſhort, my dear, no journey-woman ſempſtreſs is half ſo much a ſlave as I am.

LAP. Why do you ſtay with her?

WHEED. La, child, where can one better one's ſelf? all the ladies of our acquaintance are juſt the ſame. Beſides, there are ſome little things that make amends; my lady has a whole train of admirers.

RAMIL. That, Madam, is the only circumſtance wherein ſhe has the honour of reſembling you. [*Bell rings louder.*] You hear, Madam, I am oblig'd to leave you—[*Bell rings.*] So, ſo, ſo, would the bell were in your guts!

SCENE III.

LAPPET, WHEEDLE.

LAP. Oh! Wheedle! I am quite ſick of this family; the old gentleman grows more covetous every day he lives. Every thing is under lock and key; I can ſcarce aſk you to eat or drink.

WHEED. Thank you, my dear; but I have drunk half a dozen diſhes of chocolate already this morning.

LAP. Well; but, my dear, I have a whole budget of news to tell you. I have made ſome notable diſcoveries.

WHEED. Pray let us hear them. I have ſome ſecrets of our family too, which you ſhall know by and by. What a pleaſure there is in having a friend to tell theſe things to?

LAP. You know, my dear, laſt ſummer my young lady had the misfortune to be overſet in a boat between Richmond and Twickenham, and that a certain young gentleman, plunging immediately into the water, ſav'd her life at the hazard of his own—Oh! I ſhall never forget the figure ſhe made at her return home, ſo wet, ſo draggled——ha, ha, ha!

WHEED. Yes, my dear, I know how all your fine

ladies look, when they are never ſo little diſordered—they have no need to be ſo vain of themſelves.

LAP. You are no ſtranger to my maſter's way of rewarding people; when the poor gentleman brought miſs home, my maſter meets them at the door, and, without aſking any queſtion, very civilly ſhuts it againſt him. Well, for a whole fortnight afterwards, I was continually entertained with the young ſpark's bravery, and gallantry, and generoſity, and beauty.

WHEED. I can eaſily gueſs; I ſuppoſe ſhe was rather warm'd than cool'd by the water. Theſe miſtreſſes of ours, for all their pride, are made of juſt the ſame fleſh and blood as we are.

LAP. About a month ago my young lady goes to the play in an undreſs, and takes me with her. We ſat in Burton's box, where, as the devil would have it, whom ſhould we meet with but this very gentleman: her bluſhes ſoon diſcovered to me who he was; in ſhort, the gentleman entertained her the whole play, and I much miſtake if ever ſhe was ſo agreeably entertained in her life. Well, as we were going out, a rude fellow thruſts his hand into my lady's boſom; upon which her champion fell upon him, and did ſo maul him——My lady fainted away in my arms: but as ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf——had you ſeen how ſhe look'd on him. Ah! Sir, ſays ſhe, in a mighty pretty tone, ſure, you were born for my deliverance: he handed her into a hackney-coach, and ſet us down at home. From this moment letters began to fly on both ſides.

WHEED. And you took care to ſee the poſt paid, I hope.

LAP. Never fear that.——And now what do you think we have contrived among us? We have got this very gentleman into the houſe in the quality of my maſter's clerk.

WHEED. Soh! here's fine billing, and cooing, I warrant; miſs is in a fine condition.

LAP. Her condition is pretty much as it was yet. How long it will continue ſo, I know not. I am making up my matters as faſt as I can; for this houſe holds *no me after the* diſcovery.

WHEED.

WHEED. I think you have no great reaſon to lament the loſs of a place, where the maſter keeps his own keys.

LAP. The devil take the firſt inventor of locks, ſay I: but come, my dear, there is one key which I keep, and that, I believe, will furniſh us with ſome ſweetmeats; ſo if you will walk in with me, I'll tell you a ſecret which concerns your family. It is in your power, perhaps, to be ſerviceable to me; I hope, my dear, you will keep theſe ſecrets ſafe; for one would not have it known that one publiſhes all the affairs of a family, while one ſtays in it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Garden.*

CLERMONT, HARRIET.

CLER. Why are you melancholy, my dear Harriet; do you repent that promiſe of yours, which has made me the happieſt of mankind?

HAR. You little know my heart, if you can think it capable of repenting any thing I have done towards your happineſs; if I am melancholy, it is that I have it not in my power to make you as happy as I would.

CLER. Thou art too bounteous. Every tender word, from thoſe dear lips, lays obligations on me I never can repay; but if to love, to doat on you more than life itſelf, to watch your eyes that I may obey your wiſhes before you ſpeak them, can diſcharge me from any part of that vaſt debt I owe you, I will be punctual in the payment.

HAR. It were ungenerous in me to doubt you, and when I think what you have done for me, believe me, I muſt think the balance on your ſide.

CLER. Generous creature! and doſt thou not for me hazard the eternal anger of your father, the reproaches of your family, the cenſures of the world, who always blame the conduct of that perſon who ſacrifices intereſt to any conſideration?

HAR. As for the cenſures of the world, I deſpiſe them while I do not deſerve them: folly is forwarder to *cenſure* wiſdom, than wiſdom folly. I were weak

indeed not, to embrace real happineſs, becauſe the world does not call it ſo.

CLER. But ſee, my deareſt, your brother is come into the garden.

HAR. Is it not ſafe, think you, to let him into our ſecret?

CLER. You know, by outwardly humouring your father, in railing againſt the extravagance of young men, I have brought him to look on me as his enemy: it will be firſt proper to ſet him right in that point. Beſides, in managing the old gentleman, I ſhall ſtill be obliged to a behaviour which the impatience of his temper may not bear; therefore I think it not adviſeable to truſt him, at leaſt yet——he will obſerve us. Adieu, my heart's only joy.

HAR. Honeſt creature! what happineſs may I propoſe in a life with ſuch a huſband! what is there in grandeur to recompenſe the loſs of him! Parents chooſe as often ill for us, as we for ourſelves. They are too apt to forget how ſeldom true happineſs lives in a palace, or rides in a coach and ſix.

SCENE V.

FREDERICK, HARRIET.

FRED. Dear Harriet, good-morrow, I am glad to find you alone; for I have an affair to impart to you, that I am ready to burſt with.

HAR. You know, brother, I am a truſty confident.

FRED. As ever wore petticoats; but this is an affair of ſuch conſequence——

HAR. Or it were not worth your telling me.

FRED. Nor your telling again; in ſhort, you never could diſcover it, I could afford you ten years to gueſs it in. I am——you will laugh immoderately when you know it. I am — it is impoſſible to tell you. In a word——I am in love.

HAR. In love!

FRED. Violently, to diſtraction; ſo much in love, that without more hopes than I at preſent ſee any poſſibility of obtaining, I cannot live three days.

HAR.

HAR. And has this violent diſtemper, pray, come upon you of a ſudden?

FRED. No, I have bred it a long time. It hath been growing theſe ſeveral weeks. I ſtifled it as long as I could; but it is now come to a criſis, and I muſt either have the woman, or you will have no brother.

HAR. But who is this woman? for you have conceal'd it ſo well that I can't even gueſs.

FRED. In the firſt place, ſhe is a moſt intolerable coquette.

HAR. That is a deſcription I ſhall never find her out by. There are ſo many of her ſiſters, you might as well tell me the colour of her complexion.

FRED. Secondly, ſhe is almoſt eternally at cards.

HAR. You muſt come to particulars. I ſhall never diſcover your miſtreſs till you tell me more than that ſhe is a woman, and lives in this town.

FRED. Her fortune is very ſmall.

HAR. I find you are enumerating her charms.

FRED. Oh! I have only ſhewn you the reverſe; but, were you to behold the medal on the right ſide, you would ſee beauty, wit, genteelneſs, politeneſs—— in a word, you would ſee Mariana.

HAR. Mariana! Ha, ha, ha! you have ſtarted a wild-gooſe chaſe, indeed. But, if you could ever prevail on her, you may depend on it, it is an arrant impoſſibility to prevail on my father, and you may eaſily imagine what ſucceſs a diſinherited ſon may likely expect with a woman of her temper.

FRED. I know 'tis difficult, but nothing's impoſſible to love, at leaſt nothing's impoſſible to woman; and therefore, if you and the ingenious Mrs. Lappet will but lay your heads together in my favour, I ſhall be far from deſpairing; and in return, ſiſter, for this kindneſs——

HAR. And in return, brother, for this kindneſs, you may perhaps have it in your power to do me a favour of pretty much the ſame nature.

LOVE. [*Without.*] Rogue! villain!

HAR. Soh! what's the matter now? what can have thrown my father into this paſſion?

FRED. The loſs of an old ſlipper, I ſuppoſe, or ſome-

ſomething of equal conſequence. Let us ſtep aſide into the next walk, and talk more of our affairs.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, RAMILIE.

LOVE. Anſwer me not, ſirrah; but get you out of my houſe.

RAMIL. Sir, I am your ſon's ſervant, and not yours, Sir; and I won't go out of the houſe, Sir, unleſs I am turn'd out by my proper maſter, Sir.

LOVE. Sirrah, I'll turn your maſter out after you, like an extravagant raſcal as he is; he has no need of a ſervant while he is in my houſe; and here he dreſſes out a fellow at more expence than a prudent man might clothe a large family at; it's plain enough what uſe he keeps you for; but I will have no ſpy upon my affairs, no raſcal continually prying into all my actions, devouring all I have, and hunting about in every corner to ſee what he may ſteal.

RAMIL. Steal! a likely thing, indeed, to ſteal from a man who looks up every thing he has, and ſtands centry upon it day and night.

LOVE. I'm all over in a ſweat, leſt this fellow ſhould ſuſpect ſomething of my money: [*Aſide.*] Harkee, raſcal, come hither, I would adviſe thee not to run about the town, and tell every body you meet that I have money hid.

RAMIL. Why, have you any money hid, Sir?

LOVE No, ſirrah, I don't ſay I have; but you may raiſe ſuch a report, nevertheleſs.

RAMIL. 'Tis equal to me whether you have money hid or no, ſince I cannot find it

LOVE. D'ye mutter, ſirrah? Get you out of my houſe, I ſay, get you out this inſtant.

RAMIL. Well, Sir, I am going.

LOVE. Come back, let me deſire you to carry nothing away with you.

RAMIL. What ſhould I carry?

LOVE. That's what I would ſee. Theſe boot-ſleeves were certainly intended to be the receivers of ſtolen goods, and I wiſh the tailor had been hang'd who in-

vented

vented them. Turn your pockets inſide out, if you pleaſe; but you are too practiſed a rogue to put any thing there. Theſe damn'd bags have had many a good thing in them, I warrant you.

RAMIL. Give me my bag, Sir, I am in the moſt danger of being robb'd.

LOVE. Come, come, be honeſt, and return what thou haſt taken from me.

RAMIL. Ay, Sir, that I could do with all my heart, for I have taken nothing from you but ſome boxes on the ear.

LOVE. And haſt thou really ſtolen nothing?

RAMIL. No really, Sir.

LOVE. Then get out of my houſe while 'tis all well, and go to the devil.

RAMIL. Ay, any where from ſuch an old covetous curmudgeon.

LOVE. So, there's one plague gone; now I will go pay a viſit to the dear casket.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

LOVE. In ſhort, I muſt find ſome ſafer place to depoſite thoſe three thouſand guineas in, which I receiv'd yeſterday; three thouſand guineas are a ſum— O Heavens! I have betra,'d myſelf! my paſſion has tranſported me to talk aloud, and I have been overheard. How now! What's the matter?

FRED. The matter, Sir?

LOVE. Yes, the matter, Sir; I ſuppoſe you can repeat more of my words than theſe; I ſuppoſe you have overheard———

FRED. What, Sir?

LOVE. That———

FRED. Sir!

LOVE. What I was juſt now ſaying.

HAR. Pardon me, Sir, we really did not.

LOVE. Well, I ſee you did overhear ſomething, and ſo I will tell you the whole: I was ſaying to myſelf, in this great ſcarcity of money, what a happineſs it would be to have three thouſand guineas by one; I tell you this,

this, that you might not misunderſtand me, and imagine that I ſaid I had three thouſand guineas!

FRED. We enter not into your affairs, Sir.

LOVE. Ah! wou'd I had thoſe three thouſand guineas!

FRED. In my opinion———

LOVE. It wou'd make my affairs extremely eaſy.

FRED. Then it is very eaſily in your power to raiſe them, Sir; that the whole world knows.

LOVE. I raiſe them! I raiſe three thouſand guineas eaſily! My children are my greateſt enemies, and will, by their way of talking, and by the extravagant expences they run into, be the occaſion that one of theſe days ſomebody will cut my throat, imagining me to be made up of nothing but guineas.

FRED. What expence, Sir, do I run into?

LOVE. How! have you the aſſurance to ask me that, Sir? when, if one was but to pick thoſe fine feathers of yours off, from head to foot, one might purchaſe a very comfortable annuity out of them: a fellow, here, with a very good fortune upon his back, wonders that he is called extravagant. In ſhort, Sir, you muſt rob me to appear in this manner.

FRED. How, Sir! rob you?

LOVE. Ay, rob me; or how cou'd you ſupport this extravagance?

FRED. Alas, Sir, there are fifty young fellows, of my acquaintance, that ſupport greater extravagances, and no one knows how: Ah, Sir! there are ten thouſand pretty ways of living in this town, without robbing one's father.

LOVE. What neceſſity is there for all that lace on your coat? and all bought at the firſt hand too, I warrant you? If you will be fine, is there not ſuch a place as Monmouth-Street in this town, where a man may buy a ſuit for the third part of the ſum which his tailor demands? And then, periwigs! what need has a man of periwigs, when he may wear his own hair? I dare ſay a good periwig can't coſt leſs than fifteen or twenty ſhillings. Hey-day! what, are they making ſigns to one another which ſhall pick my pocket?

HAR. My brother and I, Sir, are diſputing which

ſhall

ſhall ſpeak to you firſt, for we have both an affair of conſequence to mention to you.

LOVE. And I have an affair of conſequence to mention to you both Pray, ſon, you who are a fine gentleman, and converſe much amongſt the ladies, what think you of a certain young lady, called Mariana?

FRED. Mariana, Sir!

LOVE. Ay, what do you think of her?

FRED. Think of her, Sir!

LOVE. Why do you repeat my words? Ay, what do you think of her?

FRED. Why, I think her the moſt charming woman in the world.

LOVE. Wou'd ſhe not be a deſirable match?

FRED. So deſirable, that, in my opinion, her huſband will be the happieſt of mankind

LOVE. Does ſhe not promiſe to make a good houſewife?

FRED. Oh! the beſt houſewife upon earth.

LOVE. Might not a huſband, think ye, live very eaſy and happy with her?

FRED. Doubtleſs, Sir.

LOVE. There is one thing I am a little afraid of, that is, that ſhe has not quite ſo much fortune as one might fairly expect.

FRED. Oh, Sir! conſider her merit, and you may eaſily make an abatement in her fortune: for Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't let that prevent your deſign. Fortune is nothing in compariſon with her beauty and merit.

LOVE. Pardon me there; however, there may be ſome matters found, perhaps, to make up ſome little deficiency; and if you would, to oblige your father, retrench your extravagancies on this occaſion, perhaps the difference, in ſome time, might be made up.

FRED. My deareſt father, I'll bid adieu to all extravagance for ever.

LOVE. Thou art a dutiful, good boy; and ſince I find you have the ſame ſentiments with me, provided ſhe can but make out a pretty tolerable fortune, I am even reſolved to marry her.

FRED. Ha! you are reſolved to marry Mariana?

LOVE. Ay, to marry Mariana.

HAR. Who, you, you, you?

LOVE. Yes, I, I, I.

FRED. I beg you will pardon me, Sir; a ſudden dizzineſs has ſeiz'd me, and I muſt beg leave to retire.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, HARRIET.

LOVE. This, daughter, is what I have reſolv'd for myſelf; as for your brother, I have a certain widow in my eye for him; and you, my dear, ſhall marry our good neighbour, Mr. Spindle.

HAR. I marry Mr. Spindle?

LOVE. Yes; he is a prudent, wiſe man, not much above fifty, and has a great fortune in the funds.

HAR. I thank you, my dear papa, but I had rather not marry, if you pleaſe. [*Curtſing.*

LOVE. [*Mimicking her curtſy.*] I thank you, my good daughter, but I had rather you ſhou'd marry him, if you pleaſe.

HAR. Pardon me, dear Sir.

LOVE. Pardon me, dear Madam.

HAR. Not all the fathers upon earth ſhall force me to it.

LOVE. Did ever mortal hear a girl talk in this manner to her father?

HAR. Did ever father attempt to marry his daughter after ſuch a manner? In ſhort, Sir, I have ever been obedient to you; but as this affair concerns my happineſs only, and not yours, I hope you will give me leave to conſult my own inclination.

LOVE. I wou'd not have you provoke me; I am reſolv'd upon the match.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

CLER. Some people, Sir, upon juſtice-buſineſs, deſire to ſpeak with your worſhip.

LOVE. I can attend to no buſineſs, this girl has ſo per-

perplex'd me. Huſſy, you ſhall marry as I wou'd have you, or———

CLER. Forgive my interpoſing: dear Sir, what's the matter? Madam, let me intreat you not to put your father into a paſſion.

LOVE. Clermont, you are a prudent young fellow. Here's a baggage of a daughter, who refuſes the moſt advantageous match that ever was offer'd, both to her and to me. A man of a vaſt eſtate offers to take her without a portion.

CLER. Without a portion! Conſider, dear Madam, can you refuſe a gentleman who offers to take you without a portion?

LOVE. Ay, conſider what that ſaves your father.

HAR. Yes, but I conſider what I am to ſuffer.

CLER. That's true, indeed; you will think on that, Sir. Tho' money be the firſt thing to be conſidered in all affairs of life, yet ſome little regard ſhould be had in this caſe to inclination.

LOVE. Without a portion!

CLER. You are in the right, Sir; that decides the thing at once: and yet, I know there are people, who, on this occaſion, object againſt a diſparity of age and temper, which too often make the married ſtate utterly miſerable.

LOVE. Without a portion!

CLER. Ah! there is no anſwering that.——Who can oppoſe ſuch a reaſon as that? And yet there are ſeveral parents, who ſtudy the inclinations of their children more than any other thing, that would by no means ſacrifice them to intereſt; and who eſteem, as the very firſt article of marriage, that happy union of affections, which is the foundation of every bleſſing attending on a married ſtate ——and who———

LOVE. Without a portion!

CLER. Very true; that ſtops your mouth at once —Without a portion! Where is the perſon who can find an argument againſt that?

LOVE. Ha! is not that the barking of a dog? Some villains are in ſearch of my money.——Don't ſtir from hence, I'll return in an inſtant.

CLER. My dearest Harriet, how shall I express the agony I am in on your account?

HAR. Be not too much alarm'd, since you may depend on my resolution. It may be in the power of fortune to delay our happiness, but no power shall force me to destroy your hopes by any other match.

CLER. Thou kindest, lovely creature.

LOVE. Thank Heaven, it was nothing but my fear.

CLER. Yes, a daughter must obey her father; she is not to consider the shape, or the air, or the age of a husband: but when a man offers to take her without a portion, she is to have him, let him be what he will.

LOVE. Admirably well said, indeed.

CLER. Madam, I ask your pardon if my love for yourself and your family carries me a little too far; be under no concern, I dare swear I shall bring her to it. [*To* Lovegold.

LOVE. Do, do; I'll go in and see what these people want with me. Give her a little more now, while she's warm; you will be time enough to draw the warrant.

CLER. When a lover offers, Madam, to take a daughter without a portion, one should enquire no farther; every thing is contained in that one article; and 'without a portion' supplies the want of beauty, youth, family, wisdom, honour, and honesty.

LOVE. Gloriously said! spoke like an oracle! [*Exit.*

CLER. So, once more we are alone together. Believe me, this is a most painful hypocrisy, it tortures me to oppose your opinion, tho' I am not in earnest, nor suspected by you of being so. Oh Harriet! how is the noble passion of love abus'd by vulgar souls, who are incapable of tasting its delicacies. When love is great as mine,

None can its pleasures, or its pains declare;
We can but feel how exquisite they are. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

WHAT is the reaſon, ſirrah, you have been out of the way, when I gave you orders to ſtay here?

RAMIL. Yes, Sir, and here did I ſtay, according to your orders, till your good father turn'd me out; and it is, Sir, at the extreme hazard of a cudgel that I return back again?

FRED. Well, Sir, and what anſwer have you brought touching the money?

RAMIL. Ah, Sir! it is a terrible thing to borrow money; a man muſt have dealt with the devil to deal with a ſcrivener.

FRED. Then it won't do, I ſuppoſe?

RAMIL. Pardon me, Sir: Mr. Decoy, the broker, is a moſt induſtrious perſon; he ſays he has done every thing in his power to ſerve you; for he has taken a particular fancy to your honour.

FRED. So, then, I ſhall have the five hundred, ſhall I?

RAMIL. Yes, Sir; but there are ſome trifling conditions which your honour muſt ſubmit to before the affair can be finiſh'd.

FRED. Did he bring you to the ſpeech of the perſon that is to lend the money?

RAMIL. Ah, Sir! things are not managed in that manner; he takes more care to conceal himſelf than you do; there are greater myſteries in theſe matters than you imagine; why he would not ſo much as tell me the lender's name; and he is to bring him to-day to talk with you in ſome third perſon's houſe, to learn from your own mouth the particulars of your eſtate and family; I dare ſwear the very name of your father will make all things eaſy.

FRED.

FRED. Chiefly the death of my mother, whose jointure no one can hinder me of.

RAMIL. Here, Sir, I have brought the articles; Mr. Decoy told me, he took them from the mouth of the person himself. Your honour will find them extremely reasonable——the broker was forc'd to stickle hard to get such good ones: In the first place, the lender is to see all his securities; and the borrower must be of age, and heir apparent to a large estate, without flaw in the title, and entirely free from all incumbrance; and that the lender may run as little risk as possible, the borrower must insure his life for the sum lent; if he be an officer in the army, he is to make over his whole pay, for the payment of both principal and interest, which, that the lender may not burden his conscience with any scruples, is to be no more than 30 *per Cent.*

FRED. Oh, the conscientious rascal!

RAMIL. But as the said lender has not by him, at present, the sum demanded; and that, to oblige the borrower, he is himself forc'd to borrow of another, at the rate of 4 *per Cent.* he thinks it but reasonable, that the first borrower, over and above the 30 *per Cent.* aforesaid, shall also pay this 4 *per Cent.* since it it is for his service only that the sum is borrowed.

FRED. Oh the devil! What a Jew is here!

RAMIL. You know, Sir, what you have to do—he can't oblige you to these terms.

FRED. Nor can I oblige him to lend me the money without them; and you know that I must have it, let the conditions be what they will.

RAMIL. Ay, Sir, why that was what I told him.

FRED. Did you so, rascal? No wonder he insists on such conditions, if you laid open my necessities to him.

RAMIL. Alas! Sir, I only told it to the Broker, who is your friend, and has your interest very much at heart.

FRED. Well; is this all, or are there any more reasonable articles?

RAMIL. Of the five hundred pounds required, the lender can pay down, in cash, no more than four hundred;

hundred; and for the reſt, the borrower muſt take it in goods, of which here follows the catalogue.

FRED. What, in the Devil's name, is the meaning of all this?

RAMIL. *Imprimis*, One large yellow camlet bed, lin'd with fartin, very little eaten by the moths, and wanting only one curtain. Six ſtuft chairs of the ſame, a little torn, and the frames worm-eaten, otherwiſe not in the leaſt the worſe for wearing. One large pier-glaſs, with only one crack in the middle. One ſuit of tapeſtry-hangings, in which are curiouſly wrought the loves of Mars and Venus, Venus and Adonis, Cupid and Pſyche, with many other amorous ſtories, which make the hangings very proper for a bed-chamber.

FRED. What the devil is here!

RAMIL. *Item*, One ſuit of drugget, with ſilver buttons, the buttons only the worſe for wearing. *Item*, Two muſkets, one of which only wants the lock. One large ſilver watch, with Tompion's name to it. One ſnuff box, with a picture in it, bought at Mr. Deard's; a proper preſent for a miſtreſs. Five pictures without frames; if not originals, all copies by good hands; and one fine frame without a picture.

FRED. Oons! what uſe have I for all this?

RAMIL. Several valuable books, amongſt which are all the Journals printed for theſe five years laſt paſt, handſomly bound and letter'd.——The whole works in divinity of——

FRED. Read no more; confound the curſt extortioner; I ſhall pay 100 *per Cent.*

RAMIL. Ah, Sir! I wiſh your honour would conſider of it in time.

FRED. I muſt have money. To what ſtraits are we reduc'd by the curſt avarice of fathers! Well may we wiſh them dead, when their death is the only introduction to our living.

RAMIL. Such a father as yours, Sir, is enough to make one do ſomething more than wiſh him dead. For my part, I have never had any inclinations towards hanging; and, I thank Heaven, I have lived to ſee whole ſets of my companions ſwing out of the world, while I have had addreſs enough to quit all manner of

ſuſ-

gallantries the moment I ſmelt the halter: I have always had an utter averſion to the ſmell of hemp; but this rogue of a father of yours, Sir——Sir, I aſk your pardon——has ſo provok'd me, that I have often wiſh'd to rob him, and rob him I ſhall in the end, that's certain.

FRED. Give me that paper, that I may conſider a little theſe moderate articles.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, DECOY, RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

DECOY. In ſhort, Sir, he is a very extravagant young fellow, and ſo preſs'd by his neceſſities, that you may bring him to what terms you pleaſe.

LOVE. But do you think, Mr. Decoy, there is no danger? Do you know the name, the family, and the eſtate, of the borrower?

DECOY. No, I cannot give you any perfect information yet, for it was by the greateſt accident in the world that he was recommended to me; but you will learn all theſe from his own lips; and his man aſſur'd me you would make no difficulty, the moment you knew the name of his father: all that I can tell you is that his ſervant ſays the old gentleman is extremely rich; he call'd him a covetous old raſcal.

LOVE. Ay, that is the name which theſe ſpendthrifts, and the rogues, their ſervants, give to all honeſt prudent men who know the world, and the value of their money.

DECOY. This young gentleman is an only ſon, and is ſo little afraid of any future competitors, that he offers to be bound, if you inſiſt on it, that his father ſhall die within theſe eight months.

LOVE. Ay, there's ſomething in that; I believe then I ſhall let him have the money. Charity, Mr. Decoy, charity obliges us to ſerve our neighbour, I ſay, when we are no loſers by ſo doing.

DECOY. Very true, indeed.

RAMIL. Heyday! what can be the meaning of this? our broker talking with the old gentleman?

DECOY.

DECOY. So, gentlemen! I ſee you are in great haſte?: but who told you, pray, that this was the lender? I aſſure you, Sir, I neither diſcover'd your name, nor your houſe: but, however, there is no great harm done, they are people of diſcretion, ſo you may freely tranſact the affair now.

LOVE. How!

DECOY. This, Sir, is the gentleman that wants to borrow the five hundred pounds I mentioned to you.

LOVE. How! raſcal, is it you that abandon yourſelf to theſe intolerable extravagances?

FRED. I muſt even ſtand buff, and out-face him. [*Aſide.*

——And is it you, father, that diſgrace yourſelf by theſe ſcandalous extortions?

[Ramilie *and* Decoy *ſneak off.*

LOVE. Is it you that would ruin yourſelf, by taking up money at ſuch intereſt?

FRED. Is it you that would enrich yourſelf by lending at ſuch intereſt?

LOVE. How dare you, after this, appear before my face?

FRED. How dare you, aftetr his, appear before the face of the world?

LOVE. Get you out of my ſight, villain; get out of my ſight.

FRED. Sir, I go; but give me leave to ſay——

LOVE. I'll not hear a word. I'll prevent your attempting any thing of this nature for the future.—— Get out of my ſight, villain.——I am not ſorry for this accident; it will make me henceforth keep a ſtrict eye over his actions. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in* LOVEGOLD'*s Houſe.*

HARRIET, MARIANA.

MAR. Nay, Harriet, you muſt excuſe me; for of all people upon earth, you are my greateſt favourite: but I have had ſuch an intolerable cold, child, that it is a miracle I have recovered; for, my dear, would *you think I* have had no leſs than three doctors?

HAR.

HAR. Nay, then it is a miracle you recover'd indeed.

MAR. Oh! child, doctors will never do me any harm; I never take any thing they preſcribe: I don't know how it is, when one's ill, one can't help ſending for them; and you know, my dear, my mama loves phyſic better than ſhe does any thing but cards.

HAR. Were I to take as much of cards as you do, I don't know which I ſhou'd nauſeate moſt.

MAR. Oh! child, you are quite a tramontane: I muſt bring you to like dear Spadille. I proteſt, Harriet, if you wou'd take my advice in ſome things, you wou'd be the moſt agreeable creature in the world.

HAR. Nay, my dear, I am in a fair way of being obliged to obey your commands.

MAR. That would be the happieſt thing in the world for you; and I dare ſwear you wou'd like them extremely, for they wou'd be exactly oppoſite to every command of your father's.

HAR. By that, now, one wou'd think you were married already.

MAR. Married, my dear!

HAR. Oh, I can tell you of ſuch a conqueſt! you will have ſuch a lover within theſe four and twenty hours.

MAR. I am glad you have given me timely notice of it, that I may turn off ſomebody to make room for him; but I believe I have liſted him already. Oh Harriet! I have been ſo plagu'd, ſo peſter'd, ſo fatigued, ſince I ſaw you with that dear creature, your brother——In ſhort, child, he has made arrant downright love to me; if my heart had not been harder than adamant itſelf, I had been your ſiſter by this time.

HAR. And if your heart be not harder than adamant, you will be a in a fair way of being my mother ſhortly, for my good father has this very day declar'd ſuch a paſſion for you——

MAR. Your father!

HAR.

HAR. Ay, my dear. What ſay you to a comely old gentleman, of not much above threeſcore, that loves you ſo violently, I dare ſwear he will be conſtant to you all his days?

MAR. Ha, ha, ha! I ſhall die. Ha, ha, ha! You extravagant creature, how cou'd you throw away all this jeſt at once? it wou'd have furniſh'd a prudent perſon with an annuity of laughter for life. Oh! I am charm'd with my conqueſt; I am quite in love with him already. I never had a lover yet above half his age.

HAR. Lappet and I have laid a delightful plot, if you will but come into it, and counterfeit an affection for him.

MAR. Why, child, I have a real affection for him: Oh! methinks I ſee you on your knees already—— Pray, mama, pleaſe to give me your bleſſing. Oh! I ſee my loving bridegroom in his three-fold night-cap, his flannel ſhirt; methinks I ſee him approach me with all the lovely gravity of age; I hear him whiſper charming ſentences of morality in my ear, more inſtructive than all my grandmother ever taught me. Oh! I ſmell him ſweeter; oh! ſweeter than even hartſhorn itſelf. Ha, ha, ha! ſee, child, how beautiful a fond imagination can paint a lover! would not any one think now we had been a happy couple together, Heaven knows how long?

HAR. Well, you dear mad creature, but do you think you can maintain any of this fondneſs to his face? for I know ſome women, who ſpeak very fondly of a huſband to other people, but never ſay one civil thing to the man himſelf.

MAR. Oh! never fear it; one can't indeed bring one's ſelf to be civil to a young lover; but as for theſe old fellows, I think one may play as harmleſly with them as with one another. Young fellows are perfect bears, and muſt be kept at a diſtance; the old ones are mere lapdogs, and when they have agreeable tricks with them, one is equally fond of both.

HAR. Well, but now I hope you will give me leave to ſpeak a word or two ſeriouſly in favour of my *poor brother*.

MAR.

MAR. Oh! I ſhall hate you if you are ſerious: Auh! ſee what your wicked words have occaſioned; I proteſt you are a conjurer, and certainly deal with the devil.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, MARIANA, HARRIET.

HAR. Oh, brother! I am glad you are come to plead your own cauſe; I have been your ſolicitor in your abſence.

FRED. I am afraid, like other clients, I ſhall plead much worſe for myſelf, than my advocate has done.

MAR. Perſons, who have a bad cauſe, ſhould have very artful counſel.

FRED. When the judge is determin'd againſt us, all art will prove of no effect.

MAR. Why then, truly, Sir, in ſo terrible a ſituation, I think the ſooner you give up the cauſe the better.

FRED. No, Madam, I am reſolv'd to perſevere; for, when one's whole happineſs is already at ſtake, I ſee nothing more can be hazarded in the purſuit. It might be, perhaps, a perſon's intereſt to give up a cauſe, wherein part of his fortune was concern'd; but, when the diſpute is about the whole, he can never loſe by perſevering.

MAR. Do you hear him, Harriet? I fancy this brother of yours would have made a moſt excellent lawyer. I proteſt, when he is my ſon-in-law, I'll e'en ſend him to the Temple: tho' he begins a little late, yet diligence may bring him to be a great man.

FRED. I hope, Madam, diligence may ſucceed in love, as well as law; ſure, Mariana is not a more crabbed ſtudy than Coke upon Littleton?

MAR. Oh! the wretch, he has quite ſuffocated me with his compariſon: I muſt have a little air; dear Harriet, let us walk in the garden.

FRED. I hope, Madam, I have your leave to attend you?

MAR.

MAR. My leave! no, indeed, you have no leave of mine; but if you will follow me, I know no way to hinder you.

HAR. Ah, brother, I wish you had no greater enemy in this affair than your miſtreſs.

SCENE V.

RAMILIE, LAPPET.

LAP. This was, indeed, a moſt unlucky accident; however, I dare lay a wager I ſhall ſucceed better with him, and get ſome of thoſe guineas you would have borrowed.

RAMIL. I am not, Madam, now to learn Mrs. Lappet's dexterity; but if you get any thing out of him, I ſhall think you a match for the devil. Sooner than to extract gold from him, I would engage to extract religion from a hypocrite, honeſty from a lawyer, health from a phyſician, ſincerity from a courtier, or modeſty from a poet. I think, my dear, you have lived long enough in this houſe to know that gold is a very dear commodity here.

LAP. Ah! but there are ſome certain ſervices which will ſqueeze it out of the cloſeſt hands; there is one trade, which, I thank Heaven, I am no ſtranger to, wherein all men are dabblers; and he who will ſcarce afford himſelf either meat or clothes, will ſtill pay for the commodities I deal in.

RAMIL. Your humble ſervant, Madam; I find you don't know our good maſter yet: there is not a woman in the world, who loves to hear her pretty ſelf talk never ſo much but you may eaſier ſhut her mouth, than open his hands: as for thanks, praiſes, and promiſes, no courtier upon earth is more liberal of them; but for money, the devil a penny: there's nothing ſo dry as his careſſes; and there is no huſband, who hates the word Wife half ſo much as he does the word Give; inſtead of ſaying, I give you a good-morrow, he always ſays, I lend you a good-morrow.

LAP. Ah! Sir, let me alone to drain a man; I have the *ſecret* to open his heart, and his purſe too.

RAMIL.

RAMIL. I defy you to drain the man we talk of, of his money; he loves that more than any thing you can procure him in exchange; the very ſight of a dun throws him into convulſions; 'tis touching him in the only ſenſible part; 'tis piercing his heart, tearing out his vitals, to aſk him for a farthing: but here he is, and if you get a ſhilling out of him, I'll marry you without any other fortune.

SCENE VI.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

LOVE. All's well hitherto; my dear money is ſafe. Is it you, Lappet?

LAP. I ſhou'd rather aſk if it be you, Sir: why, you look ſo young and vigorous——

LOVE. Do I, do I?

LAP. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir; you never look'd half ſo young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty, that are older than you are.

LOVE. That may be, that may be, Lappet, conſidering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

LAP. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

LOVE. Very true, that's very true, as to underſtanding; but I am afraid, cou'd I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet. How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mention'd any thing about what her mother can give her? for, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unleſs ſhe bring ſomething with her beſides a petticoat.

LAP. Sir! why, Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thouſand pound a year as ever was told.

LOVE. How, a thouſand pound a year!

LAP. Yes, Sir; there's in the firſt place the article of a table, ſhe has a very little ſtomach, ſhe does *not eat above* an ounce in a fortnight, and then as

to the quality of what ſhe eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account; as for ſweetmeats, ſhe mortally hates them: ſo there is the article of deſerts wiped off all at once.—— You'll have no need of a confectioner, who wou'd be eternally bringing in bills for preſerves, conſerves, biſcuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies wou'd ſwallow you ten pounds worth at a meal: this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a year at leaſt. Item. for cloaths, ſhe has been bred up at ſuch a plainneſs in them, that ſhou'd we allow but for three birth-night ſuits a year ſaved, which are the leaſt a town lady wou'd expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a year more. For jewels (of which ſhe hates the very ſight), the yearly intereſt of what you muſt lay out in them wou'd amount to one hundred pounds. Laſtly, ſhe has an utter deteſtation for play, at which I have known ſeveral moderate ladies loſe a good two thouſand pounds a year: now let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred; to which, if we add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in cloaths, and one hundred pounds in jewels, there is, Sir, your thouſand pounds a year in hard money.

LOVE. Ay, ay, theſe are pretty things, it muſt be confeſs'd, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in 'em.

LAP. How, Sir, is it not ſomething real to bring you in marriage a vaſt ſtore of ſobriety, the inheritance of a great love for ſimplicity of dreſs, and a vaſt acquired fund of hatred for play.

LOVE. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences ſhe won't put me to; I aſſure you, Madam, I ſhall give no acquittance for what I have not receiv'd: in ſhort, Lappet, I muſt touch, touch, touch ſomething real.

LAP. Never fear, you ſhall touch ſomething real: I have heard them talk of a certain country, where ſhe has a very pretty freehold, which ſhall be put into your hands.

LOVE.

Love. Nay, if it were a copyhold I ſhould be glad to touch it; but there is another thing that diſturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company: it would ill agree with a perſon of my temper to keep an aſſembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her? There is another particularity that I had to tell you of; ſhe has a moſt terrible averſion for all young people, and loves none but perſons of your years. I wou'd adviſe you, above all things, to take care not to appear too young; ſhe inſiſts on ſixty at leaſt. She ſays, that fifty-ſix years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little ſtrange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagin'd: ſhe has in her chamber ſeveral pictures; but what do you think they are? None of your ſmock-fac'd young fellows, your Adonis's, your Cephalus's, your Paris's, and your Apollo's. No, Sir, you ſee nothing there but your handſome figures of Saturn, king Priam, old Neſtor, and good father Anchiſes upon his ſon's ſhoulders.

Love. Admirable! This is more than I could have hoped. To ſay the truth, had I been a woman, I ſhou'd never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you. Pretty ſort of ſtuff, indeed, to be in love with your young fellows! Pretty maſters, indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers! Now, I ſhou'd be glad to taſte the favour that is in any of them.

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are raviſhing! If your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it wou'd be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you pleaſe: there, what can be more charming? Let me ſee you walk: there's a perſon for you, tall, ſtraight, free, and degagée! Why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many; hem, hem; not many, I thank Heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a ſmall catarrh that ſeizes me ſometimes.

Lap.

LAP. Ah, Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh ſits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

LOVE. But tell me, what does Mariana ſay of my perſon?

LAP. She has a particular pleaſure in talking of it; and I aſſure you, Sir, I have not been backward on all ſuch occaſions to blazon forth your merit, and to make her ſenſible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

LOVE. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

LAP. But, Sir, I have a ſmall favour to aſk of you——I have a law-ſuit depending, which I am on the very brink of loſing for want of a little money. [*He looks gravely.*]—And you could eaſily procure my ſucceſs, if you had the leaſt friendſhip for me. You can't imagine, Sir, the pleaſure ſhe takes in talking of you. [*He looks pleas'd.*]——Ah! how you will delight her, how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withſtand you.—But, indeed, Sir, this law-ſuit will be of terrible conſequence to me. [*He looks grave again.*]— I am ruin'd if I loſe it, which a very ſmall matter might prevent. Ah, Sir, had you but ſeen the raptures with which ſhe has heard me talk of you! [*He reſumes his gaiety.*] how pleaſure ſparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In ſhort, to diſcover a ſecret in you, which I promis'd to conceal, I have work'd up her imagination, till ſhe is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

LOVE. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

LAP. I beg you would give me this little aſſiſtance, Sir. [*He looks ſerious.*] It will ſet me on my feet, and I ſhall be eternally obliged to you.

LOVE. Farewell, I'll go and finiſh my diſpatches.

LAP. I aſſure you, Sir, you cou'd never aſſiſt me in a greater neceſſity.

LOVE. I muſt go give ſome orders about a particular affair.

LAP. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forc'd by the laſt extremity.

LOVE. I expect the tailor about turning my coat. Don't you think this coat will look well enough turn'd, and with new buttons, for a wedding-ſuit?

LAP. For pity's ſake, Sir, don't refuſe me this ſmall favour: I ſhall be undone, indeed, Sir. If it were but ſo ſmall a matter as ten pounds, Sir.

LOVE. I think I hear the tailor's voice.

LAP. If it were but five pounds, Sir; but three pounds, Sir; nay, Sir, a ſingle guinea would be of ſervice for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either ſide, ſhe intercepts him.*

LOVE. I muſt go; I can't ſtay. Hark there, ſomebody calls me. I'm very much oblig'd to you; indeed, I am very much oblig'd to you.

LAP. Go to the gallows, to the devil, like a coveteous good-for-nothing villain, as you are. Ramilie is in the right; however I ſhall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him, I am ſure of my reward from the other ſide.

Fools only to one party will confide,
Good politicians will both parties guide,
And, if one fails, they're feed on t'other ſide.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues.*

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FREDERICK.

I Think, Sir, you have given my ſiſter very ſubſtantial proof of your affection. I am ſorry you could have had ſuch a ſuſpicion of me, as to imagine I could have been an enemy to one who has approv'd himſelf a gentleman and a lover.

CLER. *If* any thing, Sir, could add to my misfor-

tunes,

tunes, it would be to be thus oblig'd, without having any proſpect of repaying the obligation.

FRED. Every word you ſpeak is a farther conviction to me, that you are what you have declar'd yourſelf; for there is ſomething in a generous education, which it is impoſſible for perſons who want that happineſs to counterfeit: therefore, henceforth I beg you to believe me ſincerely your friend.

HAR. Come, come, pray a truce with your compliment; for I hear my father's cough coming this way.

SCENE II.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

LOVE. So, ſo, this is juſt as I would have it. Let me tell you, children, this is a prudent young man, and you cannot converſe too much with him. He will teach you, Sir, for all you hold your head ſo high, better ſenſe than to borrow money at fifty per cent. And you, Madam, I dare ſay he will infuſe good things into you too, if you will but hearken to him.

FRED. While you live, Sir, we ſhall want no other inſtructor.

LOVE. Come hither, Harriet. You know to-night I have invited our friend and neighbour Mr. Spindle. Now I intend to take this opportunity of ſaving the expence of another entertainment, by inviting Mariana and her mother; for I obſerve, that take what care one will, there is always more victuals provided on theſe occaſions than is eat; and an additional gueſt makes no additional expence.

CLER. Very true, Sir; beſides, tho' they were to riſe hungry, no one ever calls for more at another perſon's table.

LOVE. Right, honeſt Clermont; and to riſe with an appetite is one of the wholſomeſt things in the world. Harriet, I would have you go immediately, and carry the invitation: you may walk thither, and *they will bring* you back in a coach.

HAR. I shall obey you, Sir.

LOVE. Go, that's my good girl. And you, Sir, I desire you would behave yourself civilly at supper.

FRED. Why should you suspect me, Sir?

LOVE. I know, Sir, with what eyes such sparks as you look upon a mother-in-law; but if you hope for my forgiveness of your late exploit, I would advise you to behave to her in the most affectionate manner imaginable.

FRED. I cannot promise, Sir, to be overjoyed at her being my mother-in-law; but this I will promise you, I will be as civil to her as you could wish. I will behold her with as much affection as you can desire me; that is an article upon which you may be sure of a most punctual obedience.

LOVE. That, I think, is the least I can expect.

FRED. Sir, you shall have no reason to complain.

SCENE III.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT, JAMES.

JAMES. Did you send for me, Sir?

LOVE. Where have you been? for I have wanted you above an hour.

JAMES. Whom, Sir, did you want? your coachman, or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

LOVE. I want my cook, Sir.

JAMES. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of geldings were starv'd——But your cook, Sir, shall wait on you in an instant. [*Puts off his coachman's great coat, and appears as a cook.*

LOVE. What's the meaning of this folly?

JAMES. I am ready for your commands, Sir.

LOVE. I am engag'd this evening to give a supper.

JAMES. A supper, Sir! I have not heard the word this half year. I have indeed now and then heard of such a thing as a dinner; but for a supper, I have not dress'd one so long that I am afraid my hand is out.

LOVE. Leave off your saucy jesting, sirrah, and see *that you provide* me a good supper.

JAMES.

JAMES. That may be done, Sir, with a good deal of money.

LOVE. What, is the devil in you! Always money. Can you ſay nothing elſe but money, money, money? Will my ſervants, my children, my relations, can pronounce no other word than money.

CLER. I never heard ſo ridiculous an anſwer. Here's a miracle for you, indeed, to make a good ſupper with a good deal of money! Is there any thing ſo eaſy? Is there any one who can't do it? Would a man ſhew himſelf to be a good cook, he muſt make a good ſupper out of a little money.

JAMES. I wiſh you would be ſo good, Sir, as to ſhew us that art, and take my office of cook upon yourſelf.

LOVE. Peace, ſirrah, and tell me what we can have.

JAMES. There's a gentleman, Sir, who can furniſh you out a good ſupper with a little money.

LOVE. Anſwer me yourſelf.

JAMES. Why, Sir, how many will there be at table?

LOVE. About eight or ten; but I will have a ſupper dreſs'd but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

JAMES. Suppoſe, Sir, you have at one end of the table a good handſome ſoup; at the other a fine Weſtphalia ham and chickens; on one ſide a fillet of veal roaſted; and on the other a turkey, or rather a buſtard, which, I believe, may be bought for a guinea, or thereabouts.

LOVE. What, is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord-mayor, and the court of aldermen?

JAMES. Then, Sir, for the ſecond courſe a leaſh of pheaſants, a leaſh of fat poulards, half a dozen partridges, one dozen of quails, two dozen of ortolans, three dozen ——

LOVE. [*Putting his hand before* James's *mouth.*] Ah, villain! you are eating up all I am worth.

JAMES. Then a ragout——

LOVE. [*Stopping his mouth again.*] Hold your extravagant tongue, ſirrah.

CLER. Have you a mind to burſt them all? Has my maſter invited people to cram 'em to death? Or do you think his friends have a mind to eat him up at one ſupper? Such ſervants as you, Mr. James, ſhould be often reminded of that excellent ſaying of a very wiſe man, "We muſt eat to live, and not "live to eat."

LOVE. Excellently well ſaid, indeed; it is the fineſt ſentence I ever heard in my life. "We muſt live "to eat, and not eat to"——No, that is not it: "how did you ſay?

CLER. That "we muſt eat to live, and not live "to eat."

LOVE. Extremely fine; pray write them out for me: for I'm reſolv'd to have 'em done in letters of gold, or black and white rather, over my hall chimney.

JAMES. You have no need to do any more, Sir; people talk enough of you already.

LOVE. Pray, Sir, what do people ſay of me?

JAMES. Ah, Sir, if I could but be aſſur'd that you would not be angry with me.

LOVE. Not at all; ſo far from it, you will very much oblige me; for I am always very glad to hear what the world ſays of me.

JAMES. Well, Sir, then ſince you will have it, I will tell you freely, that they make a jeſt of you every where; nay, of your very ſervants upon your account. They make ten thouſand ſtories of you: one ſays, that you have always a quarrel ready with your ſervants at quarter day, or when they leave you, in order to find an excuſe to give them nothing. Another ſays, that you were taken one night ſtealing your own oats from your own horſes; for which your coachman very handſomely belabour'd your back. In a word, Sir, one can go no where, where you are not the bye-word; you are the laughing-ſtock of all the world; and you are never mention'd but by the names of covetous, ſcraping, ſtingy——

LOVE. Impertinent, impudent raſcal! Beat him for me, Clermont.

CLER.

CLER. Are not you aſham'd, Mr. James, to give your maſter ſuch language?

JAMES. What's that to you, Sir?—I fancy this fellow's a coward; if he be, I will handle him.

CLER. It does not become a ſervant to uſe ſuch language to his maſter.

JAMES. Who taught you, Sir, what becomes? If you trouble your head with my buſineſs, I ſhall threſh your jacket for you. If I once take a ſtick in hand, I ſhall teach you to hold your tongue for the future, I believe. If you offer to ſay another word to me, I'll break your head for you. [*Drives* Clermont *to the farther end of the ſtage.*

CLER. How, raſcal! break my head!

JAMES. I did not ſay, I'd break your head.

[Clermont *drives him back again.*

CLER. Do you know, firrah, that I ſhall break yours for this impudence?

JAMES. I hope not, Sir; I gave you no offence, Sir.

CLER. That I ſhall ſhew you the difference between us?

JAMES. Ha, ha, ha, Sir, I was but in jeſt.

CLER. Then I ſhall warn you to forbear theſe jeſts for the future. [*Kicks him off the ſtage.*

JAMES. Nay, Sir, can't you take a jeſt? Why, I was but in jeſt all the while.

LOVE. How happy am I in ſuch a clerk!

CLER. You may leave the ordering of the ſupper to me, Sir; I will take care of that.

LOVE. Do ſo; ſee and provide ſomething to cloy their ſtomacks: let there be two great diſhes of ſoup-meagre, a good large ſuet-pudding, ſome dainty fat pork-pye or paſty, a fine ſmall breaſt of mutton, not too fat; a ſallad, and a diſh of artichokes; which will make plenty and variety enough.

CLER. I ſhall take a particular care, Sir, to provide every thing to your ſatisfaction.

LOVE. But be ſure there be plenty of ſoup, be ſure of that. This is a moſt excellent young fellow; but now will I go pay a viſit to my money.

SCENE IV. *The Street.*

RAMILIE *and* LAPPET, *meeting.*

RAMIL. Well, Madam, what ſucceſs? Have I been a falſe prophet, and have you come at the old hunck's purſe? or have I ſpoke like an oracle, and is he as cloſe-fiſted as uſual?

LAP. Never was a perſon of my function ſo uſed, all my rhetoric availing nothing: while I was talking to him about the lady, he ſmil'd and was pleas'd; but the moment I mention'd money to him, his countenance chang'd, and he underſtood not one word that I ſaid. But now, Ramilie, what do you think this affair is that I am tranſacting?

RAMIL. Nay, Mrs. Lappet, now you are putting too ſevere a taſk upon me. How is it poſſible, in the vaſt variety of affairs which you honour with taking into your hands, that I ſhould be able to gueſs which is ſo happy to employ your immediate thoughts?

LAP. Let me tell you then, ſweet Sir, that I am tranſacting an affair between your maſter's miſtreſs and his father.

RAMIL. What affair, pr'ythee?

LAP. What ſhould it be but the old one, matrimony. In ſhort, your maſter and his father are rivals.

RAMIL. I am glad on't; and I wiſh the old gentleman ſucceſs, with all my heart.

LAP. How? are you your maſter's enemy?

RAMIL. No, Madam, I am ſo much his friend, that I had rather he ſhould loſe his miſtreſs than his humble ſervant; which muſt be the caſe: for I am determin'd againſt a married family. I will never be ſervant to any man who is not his own maſter.

LAP. Why truly, when one conſiders the caſe thoroughly, I muſt be of an opinion, that it would be more your maſter's intereſt to be this lady's ſon-in-law than her huſband; for, in the firſt place, ſhe has but little fortune; and, if ſhe was once married to his ſon, I dare ſwear the old gentleman would never *forgive the diſappointment* of his love.

RAMIL.

RAMIL. And is the old gentleman in love?

LAP. Oh, profoundly! delightfully! Oh that you had but ſeen him as I have! with his feet tottering, his eyes watering, his teeth chattering! His old trunk was ſhaken with a fit of love, juſt as if it had been a fit of an ague.

RAMIL. He will have more cold fits than hot, I believe.

LAP. Is it not more advantageous for him to have a mother-in-law that ſhould open his father's heart to him, than a wife that ſhould ſhut it againſt him? Beſides, it will be the better for us all: for if the huſband were as covetous as the devil, he could not ſtop the hands of an extravagant wife. She will always have it her power to reward them who keep her ſecrets; and when the huſband is old enough to be the wife's grandfather, ſhe has always ſecrets that are worth concealing, take my word for it: ſo, faith, I will e'en ſet about that in earneſt, which I have hitherto intended only as a jeſt.

RAMIL. But do you think you can prevail with her? Will ſhe not be apt to think ſhe loſes that by the exchange which he cannot make her amends for?

LAP. Ah, Ramilie! the difficulty is not ſo great to perſuade a woman to follow her intereſt. We generally have that more at heart than you men imagine; beſides, we are extremely apt to liſten to one another; and whether you would lead a woman to ruin, or preſerve her from it, the ſureſt way of doing either is by one of her own ſex. We are generally decoy'd into the net by birds of our own feathers.

RAMIL. Well, if you do ſucceed in your undertaking, you will allow this, I hope, that I firſt put it into your head.

LAP. Yes, it is true, you did mention it firſt; but I thought of it firſt I am ſure, I muſt have thought of it; but I will not loſe a moment's time: for, notwithſtanding all I have ſaid, young fellows are devils. Beſides, this has a moſt plauſible tongue, and, ſhould he get acceſs to Mariana, may do in a few minutes what I ſhall never be able to undo as long as I live.

(Exit RAMIL.

RAMIL. There goes the glory of all chambermaids, the jade has art, but it is quite overſhadow'd by her vanity. She will get the better of every one, but the perſon who will condeſcend to praiſe her; for, though ſhe be a mercenary devil, ſhe will ſwallow no bribe half ſo eagerly as flattery. The ſame pride which warms her fancy, ſerves to cool her appetites; and therefore, though ſhe have neither virtue nor beauty, her vanity gives her both. And this is my miſtreſs, with a pox to her. Pray, what am I in love with? But that is a queſtion ſo few lovers can anſwer, that I ſhall content myſelf with thinking I am in love with, *Le je ne ſçai quoi.*

SCENE V. LOVEGOLD'S *Houſe.*

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, HARRIET, *Mrs.* WISELEY, *and* MARIANA.

LOVE. You ſee, Madam, what it is to marry extremely young. Here are a couple of tall branches for you, almoſt the age of man and woman; but ill weeds grow apace.

MRS. WISE. When children come to their age, Mr. Lovegold, they are no longer any trouble to their parents; what I have always dreaded, was to have married into a family where there were ſmall children.

LOVE. Pray give me leave, young lady, I have been told you have no great averſion to ſpectacles; it is not that your charms do not ſufficiently ſtrike the naked eye, or that they want addition; but it is with glaſſes we look at the ſtars, and I'll maintain you are a ſtar of beauty that is the fineſt, brighteſt, and moſt glorious of all ſtars.

MAR. Harriet, I ſhall certainly burſt: Oh! naſeous filthy fellow!

LOVE. What does ſhe ſay to you, Harriet?

HAR. She ſays, Sir, if ſhe were a ſtar, you ſhould be ſure of her kindeſt influence.

LOVE. How can I return this great honour you do me?

MAR. Auh! what an animal! what a wretch!

LOVE.

LOVE. How vastly am I obliged to you for these kind sentiments!

MAR. I shall never be able to hold it out, unless you keep him at a great distance.

LOVE. [*listening*] I shall make them both keep their distance, Madam. Harkee, you Mr. Spendall, why don't you come and make this lady some acknowledgment for the great honour she does your father?

FRED. My father has indeed, Madam, much reason to be vain of his choice. You will be doubtless a very great honour to our family. Notwithstanding which, I cannot dissemble my real sentiments so far, as to counterfeit any joy I shall have in the name of son-in-law; nor can I help saying that, if it were in my power, I believe I should make no scruple in preventing the match.

MAR. I believe it, indeed; were they to ask the leave of their children, few parents would marry twice.

LOVE. Why, you ill-bred blockhead, is that the compliment you make your mother-in-law?

FRED. Well, Sir, since you will have me talk in another style——Suffer me, Madam, to put myself in the place of my father; and, believe me, when I swear to you I never saw any one half so charming; that I can imagine no happiness equal to that of pleasing you; that, to be called your husband, would be to my ears a title more blest, more glorious, than that of the greatest of princes. The possession of you is the most valuable gift in the power of fortune. That is the lovely mark to which all my ambition tends; there is nothing which I am not capable of undertaking, to attain so great a blessing; all difficulties, when you are the prize in pursuit——

LOVE. Hold, hold, Sir: softly; if you please.

FRED. I am only saying a few civil things, Sir, for you to this lady.

LOVE. Your humble servant, Sir: I have a tongue to say civil things with myself. I have no need of such an interpreter as you are, sweet Sir.

MAR. If your father could not speak better for him-

ſelf than his ſon can for him, I am afraid he would meet with little ſucceſs.

Love. I don't aſk you, ladies, to drink any wine before ſupper, leſt it ſhould ſpoil your ſtomachs.

Fred. I have taken the liberty to order ſome ſweet-meats, Sir, and tokay, in the next room; I hope the ladies will excuſe what is wanting.

Mrs. Wise. There was no neceſſity of ſuch a collation.

Fred. [*To* Mariana.] Did you ever ſee, Madam, ſo fine a brillant as that on my father's finger?

Mar. It ſeems, indeed, to be a very fine one.

Fred. You cannot judge of it, Madam, unleſs you were to ſee it nearer. If you will give me leave, Sir. [*Takes it off from his father's finger, and gives it to* Mariana.] There is no ſeeing a jewel while it is on the finger.

Mrs. Wise. } It is really a prodigious fine one.
Mar. }

Fred. [*Preventing* Mariana, *who is going to return it.*] No, Madam, it is already in the beſt hands. My father, Madam, intends it as a preſent to you; therefore, I hope you will accept it.

Love. Preſent! I!

Fred. Is it not, Sir, your requeſt to this lady, that ſhe would wear this bauble for your ſake?

Love. [*To his ſon.*] Is the devil in you?

Fred. He makes ſigns to me, that I would intreat you to accept it.

Mar. I ſhall not, upon my word.

Fred. He will not receive it again.

Love. I ſhall run ſtark-ſtaring mad.

Mar. I muſt inſiſt on returning it.

Fred. It would be cruel in you to refuſe him; let me intreat you, Madam, not to ſhock my poor father to ſuch a degree.

Mrs. Wise. It is ill-breeding, child, to refuſe ſo often.

Love. Oh! that the devil would but fly away with this fellow!

Fred. See, Madam, what agonies he is in, leſt you ſhould return it.—It is not my fault, dear Sir; I do all

all I can to prevail with her, but she is obstinate.—For pity's sake, Madam, keep it.

LOVE. (*To his son.*) Infernal villain!

FRED. My father will never forgive me, Madam, unless I succeed; on my knees I entreat you.

LOVE. The cut-throat!

MRS. WISE. Daughter, I protest you make me asham'd of you; come, come, put up the ring; since Mr. Lovegold is so uneasy about it.

MAR. Your commands, Madam, always determine me, and I shall refuse no longer.

LOVE. I shall be undone; I wish I was buried while I have one farthing left.

SCENE VI.

To them JAMES.

JAMES. Sir, there is a man at the door who desires to speak with you.

LOVE. Tell him I am busy——bid him come another time, bid him leave his business with you——

JAMES. Must he leave the money he has brought with me, Sir?

LOVE. No, no, stay—tell him I come this instant. I ask pardon, ladies, I'll wait on you again immediately.

FRED. Will you please, ladies, to walk into the next room, and taste the collation I was mentioning?

MAR. I have eat too much fruit already this afternoon.

MRS. WISE. Really, Sir, this is an unnecessary trouble; but, since the tokay is provided, I will taste one glass.

HAR. I'll wait on you, Madam.

SCENE VII.

FREDERICK, MARIANA.

MAR. That is a mighty pretty picture over the door, Harriot. Is it a family-piece, my dear? I think it has a great deal of you in it. Are not you generally thought

thought very like it? Hey day, whence is my mama and your ſiſter gone?

FRED. They thought, Madam, we might have ſome buſineſs together, and ſo were willing to leave us alone.

MAR. Did they ſo? but as we happen to have no buſineſs together, we may as well follow them.

FRED. When a lover has no other obſtacles to ſurmount, but thoſe his miſtreſs throws in his way, ſhe is in the right not to become too eaſy a conqueſt: but, were you as kind as I could wiſh, my father would ſtill prove a ſufficient bar to our happineſs; therefore it is a double cruelty in you.

MAR. Our happineſs! how came your happineſs and mine to depend ſo on one another, pray; when that of the mother and ſon-in-law are uſually ſo very oppoſite?

FRED. This is keeping up the play behind the curtain. Your kindneſs to him comes from the ſame ſpring as your cruelty to me.

MAR. Modeſt enough! then, I ſuppoſe, you think both fictitious.

FRED. Faith, to be ſincere, I do without arrogance. I think I have nothing in me ſo deteſtable; as ſhould make you deaf to all I ſay, or blind to all I ſuffer. This I am certain, there is nothing in him ſo charming, as to captivate a woman of your ſenſe in a moment.

MAR. You are miſtaken, Sir; money; money, the moſt charming of all things; money, which will ſay more in one moment, than the moſt elegant lover can in years. Perhaps you will ſay a man is not young; I anſwer, he is rich. He is not genteel, handſome, witty, brave, good-humour'd; but he is rich, rich, rich, rich, rich——that one word contradicts every thing you can ſay againſt him: and if you were to praiſe a perſon for an whole hour, and end with, 'But he is poor,' you overthrow all you have ſaid; for it has long been an eſtabliſh'd maxim, that he who is rich can have no vice, and he that is poor can have no virtue.

FRED. Theſe principles are foreign to the real ſentiments

timents of Mariana's heart. I vow, did you but know how ill a counterfeit you are, how awkwardly ill nature ſits upon you, you'd never wear it. There is not one ſo abandon'd, but that ſhe can affect what is amiable better than you can what is odious. Nature has painted in you the complexion of virtue in ſuch lively colours, that nothing but what is lovely can ſuit you, or appear your own.

SCENE VIII.

MARIANA, FREDERICK, HARRIET.

HAR. I left your mama, Mariana, with Mr. Clermont, who is ſhewing her ſome pictures in the gallery. Well, have you told him?

MAR. Told him what?

HAR. Why, what you told me this afternoon; that you lov'd him.

MAR. I tell you I lov'd him——Oh! barbarous falſhood!

FRED. Did you? could you ſay ſo? Oh! repeat it to my face, and make me bleſs'd to that degree.

HAR. Repeat to him, can't you? How can you be ſo ill-natur'd to conceal any thing from another, which would make him happy to know?

MAR. The lye would choke me, were I to ſay ſo.

HAR. Indeed, my dear, you have ſaid you hated him ſo often, that you need not fear that. But, if ſhe will not diſcover it to you herſelf, take my word for it, brother, ſhe is your own without any poſſibility of loſing. She is full as fond of you as you are of her. I hate this peeviſh, fooliſh coyneſs in women, who will ſuffer a worthy lover to languiſh and deſpair, when they need only put themſelves to the pain of telling truth to make them eaſy.

MAR. Give me leave to tell you, Miſs Harriet, this is a treatment I did not expect from you, eſpecially in your own houſe, Madam. I did not imagine I was invited hither to be betray'd, and that you had enter'd into a plot with your brother againſt my reputation.

HAR. We form a plot againſt your reputation! I

with

wiſh you could ſee, my dear, how prettily theſe airs become you. Take my word for it, you would have no reaſon to be in love with your fancy.

MAR. I ſhould indeed have no reaſon to be in love with my fancy, if it were fix'd where you have inſinuated it to be placed.

HAR. If you have any reaſon, Madam, to be aſhamed of your choice, it is from denying it. My brother is every way worthy of you, Madam; and give me leave to tell you, if I can prevent it, you ſhall not render him as ridiculous to the town, as you have ſome other of your admirers.

ERID. Dear Harriet, carry it no farther; you will ruin me for ever with her.

HAR. Away, you do not know the ſex. Her vanity will make you play the fool 'till ſhe deſpiſes you, and then contempt will deſtroy her affection for you.—It is a part ſhe has often play'd.

MAR. I am oblig'd to you, however, Madam, for the leſſon you have given me, how far I may depend on a woman's friendſhip. It will be my own fault, if ever I am deceiv'd hereafter.

HAR. My friendſhip, Madam, naturally cools, when I diſcover its object leſs worthy than I imagin'd her.——I can never have any violent eſteem for one, who would make herſelf unhappy, to make the perſon who dotes on her more ſo; the ridiculous cuſtom of the world is a poor excuſe for ſuch a behaviour. And, in my opinion, the coquette, who ſacrifices the eaſe and reputation of as many as ſhe able to an ill-natur'd vanity, is a more odious, I am ſure ſhe is a more pernicious creature, than the wretch whom fondneſs betrays to make her lover happy at the expence of her own reputation.

SCENE IX.

To them Mrs. WISELY, CLERMONT.

MRS. WISELY. Upon my word, Sir, you have a moſt excellent taſte for pictures.

MAR. I can bear this no longer: if you had been baſe enough to have given up all friendſhip and ho-

nour,

nour, good-breeding ſhould have reſtrain'd you from uſing me after this inhuman, cruel, barbarous manner.

Mrs. Wise. Bleſs me! child, what's the matter?

Har. Let me entreat you, Mariana, not to expoſe yourſelf; you have nothing to complain of on his ſide; and therefore pray let the whole be a ſecret.

Mar. A ſecret! no, Madam. The whole world ſhall know how I have been treated. I thank heaven, I have it in my power to be reveng'd on you; and if I am not reveng'd on you——

Fred. See, ſiſter, was I not in the right? Did I not tell you, you would ruin me? and now you have done it.

Har. Courage! all will go well yet. You muſt not be frighten'd at a few ſtorms These are only blaſts that carry a lover to his harbour.

SCENE X.

To them LOVEGOLD.

Love. I aſk your pardon, I have diſpatched my buſineſs with all poſſible haſte.

Mrs. Wise. I did not expect, Mr. Lovegold, when we were invited hither, that your children intended to affront us.

Love. Has any one affronted you, Madam?

Mrs. Wise. Your children, Sir, have us'd my poor girl ſo ill, that they have brought tears into her eyes. I can aſſure you, we are not us'd to be treated in this manner. My daughter is of as good a family——

Love. Out of my ſight, audacious, vile wretches, and let me never ſee you again.

Fred. Sir, I——

Love. I won't hear a word, and I wiſh I may never hear you more. Was ever ſuch impudence, to dare after what I told you——

Har. Come, brother; perhaps, I may give you ſome comfort.

Fred. I fear you have deſtroy'd it for ever.

SCENE.

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, *Mrs.* WISELY, MARIANA, CLERMONT.

LOVE. How ſhall I make you amends for the rudeneſs you have ſuffer'd? Poor, pretty creature! had they ſtolen my purſe, I would almoſt as ſoon have pardon'd them.

MRS. WISE. The age is come to a fine paſs, indeed, if children are to controul the wills of their parents. If I would have conſented to a ſecond match, I would have been glad to have ſeen a child of mine oppoſe it.

LOVE. Let us be married immediately, my dear; and if after that they ever dare to offend you, they ſhall ſtay no longer under my roof.

MRS. WISE. Lookyee, Mariana, I know your conſent will appear a little ſudden, and not altogether conform to thoſe nice rules of decorum, of which I have been all my life ſo ſtrict an obſerver; but this is ſo prudent a match, that the world will be apt to give you a diſpenſation. When women ſeem too forward to run away with idle young fellows, the world is, as it ought to be, very ſevere on them; but when they only conſult their intereſt in their conſent, though it be never ſo quickly given, we ſay, La! who ſuſpected it? it was mighty privately carried on.

MAR. I reſign myſelf intirely over to your will, Madam, and am at your diſpoſal.

MRS. WISE. Mr. Lovegold, my daughter is a little ſhy on this occaſion: you know your courtſhip has not been of any long date; but ſhe has conſider'd your great merit, and I believe I may venture to give you her conſent.

LOVE. And ſhall I? hey! I begin to find myſelf the happieſt man upon earth. Od! Madam, you ſhall be a grandmother within theſe ten months. I am a very young fellow.

MAR. If you were five years younger, I ſhould utterly deteſt you.

LOVE. The very creature ſhe was deſcribed to be.

No.

No one, ſure, ever ſo luckily found a maſs of treaſure as I have. My pretty ſweet, if you will walk a few minutes in the garden I will wait on you; I muſt give ſome neceſſary orders to my clerk.

MRS. WISE. We ſhall expect you with impatience.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT.

LOVE. Clermont, come hither: you ſee the diſorder my houſe is likely to be in this evening. I muſt truſt every thing to your care; ſee that matters be manag'd with as ſmall expence as poſſible. My extravagant ſon has ſent for fruit, ſweetmeats, and tokay. Take care what is not eat or drunk be return'd to the trades-people. If you can ſave a bottle of the wine, let that be ſent back too, and put up what is left; if part of a bottle, in a pint: that I will keep for my own drinking when I am ſick. Be ſure that the ſervants of my gueſts be not aſk'd to come farther than the hall, for fear ſome of mine ſhould aſk them to eat. I truſt every thing to you.

CLER. I ſhall take all the care poſſible, Sir. But there is one thing in this entertainment of yours, which gives me inexpreſſible pain.

LOVE. What is that, pr'ythee?

CLER. That is the cauſe of it. Give me leave, Sir, to be free on this occaſion. I am ſorry a man of your years and prudence ſhould be prevail'd on to ſo indiſcreet an action, as I fear this marriage will be called.

LOVE. I know ſhe has not quite ſo great a fortune as I might expect.

CLER. Has ſhe any fortune, Sir?

LOVE. Oh! yes, yes, I have been very well aſſur'd that her mother is in very good circumſtances; and you know ſhe is her only daughter. Beſides, ſhe has ſeveral qualities which will ſave a fortune. And a penny ſav'd is a penny got; ſince I find I have great occaſion for a wife, I might have ſearched all over this town, and not have got one cheaper.

CLER.

CLER. Sure, you are in a dream, Sir; ſhe ſave a fortune!

LOVE. In the article of a table, at leaſt two hundred pounds a year.

CLER. Sure, Sir, you do not know——

LOVE. In cloaths, two hundred more——

CLER. There is not, Sir, in the whole town——

LOVE. In jewels, one hundred; play, five hundred; theſe have been all prov'd to me: beſides all that her mother is worth. In ſhort, I have made a very prudent choice.

CLER, Do but hear me, Sir.

LOVE. Take a particular care of the family, my good boy. Pray, let there be nothing waſted.

SCENE XIII.

CLERMONT *alone.*

How vainly do we ſpend our breath, while paſſion ſhuts the ears of thoſe we talk to. I though it impoſſible for any thing to have ſurmounted his avarice; but I find there is one little paſſion, which reigns triumphant in every mind it creeps into; and whether a man be covetous, proud, or cowardly, it is in the power of woman to make him liberal, humble, and brave. Sure this young lady will not let her fury carry her into the arms of a wretch ſhe deſpiſes; but, as ſhe is a coquette, there is no anſwering for any of her actions. I will haſten to acquaint Frederick with what I have heard. Poor man! how little ſatisfaction he finds in his miſtreſs, compared to what I meet in Harriet! Love to him is miſery; to me, perfect happineſs. Women are always one or the other; they are never indifferent.

Whoever takes for better and for worſe,
Meets with the greateſt bleſſing, or the greateſt curſe.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Hall in* LOVEGOLD'S *Houſe.*

FREDERICK, RAMILIE.

FREDERICK.

HOW! Lappet my enemy! and can ſhe attempt to forward Mariana's marriage with my father?

RAMIL. Sir, upon my honour, it is true. She told it me in the higheſt confidence; a truſt, Sir, which nothing, but the inviolable friendſhip I have for you, could have prevail'd with me to have broken.

FRED. Sir, I am your moſt humble ſervant; I am infinitely oblig'd to your friendſhip.

RAMIL. Oh! Sir; but really I did withſtand pretty conſiderable offers: for, would you think it, Sir, the jade had the impudence to attempt to engage me too in the affair? I believe, Sir, you would have been pleas'd to have heard the anſwer I gave her; Madam, ſays I, do you think, if I had no more honour, I ſhould have no greater regard to my intereſt? It is my intereſt, Madam, ſays I, to be honeſt: for my maſter is a man of that generoſity, that liberality, that bounty, that I am ſure he will never ſuffer any ſervant of his to be a loſer by being true to him. No, no, ſays I; let him alone for rewarding a ſervant, when he is but once aſſur'd of his fidelity.

FRED. No demands now, Ramilie: I ſhall find a time to reward you.

RAMIL. That was what I told her, Sir. Do you think, ſays I, this old raſcal (I aſk your pardon, Sir) that this hunks, my maſter's father, will live for ever? And then, ſays I, do you think my maſter will not remember his old friends?

FRED. Well; but dear Sir, let us have no more of your rhetoric—go and fetch Lappet hither. I'll try if I can't bring her over.

RAMIL. Bring her over! a fig for her, Sir. I have a plot *worth fifty of* yours. I'll blow her up with your

your father. I'll make him believe juſt the contrary of every word ſhe has told him.

FRED. Can you do that?

RAMIL. Never fear it, Sir; I'll warrant my lyes keep even pace with hers. But, Sir, I have another plot; I don't queſtion but before you ſleep, I ſhall put you in poſſeſſion of ſome thouſands of your father's money.

FRED. He has done all in his power to provoke me to it; but I am afraid that will be carrying the jeſt too far.

RAMIL. Sir, I will undertake to make it out, that robbing him is a downright meritorious act. Beſides, Sir, if you have any qualms of conſcience, you may return it him again. Your having poſſeſſion of it will bring him to any terms.

FRED. Well, well. I believe there is little danger of thy ſtealing any thing from him. So about the firſt affair. It is that only which cauſes my preſent pain.

RAMIL. Fear nothing, Sir, whilſt Ramilie is your friend.

SCENE II.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FRED. If impudence can give a title to ſucceſs, I am ſure thou haſt a good one.

CLER. Oh! Frederick, I have been looking for you all over the houſe. I have news for you, which will give me pain to diſcover, though it is neceſſary you ſhould know it. In ſhort, Mariana has determin'd to marry your father this evening.

FRED. How! oh! Clermont, is it poſſible? Curſed be the politics of my ſiſter, ſhe is the innocent occaſion of this. And can Mariana, from a pique to her, throw herſelf away! Dear Clermont, give me ſome advice, think on ſome method by which I may prevent, at leaſt defer, this match; for that moment which gives her to my father, will ſtrike a thouſand daggers in my heart.

CLER. Would I could adviſe you! but here comes

one who is more likely to invent ſome means for your deliverance.

FRED. Ha! Lappet!

SCENE III.

LAPPET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

LAP. Hey-day! Mr. Frederick, you ſtand with your arms acroſs, and look as melancholy as if there was a funeral going on in the houſe, inſtead of a wedding.

FRED. This wedding, Madam, will prove the occaſion of my funeral; I am oblig'd to you for being inſtrumental to it.

LAP. Why, truly, if you conſider the caſe rightly, I think you are. It will be much more to your intereſt to——

FRED. Miſtreſs, undo immediately what you have done; prevent this match which you have forwarded, or by all the devils which inhabit that heart of yours——

LAP. For Heaven's ſake, Sir. You do not intend to kill me?

FRED. What could drive your villainy to attempt to rob me of the woman I dote on more than life? What could urge thee, when I truſted thee with my paſſion, when I have paid the moſt extravagant uſury for money to bribe thee to be my friend, what could ſway thee to betray me?

LAP. As I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, whatever I have done was intended for your ſervice.

FRED. It is in vain to deny it; I know thou haſt us'd thy utmoſt art to perſuade my father into this match.

LAP. If I did, Sir, it was all with a view towards your intereſt; if I have done any thing to prevent your having her, it was becauſe I thought you would do better without her.

FRED. Would'ſt thou, to ſave my life, tear out my heart? And doſt thou, like an impudent inquiſitor, while thou art deſtroying me, aſſert it is for my own ſake?

LAP. Be but appeas'd, Sir, and let me recover out

of this terrible fright you have put me into, and I will engage to make you eaſy yet.

CLER. Dear Frederick, adjourn your anger for a while at leaſt; I am ſure, Mrs. Lappet is not your enemy in her heart; and whatever ſhe has done, if it has not been for your ſake, this I dare confidently affirm, it has been for her own. And I have ſo good an opinion of her, that the moment you ſhew her it will be more her intereſt to ſerve you, than to oppoſe you, you may be ſure of her friendſhip.

FRED. But has ſhe not already carried it beyond retrieval?

LAP. Alas! Sir, I never did any thing yet ſo effectually, but that I have been capable of undoing it; nor have I ever ſaid any thing ſo poſitively, but that I have been able as poſitively to unſay it again. As for truth, I have neglected it ſo long, that I often forget which ſide of the queſtion it is of. Beſides, I look on it to be ſo very inſignificant towards ſucceſs, that I am indifferent whether it is for me or againſt me.

FRED. Let me intreat you, dear Madam, to loſe no time in informing us of your many excellent qualities; but conſider how very precious our time is, ſince the marriage is intended this very evening.

LAP. That cannot be.

CLER. My own ears were witneſſes to her conſent.

LAP. That indeed may be—but for the marriage it cannot be, nor it ſhall not be.

FRED. How! how will you prevent it?

LAP. By an infallible rule I have. But, Sir, Mr. Clermont was mentioning a certain little word, called Intereſt, juſt now. I ſhould not repeat it to you, Sir, but that really one goes about a thing with ſo much a better will, and one has ſo much better luck in it too, when one has got ſome little matter by it.

FRED. Here, take all the money I have in my pocket, and, on my marriage with Mariana, thou ſhalt have fifty more.

LAP. That is enough, Sir; if they were half married already, I would unmarry them again. I am impatient

patient till I am about it—Oh! there is nothing like gold to quicken a woman's capacity.

SCENE IV.

FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

FRED. Doſt thou think I may place any confidence in what this woman ſays?

CLER. Faith! I think ſo. I have told you how dextrouſly ſhe managed my affairs. I have ſeen ſuch proofs of her capacity, that I am much eaſier on your account than I was.

FRED. My own heart is ſomething lighter too. Oh Clermont! how dearly do we buy all the joys which we receive from women!

CLER. A coquette's lover generally pays very ſeverely, indeed. His game is ſure to lead him a long chace; and if he catches her at laſt, ſhe is hardly worth carrying home—You will excuſe me.

FRED. It does not affect me; for what appears a coquette in Mariana, is rather the effects of ſprightlineſs and youth, than any fix'd habit of mind; ſhe has good-ſenſe and good-nature at the bottom.

CLER. If ſhe has good-nature, it is at the bottom indeed; for I think ſhe has never diſcover'd any to you.

FRED. Women of her beauty and merit have ſuch a variety of admirers, that they are ſhocked to think of giving up all the reſt by fixing on one. Beſides, ſo many pretty gentlemen are continually attending them, and whiſpering ſoft things in their ears, who think all their ſervices well repaid by a curtſey or a ſmile, that they are ſtartled, and think a lover a moſt unreaſonable creature, who can imagine he merits their whole perſon.

CLER. They are of all people my averſion; they are a ſort of ſpaniels, who, though they have no chance of running down the hare themſelves, often ſpoil the chace. I have known one of theſe fellows purſue half the fine women in town, without any other deſign than of enjoying them all in the arms of a ſtrumpet. It is pleaſant enough to ſee them watching the eyes of a woman

woman of quality half an hour, to get an opportunity of making a bow to her.

FRED. Which ſhe often returns with a ſmile, or ſome more extraordinary mark of affection; from a charitable deſign of giving pain to her real admirer, who, though he can't be jealous of the animal, is concern'd to ſee her condeſcend to take notice of him.

SCENE V.

HARRIET, FREDERICK, CLERMONT.

HAR. I ſuppoſe, brother, you have heard of my good father's œconomy, that he has reſolv'd to join two entertainments in one——and prevent giving an extraordinary wedding-ſupper.

FRED. Yes, I have heard it——and I hope have taken meaſures to prevent it.

HAR. Why, did you believe it then?

FRED. I think I had no longer room to doubt.

HAR. I would not believe it, if I were to ſee them in bed together.

FRED. Heaven forbid it!

HAR. So ſay I too. Heaven forbid I ſhould have ſuch a mother-in-law; but I think, if ſhe were wedded into any other family, you would have no reaſon to lament the loſs of ſo conſtant a miſtreſs.

FRED. Dear Harriet, indulge my weakneſs.

HAR. I will indulge your weakneſs with all my heart——but the men ought not; for they are ſuch lovers as you, who ſpoil the women.—Come, if you will bring Mr. Clermont into my apartment, I'll give you a diſh of tea, and you ſhall have ſome Sal Volatile in it, though you have no real cauſe for any depreſſion of your ſpirit; for I dare ſwear your miſtreſs is very ſafe. And I am ſure, if ſhe were to be loſt in the manner you apprehend, ſhe would be the beſt loſs you ever had in your life.

CLER. Oh Frederick! if your miſtreſs were but equal to your ſiſter, you might be well called the happieſt of mankind. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

LAP. Ha, ha, ha! and ſo you have perſuaded the old lady, that you really intend to have him.

MAR. I tell you, I do really intend to have him.

LAP. Have him! ha, ha, ha. For what do you intend to have him?

MAR. Have I not told you already that I will marry him?

LAP. Indeed, you will not.

MAR. How! Mrs. Impertinence, has your miſtreſs told you ſo? and did ſhe ſend you hither to perſuade me againſt the match?

LAP. What ſhould you marry him for? As for his riches, you might as well think of going hungry to a fine entertainment, where you are ſure of not being ſuffer'd to eat. The very income of your own fortune will be more than he will allow you. Adieu fine cloaths, operas, plays, aſſemblies; adieu dear Quadrille—and to what have you ſacrificed all theſe?—not to a huſband—for whatever you make of him, you will never make a huſband of him, I'm ſure.

MAR. This is a liberty, Madam, I ſhall not allow you; if you intend to ſtay in this houſe, you muſt leave off theſe pretty airs you have lately given yourſelf—Remember you are a ſervant here, and not the miſtreſs, as you have been ſuffer'd to affect.

LAP. You may lay aſide your airs too, good Madam, if you come to that; for I ſhall not deſire to ſtay in this houſe when you are the miſtreſs of it.

MAR. It will be prudent in you, not to put on your uſual inſolence to me; for if you do, your maſter ſhall puniſh you for it.

LAP. I have one comfort, he will not be able to puniſh me half ſo much as he will you. The worſt he can do to me is to turn me out of the houſe—but you he can keep in it. Wife to an old fellow! laugh!

MAR. If Miſs Harriet ſent you on this errand, you may return, and tell her, her wit is ſhallower than I *imagin'd it*——and ſince ſhe has no more experience,

I believe I ſhall ſend my daughter-in-law to ſchool again. [*Exit.*

LAP. Hum! you will have a ſchool-maſter at home. I begin to doubt, whether this ſweet-temper'd creature will not marry in ſpite at laſt. I have one project more to prevent her, and that I will about inſtantly.

SCENE VII. *The garden.*

LOVEGOLD, *Mrs.* WISELY.

LOVE. I cannot be eaſy. I muſt ſettle ſomething upon her.

MRS. WISE. Believe me, Mr. Lovegold, it is unneceſſary; when you die, you will leave your wife very well provided for.

LOVE. Indeed, I have known ſeveral law-ſuits happen on theſe accounts; and ſometimes the whole has been thrown away in diſputing to which party it belong'd. I ſhall not ſleep in my grave, while a ſet of villainous laywers are dividing the little money I have among them.

MRS. WISE. I know this old fool is fond enough now to come to any terms; but it is ill truſting him; violent paſſions can never laſt long at his years. [*Aſide.*

LOVE. What are you conſidering?

MRS. WISE. Mr. Lovegold, I am ſure, knows the world too well to have the worſe opinion of any woman from her prudence: therefore I muſt tell you, this delay of the match does not at all pleaſe me. It ſeems to argue your inclination abated, and ſo it is better to let the treaty end here. My daughter has a very good offer now, which were ſhe to refuſe on your account, ſhe would make a very ridiculous figure in the world after you had left her.

LOVE. Alas! Madam, I love her better than any thing almoſt upon the face of the earth; this delay is to ſecure her a good jointure: I am not worth the money the world ſays; I am not indeed.

MRS. WISE. Well, Sir, then there can be no harm for the ſatisfaction of both her mind and mine, in your

your ſigning a ſmall contract, which can be prepar'd immediately.

LOVE. What ſignifies ſigning, Madam?

MRS. WISE. I ſee, Sir, you don't care for it. So there is no harm done; and really this other is ſo very advantageous an offer, that I don't know whether I ſhall not be blam'd for refuſing him on any account.

LOVE. Nay, but be not in haſte; what would you have me ſign?

MRS. WISE. Only to perform your promiſe of marriage.

LOVE. Well, well, let your lawyer draw it up then, and mine ſhall look it over.

MRS. WISE. I believe my lawyer is in the houſe; I'll go to him, and get it done inſtantly; and then we will give this gentleman a final anſwer. I aſſure you, he is a very advantageous offer. [*Exit.*

LOVE. As I intend to marry this girl, there can be no harm in ſigning the contract; her lawyer draws it up, ſo I ſhall be at no expence; for I can get mine to look it over for nothing. I ſhould have done very wiſely indeed, to have intitled her to a third of my fortune, whereas I will not make her jointure above a tenth. I proteſt, it is with ſome difficulty that I have prevail'd with myſelf to put off the match. I am more in love, I find, than I ſuſpected

SCENE VIII.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

LAP. Oh! unhappy! miſerable creature that I am! what ſhall I do? whither ſhall I go?

LOVE. What's the matter, Lappet?

LAP. To have been innocently aſſiſting in betraying ſo good a man! ſo good a maſter! ſo good a friend!

LOVE. Lappet, I ſay.

LAP. I ſhall never forgive myſelf, I ſhall never outlive it, I ſhall never eat, drink, ſleep——

[Runs againſt him.

LOVE.

LOVE. One would think you were walking in your sleep now. What can be the meaning of this?

LAP. Oh! Sir!—you are undone, Sir, and I am undone.

LOVE. How! what! has any one robb'd me? have I lost any thing?

LAP. No, Sir; but you have got something.

LOVE. What? what?

LAP. A wife, Sir.

LOVE. No, I have not yet——but why——

LAP. How, Sir, are you not married?

LOVE. No.

LAP. That is the happiest word I ever heard come out of your mouth.

LOVE. I have, for some particular reasons, put off the match for a few days.

LAP. Yes, Sir; and for some particular reasons, you shall put off the match for a few years.

LOVE. What do you say?

LAP. Oh! Sir; this affair has almost determin'd me never to engage in matrimonial matters again. I have been finely deceiv'd in this lady. I told you, Sir, she had an estate in a certain country; but I find it is all a cheat, Sir; the devil of any estate has she.

LOVE. How! not any estate at all! How can she live then?

LAP. Nay, Sir, Heaven knows how half the people in this town live.

LOVE. However, it is an excellent good quality in a woman to be able to live without an estate. She that can make something out of nothing, will make a little go a great way. I am sorry she has no fortune; but considering all her saving qualities, Lappet——

LAP. All an imposition, Sir; she is the most extravagant wretch upon earth.

LOVE. How! how! extravagant!

LAP. I tell you, Sir, she is downright extravagance itself.

LOVE. Can it be possible after what you told me?

LAP. Alas! Sir, that was only a cloak thrown over her real inclinations.

LOVE.

LOVE. How was it poſſible for you to be ſo deceiv'd in her?

LAP. Alas! Sir, ſhe would have deceiv'd any one upon earth, even you yourſelf: for, Sir, during a whole fortnight ſince you have been in love with her, ſhe has made it her whole buſineſs to conceal her extravagance, and appear thrifty.

LOVE. That is a good ſign, tho'; Lappet, let me tell you, that is a good ſign; right habits as well as wrong are got by affecting them. And ſhe who could be thrifty a whole fortnight, gives lively hopes that ſhe may be brought to be ſo as long as ſhe lives.

LAP. She loves play to diſtraction: it is the only viſible way in the world ſhe has of a living.

LOVE. She muſt win then, Lappet; and play, when people play the beſt of the game, is no ſuch very bad thing. Beſides, as ſhe plays only to ſupport herſelf, when ſhe can be ſupported without it, ſhe may leave it off.

LAP. To ſupport her extravagance, in dreſs particularly; why, don't you ſee, Sir, ſhe is dreſs'd out to-day like a princeſs?

LOVE. It may be an effect of prudence in a young woman to dreſs, in order to get a huſband. And as that is apparently her motive, when ſhe is married, that motive ceaſes; and, to ſay the truth, ſhe is in diſcourſe a very prudent young woman.

LAP. Think of her extravagance.

LOVE. A woman of the greateſt modeſty!

LAP. And extravagance.

LOVE. She has really a very fine ſet of teeth.

LAP. She will have all the teeth out of your head.

LOVE. I never ſaw finer eyes.

LAP. She will eat you out of houſe and home.

LOVE. Charming hair.

LAP. She will ruin you.

LOVE. Sweet kiſſing lips, ſwelling breaſts, and the fineſt ſhape that ever was embraced.

[*Catching* Lappet *in his arms*.

LAP. O, Sir! I am not the lady.—Was ever ſuch an old goat!—Well, Sir, I ſee you are determined *on the match*, and ſo I deſire you wou'd pay me my

wages. I cannot bear to ſee the ruin of a family in which I have lived ſo long, that I have contracted as great a friendſhip for it as if it was my own: I can't bear to ſee waſte, riot, and extravagance; to ſee all the wealth a poor, honeſt, induſtrious gentleman has been raiſing all his life-time, ſquander'd away in a year or two in feaſts, balls, muſic, cards, cloaths, jewels—It would break my heart to ſee my poor old maſter eat out by a ſet of fingers, fidlers, milliners, mantua-makers, mercers, toymen, jewellers, fops, cheats, rakes—To ſee his guineas fly about like duſt; all his ready money paid in one morning to one tradeſman; his whole ſtock in the funds ſpent in one half year; all his land ſwallowed down in another; all his gold, nay, the very plate which he has had in his family time out of mind, which has deſcended from father to ſon ever ſince the flood, to ſee even that diſpoſed of—What will they have next, I wonder, when they have had all that he is worth in the world, and left the poor old man without any thing to furniſh his old age with the neceſſaries of life!—— Will they be contented then, or will they tear out his bowels, and eat them too? [*Both burſt into tears.*] The laws are cruel, to put it in the power of a wife to ruin her huſband in this manner—And will any one tell me that ſuch a woman as this is handſome?—— What are a pair of ſhining eyes, when they muſt be bought with the loſs of all one's ſhining gold?

LOVE. Oh! my poor old gold!

LAP. Perhaps ſhe has a fine ſet of teeth.

LOVE. My poor plate, that I have hoarded with ſo much care!

LAP. Or I'll grant ſhe may have a moſt beautiful ſhape.

LOVE. My dear lands and tenements!

LAP. What are the roſes on her cheeks, or lilies in her neck?

LOVE. My poor India bonds, bearing at leaſt three and a half per cent.!

LAP. A fine excuſe, indeed, when a man is ruined by his wife, to tell us he has married a beauty.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

LAWYER, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

LAW. Sir, the contract is ready; my client has ſent for the counſel on the other ſide, and he is now below examining it.

LOVE. Get you out of my doors, you villain, you and your client too; I'll contract you, with a pox.

LAW. Hey-day; ſure you are *non compos mentis!*

LOVE. No, firrah, I had like to have been *non compos mentis*; but I have had the good luck to eſcape it. Go and tell your client I have diſcover'd her: bid her take her advantageous offer; for I ſhall ſign no contracts.

LAW. This is the ſtrangeſt thing I have met with in my whole courſe of practice.

LOVE. I am very much obliged to you, Lappet; indeed, I am very much obliged to you.

LAP. I am ſure, Sir, I have a very great ſatisfaction in ſerving you; and I hope you will conſider of that little affair I mentioned to you to-day about my law-ſuit.

LOVE. I am very much obliged to you.

LAP. I hope, Sir, you won't ſuffer me to be ruined, when I have preſerved you from it.

LOVE. Hey! [*Appearing deaf.*

LAP. You know, Sir, that in Weſtminſter-hall money and right are always on the ſame ſide.

LOVE. Ay, ſo they are; very true, ſo they are; and therefore no one can take too much care of his money.

LAP. The ſmalleſt matter of money, Sir, would do me an infinite ſervice.

LOVE. Hey! What?

LAP. A ſmall matter of money, Sir, would do me a great kindneſs.

LOVE. Oho! I have a very great kindneſs for you; indeed, I have a very great kindneſs for you.

LAP. Pox take your kindneſs! I'm only loſing time: there's nothing to be got out of him. So I'll ev'n to *Frederick*, and ſee what the report of my ſucceſs

ceſs will do there! Ah! would I were married to thee myſelf!

LOVE. What a prodigious eſcape have I had! I cannot look at the precipice without being giddy.

SCENE X.

RAMILIE, LOVEGOLD.

LOVE. Who is that? Oh, is it you, ſirrah? How dare you enter within theſe walls?

RAMIL. Truly, Sir, I can ſcarcely reconcile it to myſelf; I think, after what has happened, you have no great title to my friendſhip. But I don't know how it is, Sir, there is ſomething or other about you which ſtrangely engages my affections, and which, together with the friendſhip I have for your ſon, won't let me ſuffer you to be impoſed upon; and to prevent that, Sir, is the whole and ſole occaſion of my coming within your doors. Did not a certain lady, Sir, called Mrs. Lappet, depart from you juſt now?

LOVE. What if ſhe did, ſirrah?

RAMIL. Has ſhe not, Sir, been talking to you about a young lady whoſe name is Mariana?

LOVE. Well, and what then?

RAMIL. Why, then, Sir, every ſingle ſyllable ſhe has told you has been, neither more nor leſs, than a moſt confounded lie; as is, indeed, every word ſhe ſays: for I don't believe, upon a modeſt calculation, ſhe has told ſix truths ſince ſhe has been in the houſe. She is made up of lies: her father was an attorney, and her mother was chambermaid to a maid of honour. The firſt word ſhe ſpoke was a lie, and ſo will be the laſt. I know ſhe has pretended a great affection for you, that's one lie; and every thing ſhe has ſaid of Mariana is another.

LOVE. How! how! are you ſure of this?

RAMIL. Why, Sir, ſhe and I laid the plot together; that one time, indeed, I myſelf was forced to deviate a little from the truth; but it was with a good deſign: the jade pretended to me that it was out of *friendſhip* to my maſter; that it was becauſe ſhe *thought* ſuch a match would not be at all to his in-

tereſt;

tereſt; but, alas! Sir, I know her friendſhip begins and ends at home; and that ſhe has friendſhip for no perſon living but herſelf. Why, Sir, do but look at Mariana, Sir, and ſee whether you can think her ſuch a ſort of woman as ſhe has deſcribed her to you.

LOVE. Indeed ſhe has appeared to me always in a different light. I do believe what you ſay. This jade has been bribed by my children to impoſe upon me. I forgive thee all that thou haſt done for this one ſervice. I will go deny all that I ſaid to the lawyer, and put an end to every thing this moment. I knew it was impoſſible ſhe could be ſuch a ſort of a woman. [*Exit.*

RAMIL. And I will go find out my maſter, make him the happieſt of mankind, ſqueeze his purſe, and then get drunk for the honour of all party-coloured politicians.

SCENE XI. *the Hall.*

FREDERICK, LAPPET.

FRED. Excellent Lappet! I ſhall never think I have ſufficiently rewarded you for what you have done.

LAP. I have only done half the buſineſs yet. I have, I believe, effectually broke off the match with your father. Now, Sir, I ſhall make up the matter between you and her.

FRED. Do but that, dear girl, and I'll coin myſelf into guineas.

LAP. Keep yourſelf for your lady, Sir; ſhe will take all that ſort of coin, I warrant her: as for me, I ſhall be much more eaſily contented.

FRED. But what hopes canſt thou have? for I, alas! ſee none.

LAP. Oh, Sir! it is more eaſy to make half a dozen matches, than to break one; and, to ſay the truth, it is an office I myſelf like better. There is ſomething, methinks, ſo pretty in bringing young people together that are fond of one another. I proteſt, Sir, you will be a mighty handſome couple. How fond will you be of a little girl the exact picture

of her mother? and how fond will ſhe be of a boy to put her in mind of his father?

FRED. Death! you jade, you have fir'd my imagination.

LAP. But methinks I want to have the hurricane begin, hugely. I am ſurpriz'd they are not altogether by the ears already!

SCENE XII.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK, LAPPET.

RAMIL. Oh! Madam! I little expected to have found you and my maſter together, after what has happened; I did not think you had the aſſurance——

FRED. Peace, Ramilie, all is well, and Lappet is the beſt friend I have in the world.

RAMIL. Yes, Sir, all is well indeed; no thanks to her; happy is the maſter that has a good ſervant; a good ſervant is certainly the greateſt treaſure in this world; I have done your buſineſs for you, Sir; I have fruſtrated all ſhe has been doing, denied all ſhe has been telling him; in ſhort, Sir, I obſerved her ladyſhip in a long conference with the old gentleman, mightily to your intereſt, as you may imagine. No ſooner was ſhe gone than I ſteps in, and made the old gentleman believe every ſingle ſyllable ſhe had told him to be a moſt confounded lye; and away he is gone, fully determin'd to put an end to the affair.

LAP. And ſign the contract; ſo now, Sir, you are ruined without reprieve.

FRED. Death and damnation! fool! villain!

RAMIL. Hey-day! what is the meaning of this? Have I done any more than you commanded me?

FRED. Nothing but my curs'd ſtars could have contriv'd ſo damn'd an accident.

RAMIL. You cannot blame me, Sir, whatever has happened.

FRED. I don't blame you, Sir; nor myſelf, nor any one: Fortune has marked me out for miſery. But I will be no longer idle; ſince I am to be ruin'd, *I will meet* my deſtruction.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

LAPPET, RAMILIE.

[*They ſtand ſome time ſilent, looking at each other.*]

LAP. I give you joy, Sir, of the ſucceſs of your negociation; you have approved yourſelf a moſt able perſon, truly; and I dare ſwear, when your ſkill is once known, will not want employment.

RAMIL. Do not triumph, good Mrs. Lappet; a politician may make a blunder; I am ſure no one can avoid it that is employ'd with you; for you change ſides ſo often, that 'tis impoſſible to tell at any time which ſide you are on.

LAP. And pray, ſirrah, what was the occaſion of your betraying me to your maſter, for he has told me all?

RAMIL. Conſcience, conſcience, Mrs. Lappet, the great guide of all my actions; I could not find in my heart to let him loſe his miſtreſs.

LAP. Your maſter is very much obliged to you, indeed, to loſe your own, in order to preſerve his, for henceforth I forbid all your addreſſes, I diſown all obligations, I revoke all promiſes; henceforth I would adviſe you never to open your lips to me, for if you do, it will be in vain; I ſhall be deaf to all your little, falſe, mean, treacherous, baſe inſinuations. I would have you know, Sir, a woman injured as I am, never can, nor ought to forgive. Never ſee my face again. [*Exit.*

RAMIL. Huh! now would ſome lovers think themſelves very unhappy; but I, who have had experience in the ſex, am never frightened at the frowns of a miſtreſs, nor raviſh'd with her ſmiles; they both naturally ſucceed one another; and a woman, generally, is as ſure to perform what ſhe threatens, as ſhe is what ſhe promiſes. But now I'll to my lurking-place. I'm ſure this old rogue has money hid in the garden; if I can but diſcover it, I ſhall handſomely quit all ſcores with the old gentleman, and make my maſter a ſufficient return for the loſs of his miſtreſs.

SCENE

SCENE XIV. *Another Apartment.*

FREDERICK, *Mrs.* WISELY, MARIANA.

FRED. No, Madam, I have no words to upbraid you with, nor ſhall I attempt it.

MRS. WISE. I think, Sir, a reſpect to your father ſhould keep you now within the rules of decency; as for my daughter, after what has happened, I think ſhe cannot expect it on any other account.

MAR. Dear mama, don't be ſerious, when, I dare ſay, Mr. Frederick is in jeſt.

FRED. This exceeds all you have done; to inſult the perſon you have made miſerable, is more cruel than having made him ſo.

MAR. Come, come, you may not be ſo miſerable as you expect. I know the word Mother-in-law has a terrible ſound; but perhaps I may make a better than you imagine. Believe me, you will ſee a change in this houſe which will not be diſagreeable to a man of Mr. Frederick's gay temper.

FRED. All changes to me are henceforth equal. When Fortune robbed me of you, ſhe made her utmoſt effort; I now deſpiſe all in her power.

MRS. WISE. I muſt inſiſt, Sir, on your behaving in a different manner to my daughter. The world is apt to be conſorious. Oh, Heavens! I ſhudder at the apprehenſions of having a reflexion caſt on my family, which has hitherto paſt unblemiſhed.

FRED. I ſhall take care, Madam, to ſhun any poſſibility of giving you ſuch a fear; for from this night I never will behold thoſe dear, thoſe fatal eyes again.

MAR. Nay, that I am ſure will caſt a reflexion on me. What a perſon will the world think me to be, when you could not live with me?

FRED. Live with you! Oh, Mariana! thoſe words bring back a thouſand tender ideas to my mind. Oh!! had that been my bleſt fortune!

MRS. WISE. Let me beg, Sir, you would keep a greater diſtance. The young fellows of this age are ſo rampant, that even degrees of kindred can't reſtrain them.

FRED. There are yet no ſuch degrees between us. —— Oh, Mariana! while it is in your power, while the irrevocable wax remains unſtamp'd, conſider, and do not ſeal my ruin.

MRS. WISE. Come with me, daughter; you ſhall not ſtay a moment longer with him—a rude fellow.

SCENE XV.

RAMILIE, FREDERICK.

RAMIL. Follow me, Sir, follow me this inſtant.

FRED. What's the matter?

RAMIL. Follow me, Sir; we are in the right box; the buſineſs is done.

FRED. What done?

RAMIL. I have it under my arm, Sir—here it is!

FRED. What? what?

RAMIL. Your father's ſoul, Sir, his money—Follow me, Sir; this moment, before we are overtaken.

FRED. Ha! this may preſerve me yet.

SCENE XVI.

LOVEGOLD *in the utmoſt diſtraction.*

Thieves! thieves! aſſaſſination! murder! I am undone! all my money is gone! Who is the thief? where is the villain? where ſhall I find him? Give me my money again, villain. [*Catching himſelf by the arm.*] I am diſtracted! I know not where I am, nor what I am, nor what I do. Oh! my money, my money! Ha! what ſay you? Alack-a-day! here is no one. The villain muſt have watch'd his time carefully; he muſt have done it while I was ſigning that d——n'd contract. I will go to a juſtice, and have all my houſe put to their oaths, my ſervants, my children, my miſtreſs, and myſelf too; all the people in the houſe, and in the ſtreet, and in the town; I will have them all executed; I will hang all the world; and if I don't find my money, I will hang myſelf afterwards.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Hall.*

SEVERAL SERVANTS.

JAMES.

THERE will be rare doing now; madam's an excellent woman, faith! Things won't go as they have done; ſhe has order'd ſomething like a ſupper; here will be victuals enough for the whole town.

THOMAS. She's a ſweet-humour'd lady, I can tell you that. I have had a very good place on't with her. You will have no more uſe for locks and keys in this houſe, now.

JAMES. This is the luckieſt day I ever ſaw; as ſoon as ſupper is over, I will get drunk to her good health, I am reſolv'd; and that's more than ever I could have done before.

THOMAS. You ſhan't want liquor, for here are ten hogſheads of ſtrong beer coming.

JAMES. Bleſs her heart! good lady! I wiſh ſhe had a better bridegroom.

THOMAS. Ah! never mind that, he has a good purſe; and for other things, let her alone, maſter James.

WHEED. Thomas, you muſt go to Mr. Mixture's the wine-merchant, and order him to ſend in twelve dozen of his beſt Champagne, twelve dozen of Burgundy, and twelve dozen of Hermitage. And you muſt call at the wax-chandler's, and bid him ſend in a cheſt of candles; and at Mr. Lambert's the confectioner in Pall-Mall, and order the fineſt deſert he can furniſh; and you, Will, muſt go to Mr. Grey's, the horſe-jockey, and order him to buy my lady three of the fineſt geldings for her coach, to-morrow morning; and here, you muſt take this roll, and invite all the people in it to ſupper; then you muſt go to the play-houſe in Drury-Lane, and engage all the muſic, for my lady intends to have a ball.

JAMES.

JAMES. Oh brave Mrs. Wheedle! here are fine times!

WHEED. My lady desires that supper may be kept back as much as possible; and if you can think of any thing to add to it, she desires you would.

JAMES. She is the best of ladies.

WHEED. So you will say when you know her better: she has thought of nothing ever since matters have been made up between her and your master, but how to lay out as much money as she could; we shall have all rare places.

JAMES. I thought to have given warning to-morrow morning, but I believe I shall not be in haste now.

WHEED. See what it is to have a woman at the head of a house. But here she comes. Go you into the kitchen, and see that all things be in the nicest order.

JAMES. I am ready to leap out of my skin for joy.

SCENE II.

MARIANA, WHEEDLE, UPHOLSTERER, *Mrs.* WISELY.

MAR. Wheedle, have you dispatched the servants according to my orders?

WHEED. Yes, Madam.

MAR. You will take care, Mr. Furnish, and let me have those two beds with the utmost expedition?

UPHOL. I shall take a particular care, Madam. I shall put them both in hand to-morrow morning; I shall put off some work, Madam, on that account.

MAR. That tapestry in the dining-room does not at all please me.

UPHOL. Your ladyship is very much in the right, Madam; it is quite out of fashion; no one hangs a room now with tapestry.

MAR. Oh! I have the greatest fondness for tapestry in the world! you must positively get me some of a newer pattern.

UPHOL. Truly, Madam, as you say, tapestry is one of the prettiest sorts of furniture for a room that

I know

I know of. I believe I can ſhew you ſome that will pleaſe you.

MRS. WISE. I proteſt, child, I can't ſee any reaſon for this alteration.

MAR. Dear mama, let me have my will. There is not any one thing in the whole houſe that I ſhall be able to leave in it, every thing has ſo much of antiquity about it; and I cannot endure the ſight of any thing that is not perfectly modern.

UPHOL. Your ladyſhip is in the right, Madam; there is no poſſibility of being in the faſhion without new-furniſhing a houſe, at leaſt once in twenty years; and indeed to be at the very top of the faſhion, you will have need of almoſt continual alterations.

MRS. WISE. That is an extravagance I would never ſubmit to. I have no notion of deſtroying one's goods before they are half worn out, by following the ridiculous whims of two or three people of quality.

UPHOL. Ha! ha! Madam, I believe her ladyſhip is of a different opinion—I have many a ſet of goods entirely whole, that I would be very loth to put into your hands.

SCENE III.

To them MERCER, JEWELLER.

MAR. Oh, Mr. Sattin! have you brought thoſe gold ſtuffs I ordered you?

MERC. Yes, Madam, I have brought your ladyſhip ſome of the fineſt patterns that were ever made.

MAR. Well, Mr. Sparkle, have you the necklace and ear-rings with you?

JEWEL. Yes, Madam; and I defy any jeweller in town to ſhew you their equals; they are, I think, the fineſt water I ever ſaw; they are finer than the ducheſs of Glitter's, which have been ſo much admired; I have brought you a ſolitaire too, Madam; my lady Raffle bought the fellow of it yeſterday.

MAR. Sure, it has a flaw in it, Sir.

JEWEL. Has it, Madam? then there never was a *brilliant* without one; I am ſure, Madam, I bought

it for a good ſtone, and if it be not a good ſtone, you ſhall have it for nothing.

SCENE IV.

LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, *Mrs.* WISELY, JEWELLER, MERCER, UPHOLSTERER.

LOVE. It's loſt, it's gone, it's irrecoverable; I ſhall never ſee it more!

MAR. And what will be the loweſt price of the necklace and ear-rings?

JEWEL. If you were my ſiſter, Madam, I could not 'bate you one farthing of three thouſand guineas.

LOVE. What do you ſay of three thouſand guineas, villain? Have you my three thouſand guineas?

MRS. WISELY. Bleſs me, Mr. Lovegold: what's the matter?

LOVE. I am undone! I am ruin'd! my money is ſtolen! my dear three thouſand guineas, that I received but yeſterday, are taken away from the place I had put them in, and I never ſhall ſee them again!

MAR. Don't let them make you uneaſy, you may poſſibly recover them; or, if you ſhould not, the loſs is but a trifle.

LOVE. How! a trifle! Do you call three thouſand guineas a trifle?

MRS. WISE. She ſees you ſo diſturbed, that ſhe is willing to make as light of your loſs as poſſible, in order to comfort you.

LOVE. To comfort me! Can ſhe comfort me by calling three thouſand guineas a trifle! But tell me, what were you ſaying of them? Have you ſeen them?

JEWEL. Really, Sir, I do not underſtand you; I was telling the lady the price of a necklace and a pair of ear-rings, which were as cheap at three thouſand guineas as——

LOVE. How! What? What?

MAR. I can't think them very cheap. However, I am reſolved to have them; ſo let him have the money, Sir, if you pleaſe.

LOVE. I am in a dream.

MAR. You will be paid immediately, Sir. Well, Mr.

Mr. Sattin, and pray what is the higheſt priced gold ſtuff you have brought?

MERC. Madam, I have one of twelve pounds a yard.

MAR. It muſt be pretty at that price. Let me have a gown and petticoat cut off.

LOVE. You ſhall cut off my head firſt. What are you doing? Are you mad?

MAR. I am only preparing a proper dreſs to appear in as your wife.

LOVE. Sirrah, offer to open any of your pick-pocket trinkets here, and I'll make an example of you.

MAR. Mr. Lovegold, give me leave to tell you, this is a behaviour I don't underſtand. You give me a fine pattern before marriage of the uſage I am to expect after it.

LOVE Here are fine patterns of what I am to expect after it.

MAR. I aſſure you, Sir, I ſhall inſiſt on all the privileges of an Engliſh wife. I ſhall not be taught to dreſs by my huſband. I am myſelf the beſt judge of what you can afford; and if I do ſtretch your purſe a little, it is for your own honour, Sir. The world will know it is your wife that makes ſuch a figure.

LOVE. Can you bear to hear this, Madam?

MRS. WISE. I ſhould not countenance my daughter in any extravagance, Sir; but the honour of my family, as well as yours, is concerned in her appearing handſomely. Let me tell you, Mr. Lovegold, the whole world is very ſenſible of your fondneſs for money; I think it a very great bleſſing to you, that you have met with a woman of a different temper, one who will preſerve your reputation in the world, whether you will or no. Not that I would inſinuate to you, that my daughter will ever run you into unneceſſary expences; ſo far from it, that if you will but generouſly make her a preſent of five thouſand pounds to fit herſelf out at firſt in cloaths and jewels, I dare ſwear you will not have any other demand on thoſe accounts——I don't know when.

MAR. No, unleſs a birth-night ſuit or two, I ſhall ſcarce want any thing more this twelvemonth.

LOVE.

LOVE. I am undone, plundered, murdered! However there is one comfort; I am not married yet.

MAR. And free to chooſe whether you will marry at all, or no.

MRS. WISE. The conſequence, you know, will be no more than a poor ten thouſand pound, which is all the forfeiture of the breach of contract.

LOVE. But, Madam, I have one way yet. I have not bound my heirs and executors; and ſo if I hang myſelf, I am off the bargain.——In the mean while I'll try if I cannot rid my houſe of this neſt of thieves. ——Get out of my doors, you cut-purſes.

JEWEL. Pay me for my jewels, Sir, or return 'em me.

LOVE. Give him his baubles; give him them.

MAR. I ſhall not, I aſſure you. You need be under no apprehenſion, Sir; you ſee Mr. Lovegold is a little diſordered at preſent; but if you will come to-morrow, you ſhall have your money.

JEWEL. I'll depend on your ladyſhip, Madam.

LOVE. Who the devil are you? What have you to do here?

UPHOL. I am an upholſterer, Sir, and am come to new-furniſh your houſe.

LOVE. Out of my doors this inſtant, or I will diſfurniſh your head for you; I'll beat out your brains.

MRS. WISE. Sure, Sir, you are mad.

LOVE. I was when I ſign'd the contract. Oh! that I had never learnt to write my name!

SCENE V.

CHARLES BUBBLEBOY, LOVEGOLD, MARIANA, *Mrs.* WISELY.

CHAR. Your moſt obedient ſervant, Madam.

LOVE. Who are you, Sir? What do you want here?

CHA. Sir, my name is Charles Bubbleboy.

LOVE. What's your buſineſs?

CHA. Sir, I was ordered to bring ſome ſnuff-boxes and rings. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to look at that ſnuff-box; there is but one perſon in England, Sir, can work in *this manner*. If he was but as diligent as he is able,

able, he would get an immenſe eſtate, Sir; if he had an hundred thouſand hands, I could keep them all employed. I have brought you a pair of the new invented ſnuffers too, Madam. Be pleas'd to look at them; they are my own invention; the niceſt lady in the world may make uſe of them.

LOVE. Who the devil ſent for you, Sir?

MAR. I ſent for him, Sir.

CHA. Yes, Sir, I was told it was a lady ſent for me: will you pleaſe, Madam, to look at the ſnuff-boxes or rings firſt?

LOVE. Will you pleaſe to go to the devil, Sir, firſt, or ſhall I ſend you?

CHA. Sir?

LOVE. Get you out of my houſe this inſtant, or I'll break your ſnuff-boxes, and your bones too.

CHAR. Sir, I was ſent for, or I ſhould not have come. Charles Bubbleboy does not want cuſtom. Madam, your moſt obedient ſervant.

SCENE VI.

MARIANA, *Mrs.* WISELY, LOVEGOLD, WHEEDLE.

MAR. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you expect to be finely ſpoken of abroad, for this; you will get an excellent character in the world by this behaviour.

MRS. WISE. Is this your gratitude to a woman who has refuſed ſo much better offers on your account?

LOVE. Oh! wou'd ſhe had taken them. Give me up my contract, and I will gladly reſign all right and title whatſoever.

MRS. WISE. It is too late now, the gentlemen have had their anſwers; a good offer once refuſed is not to be had again.

WHEED. Madam, the tailor, whom your ladyſhip ſent for, is come.

MAR. Bid him come in. This is an inſtance of the regard I have for you, I have ſent for one of the beſt tailors in town to make you a new ſuit of cloaths, that you may appear like a gentleman; for as it is for *your honour* that I ſhould be well dreſs'd, ſo it is for

mine

mine that you ſhould. Come, Madam, we will go in, and give further orders concerning the entertainment.

SCENE VII.

LOVEGOLD, LIST.

LOVE. Oh, Lappet, Lappet! the time thou haſt propheſy'd of, is come to paſs.

LIST. I am your honour's moſt humble ſervant. My name is Liſt. I preſume I am the perſon you ſent for—the laceman will be here immediately. Will your honour be pleaſed to be taken meaſure of firſt, or look over the patterns; if you pleaſe, we will take meaſure firſt. I do not know, Sir, who was ſo kind as to recommend me to you, but I believe I ſhall give you entire ſatisfaction. I may defy any tailor in England to underſtand the faſhion better than myſelf; the thing is impoſſible, Sir. I always viſit France twice a year: and tho' I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it—— Stand upright, if you pleaſe, Sir——

LOVE. I'll take meaſure of your back, ſirrah—— I'll teach ſuch pickpockets as you are, to come here ——Out of my doors, you villain.

LIST. Heyday! Sir, did you ſend for me for this, Sir?—I ſhall bring you in a bill without any cloaths.

SCENE VIII.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES, PORTER.

LOVE. Where are you going?——What have you there?

JAMES. Some fine wine, Sir, that my lady ſent for to Mr. Mixture's.—But, Sir, it will be impoſſible for me to get ſupper ready by twelve, as it is ordered, unleſs I have more aſſiſtance. I want half a dozen kitchens too. The very wild-fowl that my lady has ſent for, will take up a dozen ſpits.

LOVE. Oh! oh! it is in vain to oppoſe it; her extravagance is like a violent fire, that is no ſooner ſtopped in one place, than it breaks out in another.

[Drums

——[*Drums beat without.*] Ha! what is the meaning of this? Is my houſe beſieged? Would they would ſet it on fire, and burn all in it.

DRUM. [*Without*] Heavens bleſs your honour! 'ſquire Lovegold, Madam Lovegold; long life and happineſs, and many children attend you——and ſo God ſave the King. [*Drums beat.*

[Lovegold *goes out, and ſoon after the drums ceaſe.*

JAMES. So, he has quieted the drums, I find—— This is the roguery of ſome well-wiſhing neighbours of his. Well, we ſhall ſoon ſee which will get the better, my maſter or my miſtreſs. If my maſter does, away go I; if my miſtreſs, I'll ſtay while there is any houſe-keeping, which can't be long; for the riches of my lord-mayor will never hold it out at this rate.

SCENE IX.

LOVEGOLD, JAMES.

LOVE. James! I ſhall be deſtroy'd; in one week I ſhall not be worth a groat upon earth. Go, ſend all the proviſions back to the tradeſmen; put out all the fires; leave not ſo much as a candle burning.

JAMES. Sir, I don't know how to do it; Madam commanded me, and I dare not diſobey her.

LOVE. How! not when I command thee!

JAMES. I have loſt ſeveral places, Sir, by obeying the maſter againſt the miſtreſs, but never loſt one by obeying the miſtreſs againſt the maſter. Beſides, Sir, ſhe is ſo good and generous a lady, that it would go againſt my very heart to offend her.

LOVE. The devil take her generoſity!

JAMES. And I don't believe ſhe has provided one morſel more than will be eat; why, Sir, ſhe has invited above five hundred people to ſupper; within this hour, your houſe will be as full as Weſtminſter-hall the laſt day of term—But I have no time to loſe.

LOVE. Oh! Oh! What ſhall I do?

SCENE

SCENE X.

LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

LAP. Where is my poor maſter? Oh, Sir! I cannot expreſs the affliction I am in to ſee you devoured in this manner. How cou'd you, Sir, when I told you what a woman ſhe was, how cou'd you undo yourſelf with your eyes open?

LOVE. Poor Lappet! had I taken thy advice, I had been happy.

LAP. And I too, Sir; for, alack-a-day, I am as miſerable as you are; I feel every thing for you, Sir; indeed I ſhall break my heart upon your account.

LOVE. I ſhall be much obliged to you if you do, Lappet.

LAP. How could a man of your ſenſe, Sir, marry in ſo precipitate a manner?

LOVE. I am not married; I am not married.

LAP. Not married!

LOVE. No, no, no.

LAP. All's ſafe yet. No man is quite undone till he is married.

LOVE. I am, I am undone. Oh, Lappet! I cannot tell it thee. I have given her a bond, a bond, a bond of ten thouſand pounds to marry her.

LAP. You ſhall forfeit it.

LOVE. Forfeit what? my life, and ſoul, and blood, and heart?

LAP. You ſhall forfeit it——

LOVE. I'll be buried alive ſooner; no, I am determined I'll marry her firſt, and hang myſelf afterwards to ſave my money.

LAP. I ſee, Sir, you are undone; and if you ſhould hang yourſelf, I could not blame you.

LOVE. Could I but ſave one thouſand by it, I would hang myſelf with all my ſoul. Shall I live to die not worth a groat?

LAP. Oh! my poor maſter! my poor maſter! *(Crying.*

LOVE. Why did I not die a year ago! what a deal had I ſaved by dying a year ago! [*A noiſe without.*

Oh! oh! dear Lappet, ſee what it is; I ſhall be undone in an hour—Oh!

SCENE XI.

LOVEGOLD, CLERMONT *richly dreſs'd.*

LOVE. What is here?—Some of the people who are to eat me up?

CLER. Don't you know me, Sir?

LOVE. Know you! Ha! What is the meaning of this!——Oh! it is plain, it is too plain! my money has paid for all this finery. Ah! baſe wretch, could I have ſuſpected you of ſuch an action, of lurking in my houſe to uſe me in ſuch a manner?

CLER. Sir, I come to confeſs the fact to you; and if you will but give me leave to reaſon with you, you will not find yourſelf ſo much injured as you imagine.

LOVE. Not injured! when you have ſtolen away my blood!

CLER. Your blood is not fallen into bad hands; I am a gentleman, Sir.

LOVE. Here's impudence! a fellow robs me, and tells me he is a gentleman——Tell me who tempted you to it?

CLER. Ah, Sir! need I ſay——Love.

LOVE. Love!

CLER. Yes, love, Sir.

LOVE. Very pretty love, indeed; the love of my guineas.

CLER. Ah, Sir; think not ſo? Do but grant me the free poſſeſſion of what I have, and, by Heaven, I'll never aſk you more.

LOVE. Oh, moſt unequal'd impudence! was ever ſo modeſt a requeſt.

CLER. All your efforts to ſeparate us will be vain; we have ſworn never to forſake each other; and nothing but death can part us.

LOVE. I don't queſtion, Sir, the very great affection on your ſide; but I believe I ſhall find methods *to recover*——

CLER. By Heavens! I'll die in defending my right,

and if that were the caſe, think not, when I am gone, you ever could poſſeſs what you have robb'd me of.

LOVE. Ha! that's true; he may find ways to prevent the reſtoring it. Well, well, let me delight my eyes at leaſt; let me ſee my treaſure, and perhaps I may give it you; perhaps I may.

CLER. Then I am bleſt! Well may you ſay treaſure, for to poſſeſs that treaſure is to be rich indeed.

LOVE. Yes, truly, I think three thouſand pounds may be well call'd a treaſure.——Go, go, fetch it hither; perhaps I may give it you——fetch it hither.

CLER. To ſhew you, Sir, the confidence I place in you, I will fetch hither all that I love and adore.

[*Exit.*

LOVE. Sure, never was ſo impudent a fellow; to confeſs his robbery before my face, and to deſire to keep what he has ſtolen, as if he had a right to it.

SCENE XII.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

LOVE. Oh, Lappet! what's the matter?

LAP. Oh, Sir! I am ſcarce able to tell you. It is ſpread about the town that you are married, and your wife's creditors are coming in whole flocks. There is one ſingle debt for five thouſand pounds, which an attorney is without to demand.

LOVE. Oh! Oh! Oh! let them cut my throat.

LAP. Think what an eſcape you have had; think, if you had married her——

LOVE. I am as bad as married to her.

LAP. It is impoſſible, Sir; nothing can be ſo bad: what, you are to pay her ten thouſand pounds!——Well——and ten thouſand pounds are a ſum——they are a ſum, I own it—they are a ſum; but what is ſuch a ſum, compared with ſuch a wife? Had you married her, in one week you would have been in a priſon, Sir——

LOVE. If I am, I can keep my money; they can't take that from me.

LAP. Why, Sir, you will loſe twice the value of your contract before you know how to turn yourſelf:

and if you have no value for liberty, yet conſider, Sir, ſuch is the great goodneſs of our laws, that a priſon is one of the deareſt places you can live in.

Love. Ten thouſand pounds!—No—I'll be hang'd, I'll be hang'd.

Lap. Suppoſe, Sir, it were poſſible (not that I believe it is); but ſuppoſe it were poſſible to make her abate a little; ſuppoſe one cou'd bring her to eight thouſand——

Love. Eight thouſand devils take her——

Lap. But, dear Sir, conſider; nay, conſider immediately; for every minute you loſe, you loſe a ſum. ——Let me beg you, intreat you, my dear good maſter, let me prevail on you not to be ruin'd. Be reſolute, Sir; conſider, every guinea you give ſaves you a ſcore.

Love. Well, if ſhe will conſent to, to, to eight hundred—But try, do, try if you can make her 'bate any thing of that——if you can——you ſhall have a twentieth part of what ſhe 'bates for yourſelf.

Lap. Why, Sir, if I could get you off at eight thouſand, you ought to leap out of your ſkin for joy.

Love. Would I were out of my ſkin——

Lap. You will have more reaſon to wiſh ſo when you are in the hands of bailiffs for your wife's debts—

Love. Why was I begotten! Why was I born! Why was I brought up! Why was not I knock'd o' th' head, before I knew the value of money!

Lap. [*Knocking without*] So, ſo, more duns, I ſuppoſe——Go but into the kitchen, Sir, or the hall, and it will have a better effect on you than all I can ſay.

Love. What have I brought myſelf to! What ſhall I do! Part with eight thouſand pounds! Miſery, deſtruction, beggary, priſons! But then on the other ſide are wife, ruin, chains, ſlavery, torment! I ſhall run diſtracted either way.

Lap. Ah! would we could once prove you ſo, you old covetous good-for-nothing.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

MAR. Well, what ſucceſs?

LAP. It is impoſſible to tell; he is juſt gone into the kitchen, where if he is not frighten'd into our deſign, I ſhall begin to deſpair. They ſay fear will make a coward brave; but nothing can make him generous: the very fear of loſing all he is worth will ſcarce bring him to part with a penny.

MAR. And have you acquainted neither Frederick nor Harriet with my intentions?

LAP. Neither, I aſſure you. Ah, Madam, had I not been able to have kept a ſecret, I had never brought about thoſe affairs that I have. Were I not ſecret, lud have mercy upon many a virtuous woman's reputation in this town.

MAR. And don't you think I have kept my real intentions very ſecret?

LAP. From every one but me, I believe you have. I aſſure you, I knew them long before you ſent for me this afternoon, to diſcover them to me.

MAR. But could you bring him to no terms, no propoſals? Did he make no offer?

LAP. It muſt be done all at once, and while you are by.

MAR. So you think he muſt ſee me, to give any thing to be rid of me.

LAP. Huſh, huſh, I hear him coming again.

SCENE XIV.

LOVEGOLD, LAPPET, MARIANA.

LOVE. I am undone! I am undone! I am eat up! I am devour'd! I have an army of cooks in my houſe.

LAP. Dear Madam, conſider; I know eight thouſand pounds are a trifle. I know they are nothing; my maſter can very well afford them; they will make no hole in his purſe: and if you ſhould ſtand out, you will *get more.*

LOVE. [*Putting his hand before* Lappet's *mouth.* You lie, you lie, you lie, you lie, you lie. She never could get more, never ſhould get more: it is more than I am worth; it is an immenſe ſum; and I will be ſtarv'd, drown'd, ſhot, hang'd, burnt, before I part with a penny of it.

LAP. For heaven's ſake, Sir, you will ruin all ——Madam, let me beg you, intreat you, to 'bate theſe two thouſand pounds. Suppoſe a law-ſuit ſhould be the conſequence, I know my maſter would be caſt, I know it would coſt him an immenſe ſum of money, and that he would pay the charges of both in the end; but you might be kept out of it a long time. Eight thouſand pounds now are better than ten five years hence.

MAR. No, the ſatisfaction of my revenge on a man who baſely departs from his word will make me amends for the delay; and whatever I ſuffer, as long as I know his ruin will be the conſequence, I ſhall be eaſy.

LOVE. Oh, bloody-minded wretch!

LAP. Why, Sir, ſince ſhe inſiſts on it, what does it ſignify? You know you are in her power, and it will be only throwing away more money to be compell'd to it at laſt: get rid of her at once; what are two thouſand pounds? Why, Sir, the court of Chancery will eat it up for a breakfaſt. It has been given for a miſtreſs, and will you not give it to be rid of a wife?

SCENE XV.

THOMAS, JAMES, MARIANA, LOVEGOLD, LAPPET.

[LOVEGOLD *and* LAPPET *talk apart.*]

THO. Madam, the muſick are come which your ladyſhip order'd; and moſt of the company will be here immediately.

JAMES. Where will your ladyſhip be pleas'd the ſervants ſhall eat? for there is no room in the houſe *that will* be large enough to entertain 'em.

MAR.

MAR. Then beat down the partition, and turn two rooms into one.

JAMES. There is no ſervice in the houſe proper for the deſert, Madam.

MAR. Send immediately to the great china-ſhop in the Strand for the fineſt that is there.

LOVE. How! and will you ſwear a robbery againſt her? that ſhe robbed me of what I ſhall give her?

LAP. Depend on it, Sir.

LOVE. I'll break open a bureau, to make it look the more likely.

LAP. Do ſo, Sir; but loſe no time: give it her this moment. Madam, my maſter has conſented, and, if you have the contract, he is ready to pay the money. Be ſure to break open the bureau, Sir.

MAR. Here is the contract.

LOVE. I'll fetch the money. It is all I am worth in the world.

SCENE XVI.

MARIANA, LAPPET.

MAR. Sure, he will never be brought to it yet.

LAP. I warrant him. But you are to pay dearer for it than you imagine; for I am to ſwear a robbery againſt you. What will you give me, Madam, to buy off my evidence?

MAR. And is it poſſible that the old rogue would conſent to ſuch villainy!

LAP. Ay, Madam; for half that ſum he would hang half the town. But, truly, I can never be made amends for all the pains I have taken on your account. Were I to receive a ſingle guinea a lie for every one I have told this day, it would make me a pretty tolerable fortune. Ah! Madam, what a pity it is that a woman of my excellent talents ſhould be confin'd to ſo low a ſphere of life as I am! Had I been born a great lady, what a deal of good ſhould I have done in the world!

SCENE XVII.

MARIANA, LAPPET, LOVEGOLD.

LOVE. Here, here they are—all in bank notes—all the money I am worth in the world.——(I have ſent for a conſtable; ſhe muſt not go out of ſight before we have taken her into cuſtody).

[*Aſide to* Lappet.

LAP. [*To* Lovegold.] You have done very wiſely.

MAR. There, Sir, is your contract. And now, Sir, I have nothing to do but to make myſelf as eaſy as I can in my loſs.

SCENE XVIII.

LOVEGOLD, FREDERICK, CLERMONT, MARIANA, LAPPET, HARRIET.

LOVE. Where is that you promis'd me? where is my treaſure?

CLER. Here, Sir, is all the treaſure I am worth. A treaſure which the whole world's worth ſhould not purchaſe.

LOVE. Give me the money, Sir, give me the money; I ſay, give me the money you ſtole from me.

CLER. I underſtand you not.

LOVE. Did you not confeſs you robb'd me of my treaſure?

CLER. This, Sir, is the ineſtimable treaſure I meant! Your daughter, Sir, has this day bleſt me by making me her huſband.

LOVE. How! Oh, wicked vile wretch! to run away thus with a pitiful mean fellow, thy father's clerk!

CLER. Think not your family diſgrac'd, Sir. I am at leaſt your equal born; and tho' my fortune be not ſo large as for my deareſt Harriet's ſake I wiſh, ſtill it is ſuch as will put it out of your power to make us miſerable.

LOVE. Oh! my money, my money, my money!

FRED. If this lady does not make you amends for *the loſs of* your money, reſign over all pretenſions in *her to* me, and I will engage to get it reſtor'd to you.

LOVE. How, ſirrah! are you a confederate? Have you help'd to rob me?

FRED. Softly, Sir, or you ſhall never ſee your guineas again.

LOVE. I reſign her over to you entirely, and may you both ſtarve together! So, go fetch my gold——

MAR. You are eaſily prevail'd upon, I ſee, to reſign a right which you have not. But were I to reſign over myſelf, it would hardly be the man's fortune to ſtarve, whoſe wife brought him ten thouſand pounds.

LOVE. Bear witneſs, ſhe has confeſs'd ſhe has the money; and I ſhall prove ſhe ſtole it from me. She has broke open my bureau; Lappet is my evidence.

LAP. I hope I ſhall have all your pardons; and particularly yours, Madam, whom I have moſt injur'd.

LOVE. A fig for her pardon; you are doing a right action.

LAP. Then, if there was any robbery, you muſt have robb'd yourſelf. This lady can be only a receiver of ſtolen goods; for I ſaw you give her the money with your own hands.

LOVE. How! I! You! What! what!

LAP. And I muſt own it, with ſhame I muſt own it ——that the money you gave her in exchange for the contract I promis'd to ſwear ſhe had ſtole from you.

CLER. Is it poſſible Mr. Lovegold could be capable of ſuch an action as this?

LOVE. I am undone, undone, undone!

FRED. No, Sir, your three thouſand guineas are ſafe yet; depend upon it, within an hour, you ſhall find them in the ſame place they were firſt depoſited. I thought to have purchas'd a reprieve with them; but I find my fortune has of itſelf beſtow'd that on me.

LOVE. Give 'em me, give 'em me, this inſtant—— but then the ten thouſand, where are they?

MAR. Where they ought to be, in the hands of one who I think deſerves them. [*Gives them to* Frederick.] You ſee, Sir, I had no deſign to the prejudice of your family. Nay, I have prov'd the beſt friend

you ever had; for, I preſume, you are now thoroughly cur'd of your longing for a young wife.

LOVE. Sirrah, give me my notes, give me my notes.

FRED. You muſt excuſe me, Sir; I can part with nothing I receive from this lady.

LOVE. Then I will go to law with that lady and you, and all of you; for I will have them again, if law, or juſtice, or injuſtice, will give them me.

CLER. Be pacified, Sir; I think the lady has acted nobly, in giving that back again into your family which ſhe might have carried out of it.

LOVE. My family be hang'd; if I am robb'd, I don't care who robs me. I would as ſoon hang my ſon as another——and I will hang him, if he does not reſtore me all I have loſt: for I would not give half the ſum to ſave the whole world—I will go and employ all the lawyers in town; for I will have my money again, or never ſleep more.

FRED. I am reſolv'd we will get the better of him now. But Oh! Mariana! your generoſity is much greater in beſtowing this ſum than my happineſs in receiving it. I am an unconſcionable beggar, and ſhall never be ſatisfied while you have any thing to beſtow.

MAR. Do you hear him———

HAR. Yes, and begin to approve him—for your late behaviour has convinc'd me.

MAR. Dear girl, no more; you have frighten'd me already ſo much to-day, that rather than venture a ſecond lecture, I would do whatever you wiſh'd——So, Sir, if I do beſtow all on you, here is the lady you are to thank for it.

HAR. Well, this I will ſay, when you do a good-natur'd thing, you have the prettieſt way of doing it. And now, Mariana, I am ready to aſk your pardon for all I ſaid to-day.

MAR. Dear Harriet, no apologies: all you ſaid I deſerv'd.

SCENE

SCENE *the laſt.*

LAPPET, RAMILIE, FREDERICK, MARIANA, CLERMONT, HARRIET.

LAP. Treaties are going on, on both ſides, while you and I ſeem forgotten.

RAMIL. Why, have we not done them all the ſervice we can? What farther have they to do with us? —Sir, there are ſome people in maſquerading habits without.

MAR. Some I ſent for to aſſiſt in my deſign on your father: I think we will give them admittance, tho' we have done without 'em.

ALL. Oh! by all means.

FRED. Mrs. Lappet, be aſſur'd I have a juſt ſenſe of your favours; and both you and Ramilie ſhall find my gratitude.

[*Dance here.*]

FRED. Dear Clermont, be ſatisfied I ſhall make no peace with the old gentleman, in which you ſhall not be included. I hope my ſiſter will prove a fortune equal to your great deſerts.

CLER. While I am enabled to ſupport her in an affluence equal to her deſires, I ſhall deſire no more. From what I have ſeen lately, I think riches are rather to be feared than wiſh'd; at leaſt, I am ſure, avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty. Miſery is generally the end of all vice; but it is the very mark at which avarice ſeems to aim: the miſer endeavours to be wretched.

He hoards eternal cares within his purſe;
And what he wiſhes moſt, proves moſt his curſe.

EPILOGUE.

Written by COLLEY CIBBER, Eſq.

Spoken by Mrs. RAFTOR,

OUR author's ſure bewitch'd! The ſenſeleſs rogue
Inſiſts no good play wants an epilogue.
Suppoſe that true, ſaid I, what's that to this?
Is yours a good one!—No, but Moliere's is,
He cry'd, and zounds! no epilogue was tack'd to his.
Beſides, your modern epilogues, ſaid he,
Are but ragouts of ſmut and ribaldry.
Where the falſe jeſts are dwindled to ſo few,
There's ſcarce one double entendre left that's new.
Nor wou'd I in that lovely circle raiſe
One bluſh, to gain a thouſand coxcombs praiſe.
Then for the thread-bare joke of cit and wit,
Whoſe fore-known rhyme is echo'd from the pit,
Till of their laugh the galleries are bit;
Then to reproach the criticks with ill-nature,
And charge their malice to his ſtinging ſatire;
And thence appealing to the nicer boxes,
Tho' talking ſtuff might daſh the Drury doxes;
If theſe, he cry'd, the choice ingredients be
For epilogues, they ſhall have none for me.
Lord, Sir, ſays I; the gallery will ſo bawl!
Let 'em, he cry'd, a bad one's worſe than none at all.
Madam, theſe things than you I'm more expert in,
Nor do I ſee no epilogue much hurt in:
Zounds! when the play is ended—Drop the curtain.

THE

Intriguing Chambermaid.

A

COMEDY

OF TWO ACTS.

As it was Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane, 1733.

Majores nuſquam ronchi; juvenéſque ſenéſque
Et pueri naſum Rhinocerotis habent.
MARTIAL.

AN EPISTLE

TO MRS. CLIVE.

MADAM,

IF addreſſes of this nature (notwithſtanding the baſe purpoſes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to expreſs the gratitude of the author for ſome favour receiv'd, or to celebrate the merit of ſome particular friend; I think you have a very juſt title to this.

Dedications, and indeed moſt panegyricks, have been generaly confined to perſons in high-life; not that good qualities are ſo; but as the praiſe which moſt authors beſtow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for paſt favours, but of their neceſſity of future, it is not ſo much their buſineſs to inquire who beſt deſerves praiſe, as who can beſt pay for it. And thus we often ſee an epiſtle crammed with ſuch groſs, falſe, and abſurd flattery, as the poet ought to be aſham'd of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen, it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be laſh'd, nor virtue too obſcure to be commended; in other words, that ſatire can never riſe too high, nor panegyrick ſtoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greateſt genius for acting on the ſtage, at a time when the factions and diviſions among the players have conſpired with the folly, injuſtice, and barbarity of the town, to finiſh the ruin of the ſtage, and ſacrifice our own native entertainments

tertainments to a wanton affected fondneſs for foreign muſick; and when our nobility ſeem eagerly to rival each other, in diſtinguiſhing themſelves in favour of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet ſo much Engliſh taſte and good-nature left, as ſometimes to viſit that ſtage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deſerve; nay, you extort, by the force of your merit, the applauſe of thoſe who are languiſhing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting with ſome pleaſure, that the town, that part of it, at leaſt, which is not quite Italianized, have one obligation to me, who made the firſt diſcovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre, than the ignorance of ſome and the envy of others would have otherwiſe permitted. I ſhall not here dwell on any thing ſo well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the fineſt judges and the greateſt man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predeceſſors in his time.

But as great a favourite as you at preſent are with the audience, you would be much more ſo, were they acquainted with your private character; could they ſee you laying out great part of the profits, which ariſe to you from entertaining them ſo well, in the ſupport of an aged father; did they ſee you, who can charm them on the ſtage with perſonating the fooliſh and vitious characters of your ſex, acting in real life the part of the beſt wife, the beſt daughter, the beſt ſiſter, and the beſt friend.

The part you have maintained in the preſent diſpute between the players and the patentees, is ſo full of honour, that, had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greateſt heroine of the age. You looked on the caſes of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compaſſion, nor could any promiſes or views of intereſt ſway you to deſert them;

nor

nor have you ſcrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at ſo ſhort a warning you undertook in this farce) to ſupport the cauſe of thoſe whom you imagin'd injured and diſtreſſed; and for this you have been ſo far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from perſons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees ſhould be injured by the diſmiſſion of the audience.

In ſhort, if honour, good-nature, gratitude, and good ſenſe, joined with the moſt entertaining humour, wherever they are found, are titles to public eſteem, I think you may be ſure of it; at leaſt, I am ſure they will always recommend you to the ſincere friendſhip of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obliged humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

TO

Mr. FIELDING,

Occaſioned by the revival of the AUTHOR'S FARCE.

Sent to the Author by an unknown hand.

WHILE wit, like perſecution reigns, and all
Muſt in the furious inquiſition fall,
Untry'd, unheard: while guiltleſs crowds expire,
Martyrs to ſpleen! in each poetick fire;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor ſex, nor age,
Nor ſacred majeſty eſcapes her rage;
Againſt example who ſhall dare commend?
Avow good-nature or confeſs the friend!

Hard is the taſk, in ſuch a ſoil, to raiſe
From her decay the long-loſt art of praiſe;
Where the ſharp thiſtle ſprings t'implant the corn,
Or graft the roſe upon the ſpiny thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn th' abuſe I cannot right!
Yet this remains—— with chearful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.

Accept, then, Fielding! from a heart ſincere
A gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd applauſe! by no mean motive ſway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy merit paid.

Long have I ſeen, with ſorrow and ſurpriſe,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy ſtrong genius riſe,
To form our manners and amend our laws,
And aid, with artful hand, the publick cauſe.

When

When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
With worſe than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
Ty'd to old rules, tho' Weſtminſter muſt aid,
The ſhame and ſcandal of the nuptial bed,
The equitable muſe aſſerts her claim,
To mark the monſter with eternal ſhame,
The brute appears, in thy moſt juſt decree,
Triumphant only in his infamy.

But ſee! the politician mounts the ſtage,
The bane and weakneſs of our clime and age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' inſtructive ſcene?
Indulge his laughter? or contain his ſpleen?
When he reflects that ſuch grave heads, ſo late
Control'd our ſenate, and inflam'd our ſtate!

O! had the Muſe a due attention found,
Her flights encourag'd, and her labours crown'd;
Each buſy knave had felt her vengeful hand,
And laughter branded whom the laws ſhould brand!

In vain we wiſh!——and the compliant bard,
The publick taſte muſt ſway, that muſt reward;
To that conforming, he muſt fill the ſcene,
With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin;
Farce, maſque, and opera, Grubſtreet, and the court,
Link'd of nonſenſe, muſt club to make us ſport.

Yet here, ev'n here, what ſenſe! with how much art,
He courts the head, ſince we deny the heart;
Mark, in his mirth how innocent he plays!
And while he mines the mimic, hurts not Bayes——
Tho' much provok'd, no baſe ill-nature ſtains,
With murd'rous dye, his unpolluted ſtrains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bleſs'd youth! to charm,
Divert our heats, and civil rage diſarm,
Till fortune, once not blind to merit, ſmile
On thy deſert, and recompence thy toil:
Or Walpole, ſtudious ſtill of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and preſcribe the theme,
On which, in eaſe and affluence, thou may'ſt raiſe
More noble trophies to thy country's praiſe.

PROLOGUE.

Upon the revival of the AUTHOR'S FARCE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

AS when ſome ancient hoſpitable ſeat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome gueſt has drown'd
All ſorrowing thoughts, while mirth and joy went round,
Is by ſome wanton worthleſs heir deſtroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deſerted void;
With ſighs, each neighbour views the mournful place;
With ſighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde in crouds repair'd each day
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here hath charm'd the liſt'ning age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth hath fill'd the ſtage;
Soft eunuchs warbled in ſucceſsful ſtrain,
And tumblers ſhew'd their little tricks in vain;
Thoſe boxes ſtill the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toaſts receiv'd their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our caſe!
I view with tears this poor deſerted place;
None to our boxes now in pity ſtray,
But poets free o' th' houſe, and beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we ſee our crouded door
Send the late comer back again at four.
At ſeven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter ſome old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve-pennyworth of wit.

Our

——— Our author, of a generous ſoul poſſeſs'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd;
To-night what he ſhall offer in our cauſe
Already hath been bleſt with your applauſe.
Yet this, his Muſe maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that, which once ſo much you priz'd.
We ſue, not mean to make a partial friend,
But without prejudice at leaſt attend.
If we are dull, e'en cenſure; but we truſt,
Satire can ne'er diſpleaſe you when 'tis juſt.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous town
Will join to cruſh us, when we are almoſt down.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Goodall,	Mr. Jones.
Valentine,	Mr. Stoppelaer.
Lord Pride,	Mr. Hewson.
Lord Puff,	Mr. Charles Jones.
Colonel Bluff,	Mr. Macklin.
Oldcastle,	Mr. Norris.
Rakeit,	Mr. Mullart.
Marquis,	Madamoiſelle Grogne
Slap,	Mr. Topham.
Trick,	Mr. Hallam.
Security,	Mr. Giles.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Highman,	Mrs. Mullart.
Charlotte,	Mrs. Atherton.
Lettice,	Mrs. Cliye.

Ladies, Conſtables, Servants, &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

Intriguing Chambermaid.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, COVENT-GARDEN.

Mrs. HIGHMAN, LETTICE.

Mrs. HIGHMAN.

OH! Mrs. Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to ſee you; you are the very perſon I would meet.

LET. I am much at your ſervice, Madam.

MRS. HIGH. Oh! Madam, I know very well that; and at every one's ſervice, I dare ſwear that will pay for it; but all the ſervice, Madam, that I have for you is to carry a meſſage to your maſter.——I deſire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain, and that I intreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

LET. Truly, Madam, you muſt ſend this by another meſſenger: but pray, what has my maſter done, to deſerve it ſhou'd be ſent at all?

MRS. HIGH. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own prudence: but I know what he wou'd do.

LET. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

MRS. HIGH. Oh! I dare ſwear, Madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but

but I ſhall keep my niece out of the hands of ſuch fine gentlemen.

LET. You wrong my maſter, Madam, cruelly; I know his deſigns on your niece are honourable.

MRS. HIGH. You know!

LET. Yes, Madam, no one knows my maſter's heart better than I do. I am ſure, were his deſigns otherwiſe, I would not be acceſſary to 'em: I love your niece too much, Madam, to carry on an amour in which ſhe ſhould be a loſer. But as I know that my maſter is heartily in love with her, and that ſhe is heartily in love with my maſter; and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple; I will not leave one ſtone unturn'd to bring them together.

MRS. HIGH. Rare impudence! Huſſy, I have another match for her; ſhe ſhall marry Mr. Oldcaſtle.

LET. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a diſhonourable deſign on your niece.

MRS. HIGH. How, ſaucineſs!

LET. Yes, Madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom ſhe hates, is the ſureſt way to bring about I know what, that can poſſibly be taken.

AIR I. Soldier Laddy.

When a virgin in love with a briſk jolly lad
You match to a ſpark more fit for her dad,
Tis as pure, and as ſure, and ſecure as a gun,
The young lover's buſineſs is happily done:
Tho' it ſeems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,
Yet my life for a farthing,
Purſuing
His wooing,
The young fellow finds, tho' he go round about,
Its only to come
The neareſt way home.

MRS. HIGH. I can bear this no longer, I wou'd adviſe you, Madam, and your maſter both, to keep from my houſe, or I ſhall take meaſures you won't like. [*Exit.*

LET. I defy you; we have the ſtrongeſt party, and

I

I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herſelf.

SCENE II.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

CHARL. So, Mrs. Lettice!

LET. 'Tis pity you had not come a little ſooner, Madam; your good aunt is but juſt gone, and has left poſitive orders that you ſhould make more frequent viſits at our houſe.

CHARL. Indeed!

LET. Yes, Madam; for ſhe has forbid my maſter ever viſiting at yours, and I know it will be impoſſible for you to live without ſeeing him.

CHARL. I aſſure you! Do you think me ſo fond then?

LET. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing elſe, think of nothing elſe all day; and, if you will confeſs the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing elſe all night.

CHARL. Then to ſhew you, Madam, how well you know me —— the devil take me —— if you are not in the right.

LET. Ah! Madam, to a woman practis'd in love, like me, there is no occaſion for confeſſions: for my part, I don't want words to aſſure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers would but conſult the eyes of their miſtreſſes, we ſhould not have ſuch ſighing, languiſhing, and deſpairing, as we have.

AIR II. Buſh of Boon.

What need he truſt your words preciſe,
Your ſoft deſires denying,
When, Oh! he reads within your eyes
Your tender heart complying?
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit
Your ſofter wiſhes cover;
But, Oh! your eyes
Know no diſguiſe,
Nor ever cheat your lover.

SCENE III.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

VAL. My deareſt Charlotte! this is meeting my wiſhes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

LET. It's very lucky that you do meet her here: for her houſe is forbidden ground: you have ſeen your laſt of that, Mrs. Highman ſwears.

VAL. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is! What danger could deter me? What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the moſt frightful forms of death, ſhould keep me from her arms.

CHARL. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turn'd out of doors if ever you are ſeen in them again.

VAL. The apprehenſions of your danger would, indeed, put it to the ſevereſt proof. But why will my deareſt Charlotte continue in the houſe of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will ſhe not know another home, one, where ſhe would find a protector from every kind of danger.

CHARL. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and aſk me that in our preſent deſperate circumſtances?

LET. Nay, nay, don't accuſe him wrongfully. I won't indeed inſiſt that he gives you any great inſtance of his prudence by it; but I'll ſwear it is a very ſtrong one of his love; and ſuch an inſtance, as when a man has once ſhewn, no woman of any honeſty, honour, or gratitude, can refuſe him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I ſhould have married him, whatever he had been.

CHARL. Thy fortune?

LET. My fortune! Yes, Madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-ſix pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know ſomebody muſt get the great lot, and why not I?

VAL. Oh, Charlotte! would you had the ſame ſen*timents* with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger

danger but that of loſing you; and, believe me, love will ſufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on this account.

AIR III. Fanny blooming fair, &c.

Let bold ambition lie
Within the warrior's mind;
Falſe honours let him buy,
With ſlaughter of mankind:
To crown a doubtful right,
Lay thouſands in their grave;
While wretched armies fight
Which maſter ſhall inſlave.

Love took my heart with ſtorm,
Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form,
Still ſitting on his throne.
How will my ſoul rejoice,
At his commands to fly,
If ſpoken in that voice,
Or look'd from that dear eye!

To univerſal ſway
Love's title is the beſt;
Well ſhall we him obey,
Who makes his ſubjects bleſt:
If Heaven for human good
Did empire firſt deſign,
Love muſt be underſtood
To rule by right divine.

LET. Hiſt! hiſt! get you both about your buſineſs. Mr. Oldcaſtle is juſt turn'd the corner; and if he ſhould ſee you together, you are undone.

[*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Charlotte.

Now will I banter this old coxcomb ſeverely: for I think it is a moſt impertinent thing in theſe old fumblers to interpoſe in young people's ſport.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

OLD. Hem, hem! I profeſs it is a very ſevere eaſterly wind; and if it was not to ſee a miſtreſs, I believe I ſhould ſcarce have ſtirred abroad all day.

LET. Mr. Oldcaſtle, your very humble ſervant.

OLD. Your humble ſervant, Madam: I aſk your pardon; but I profeſs I have not the honour of knowing you.

LET. Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themſelves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miſs Charlotte Highman.

OLD. Oh! your very humble ſervant, Madam; I hope your lady is well.

LET. Hum! ſo, ſo. She ſent me, Sir, of a ſmall meſſage to you.

OLD. I am the happieſt man in the world.

LET. To deſire a particular favour of you.

OLD. She honours me with her commands.

LET. She begs, if you have the leaſt affection for her, that ſhe may never ſee you here again.

OLD. What! what!

LET. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd lady, and does not care to ſend a rude meſſage; therefore only bids me tell you, ſhe hates you, ſcorns you, deteſts you more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are reſolv'd to marry, ſhe would recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurſe, who might poſſibly be brought by your money to do any thing but go to bed with you; and, laſtly, ſhe bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm poſſet, and never to lie without, at leaſt, a pair of flannel ſhirts.

OLD. Hold your impertinent, ſaucy tongue?

LET. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my meſſage; and that too in as civil and conciſe a manner as poſſible.

OLD. Your miſtreſs is a pert young huſſy, and I *ſhall tell her* mother of her.

LET.

LET. That will never do; you had better truſt to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and if we can get over three little obſtacles, I don't deſpair of marrying you to her, yet.

OLD. What are thoſe obſtacles?

LET. Why, Sir, there is, in the firſt place, your great age; you are at leaſt ſome ſixty-ſix.

OLD. It's a lye; I want ſeveral——months of it.

LET. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very ſufficient amends for your age.

OLD. We ſhan't fall out about that.

LET. Well, Sir, then there is, in the ſecond place, your terrible, ungenteel air: this is a grand obſtacle with her, who is dotingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppiſh; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune.——And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to ſet aſide, I believe I may promiſe you, you ſhall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impoſſible for any one to ſee without being frighten'd.

OLD. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your miſtreſs, I'll have you turn'd off.

LET. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the ſervices I have done you.

OLD. Services!

LET. Services! yes, Sir, ſervices; and, to let you ſee I think you fit for a huſband, I'll have you myſelf! Who can be more proper for a huſband, than a man of your age and taſte? for I think you could not have the conſcience to live above a year, or a year and half at moſt: and I think a good plentiful jointure would make amends for one's enduring you as long as that; provided we live in ſeparate parts of the houſe, and one had a good handſome groom of the chambers to attend one.

AIR IV. Hark, hark, the cock crows.

When a lover like you
Does a woman purſue,
She muſt have little wit in her brain, Sir,
If for better and worſe
She takes not the purſe,
Alas, with her ſighing poor ſwain, Sir.

Though hugg'd to her wiſhes,
Amidſt empty diſhes,
Much hunger her ſtomach may prove, Sir;
Put a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will ſtill find her food for her love, Sir.

OLD. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to——I am out of breath with paſſion; and I ſhall not recover it this half hour.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

LETTICE, RAKEIT.

LET. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed.

RAK. Your ſervant, Mrs. Lettice; what have you and the great ſquire Oldcaſtle been entertaining one another with?

LET. With his paſſion for your young miſtreſs, or rather her paſſion for him. I have been bantering him 'till he's in ſuch a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will beat her or no.

RAK. Will you never leave off your frolicks, ſince we muſt pay for them? You have put him out of humour; now will he go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

LET. Well, ſirrah, and do you think I had not rather twenty ſuch as you ſhould be beaten to death, than my maſter ſhould be robb'd of his miſtreſs?

RAK. Your humble ſervant, Madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondneſs for your maſter. I believe he has more miſtreſſes

than

than what are in our houſe; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with ſomebody elſe. I am not the firſt gentleman of the party-coloured regiment, who has been even with his maſter.

LET. Not with ſuch gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little, pert, ſkipping beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such maſters and their men are often, both in dreſs and behaviour, ſo very like one another, that a woman may be innocently falſe, and miſtake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether ſuch a change as you mention may not be ſometimes for the better.

AIR V. As down in a meadow, &c.

See John and his maſter as together they paſs,
Or ſee them admiring themſelves in the glaſs:
Each cocks fierce his hat, each ſtruts and looks big,
Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig.
Both ſwear, and both rattle, both game, and both drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the difference lies if you can:
Faith! widows, you'd give it on the ſide of the man.

RAK. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this match in our families.

LET. Why ſo?

RAK. You know how deſperate his circumſtances are; and ſhe has no fortune.

LET. She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich.

RAK. She will be little the better for't.

LET. Then there's the chance of both her brothers death: beſides an uncle in Yorkſhire, who hath five children only, one of which hath never had the ſmall-pox: nay, there are not above ſixteen or ſeventeen between her and an Iriſh barony.

RAK. Ay, this lady would make a fine fortune after two or three good plagues. In ſhort, I find there is but

little hopes on our ſide, and if there be no more on yours——

Let. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There are hopes of my young maſter's growing better, for I am ſure there is no poſſibility of his growing worſe; hopes of my old maſter's ſtaying abroad; hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming home; hopes of the ſtars falling——

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jeſt with ſuch ſerious things as hunger and thirſt. Do you ſeriouſly think that all your maſter's entertainments are at an end?

Let. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your miſtreſs, and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your maſter is a very honeſt fellow, and it is poſſible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

Let. You are miſtaken, Sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman call'd an Upholſterer, who, the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the houſe, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furniſhing a houſe to receive a wife in; your maſter has ſet me a very good pattern againſt you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unleſs I can provide better for myſelf.

Let. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine, unleſs it be thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman, and there is nothing better to ſucceed with the ladies.

AIR VI,

When modeſty ſues for a favour,
What anſwers the politick laſs?
Let. That ſhe mightily likes his behaviour,
And thinks in her heart he's an aſs.
And thinks in her heart he's an aſs.

RAK. But when bolder impudence ruſhes,
And manfully ſeizes her charms?
LET. Lard! you're rude, Sir, ſhe cries; then ſhe bluſhes,
And folds the briſk youth in her arms.
And folds, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

VALENTINE, TRICK.

VAL. You ſay I owe you 500l. principal and intereſt?

TRICK. Yes, Sir; you will pleaſe to caſt it up yourſelf, and I believe our accounts will correſpond.

VAL. I'll take your word for it, Sir; and if you pleaſe to let me have 500 more, I ſhall owe you 1000.

TRICK. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it muſt be paid, Sir; he hath called it in.

VAL. He may call as long as he pleaſes; but till I call it in, it will ſignify not much, Sir. I have thought of an expedient: if the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it, you may pay him off: lay me down the other 500, and take the whole debt upon yourſelf.

TRICK. I am quite out of caſh, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

VAL. I am extremely buſy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

TRICK. I have called ſo often, that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within theſe three days, I ſhall ſend a lawyer for my money—and ſo your ſervant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

VAL. So honeſt Truſty, what ſucceſs?

TRUSTY. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me coſt an hundred pounds, but

but he refuſed to give me any more than fifty for it, ſo I e'en took that.

VAL. Very well;

TRUSTY. As for the old ſilver bowl which your father valued at fourſcore pounds, Mr. Whiting ſaid, there was ſo much reckon'd for the faſhion; and that it was ſo old and ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money, and ſo I took it.

VAL. Very well.

TRUSTY. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he ſaid it was much the worſe for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run ſo much into Pinchbeck, that he had not diſpos'd of two gold watches this month. However, he ſaid he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, ſo I let him have it.

VAL. Very well.

TRUSTY. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-ſtreet, who offer'd me but 16l. for the two ſuits of fine cloaths, that I dare ſwear ſtood your honour in above 100l. I flew into a great paſſion with him, and have brought them back again.

VAL. You ſhould have taken the money.

TRUSTY. One piece of ſurpriſing good fortune was the ſaving of your medals, which as I was juſt going to diſpoſe of, a gentleman whiſper'd in my ear, that a certain knight, that would be in town in a fortnight, would give ſix times as much for them.

VAL. A fortnight! what of a fortnight? a fortnight's an age. I would not give a ſhilling for the reverſion of an eſtate ſo long to come. Here, give me what money you have brought, and go and diſpoſe of the reſt immediately.

TRUSTY. But, Sir, I wiſh your honour would conſider: for my part, I dread my old maſter's coming home; and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

VAL. Don't trouble thyſelf about that; but go execute my commands. [*Exit* Truſty.

AIR

AIR VII. Excuſe me.

Let miſers with ſorrow to-day
Lay up for to-morrow's array,
Like Tantalus thirſty, who craves,
Drink up to his chin in the waves.
But fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,
And yield to your mind;
To-morrow ſhe goes,
And on others beſtows
The bleſſing.
The lover, who yields to the fair-one's delays,
Oft loſes the day:
Then fly to her arms,
For we are ſure
Of her charms
When poſſeſſing.

SCENE VIII.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, a gentleman in mourning deſires to ſee you.

VAL. Shew him in. [*Exit* Servant.] Would my dear Charlotte were here!

SCENE IX.

VALENTINE, SLAP.

VAL. Your moſt obedient ſervant, Sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir.

SLAP. I believe you do not, Sir; I aſk pardon, but I have a ſmall writ againſt you.

VAL. A writ againſt me!

SLAP. Don't be uneaſy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about 200l.

VAL. What muſt I do, Sir?

SLAP. Oh, Sir, whatever you pleaſe; only pay the money, or give bail, which you pleaſe.

VAL. I can do neither of them this inſtant, and I expect company every moment. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning.

SLAP. Oh, yes, Sir, with all my heart. If you will be ſo good as to ſtep to my houſe hard-by, you ſhall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your word.

VAL. Your houſe! 'ſdeath, you raſcal!

SLAP. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

VAL. Nay, then?——who's there——my ſervants? [*Enter* Servants.] Here, kick this fellow down ſtairs.

SLAP. This is a reſcue, remember that——a reſcue, Sir; I'll have my lord chief juſtice's warrant.

[Slap *is forc'd off by the ſervants.*

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

CHARL. Oh Valentine! what's the matter? I am frighten'd to death. Swords drawn! Oh my heart! you are not hurt?

VAL. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but thoſe you can cure.

CHARL. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the occaſion of thir buſtle?

VAL. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-maſters——I happen'd to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

CHARL. You ſee the dangers I run on your account; ſhould my aunt know of my being here, I ſhould be undone for ever. Nay, and what the reſt of the company will think when they ſee me here before them, I dread to imagine.

VAL. You know you have it in your power to ſilence the tongues of the world whenever you pleaſe: and, Oh Charlotte! I wiſh you would this day conſent to make this houſe your reputable home.

CHARL. Preſs me not, Valentine: for whatever be the conſequence, if you ſhould, I feel, I cannot deny you.

AIR

AIR VIII. Spring's a coming.

Virgins wary
Wou'd ne'er miſcarry,
If lovers would take a denial or two:
If he purſues her ſtill,
Can ſhe refuſe him ſtill
What ſhe herſelf hath a mind to do?

VAL. Turtles, tho' with each other they die,
Shall be leſs conſtant and fond than I:
For April's ſoft ſhowers,
Nor June's ſweet flowers,
In ſoftneſs and ſweetneſs with thee can vie.
CHARL. Turtles, tho', &c.

CHAR. Cou'd I be aſſur'd of your conſtancy; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me, it wou'd not be in the power of fortune to make me miſerable.

VAL. If thou canſt place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myſelf faſter to you than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more conſtant than you imagine. He that marries for money is conſtant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty is commonly conſtant while that beauty laſts; and a love that's fix'd on merit, as mine, will be conſtant while that endures.

CHARL. Well, we muſt all run a riſk, believe me; as to the point of fortune, it is the leaſt of my thoughts. A woman, who can carry her prudence ſo far as that, cheats you when ſhe pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breaſt it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the abſence of Madam Prudence, and all her train.

VAL. Thou deareſt girl, this night ſhall make me thine.

AIR

AIR IX. Polworth on the green.

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,
Let's enjoy ourſelves to-day;
To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,
To-day alone is ours.
Let fools for wealth
Spend time, and health;
While we, more happy, try,
In each ſoft kiſs,
Tranſporting bliſs,
Which Treaſures ne'er can buy.

CHARL. Let age grave leſſons preach,
'Gainſt what ſhe cannot reach;
Let prudes condemn what they eſteem,
All fools our joys impeach.

BOTH. Let fools, &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

VALENTINE *and Company, ſeated as after dinner.*

VALENTINE.

CALL in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good-nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

MARQ. Je vous felicite de votre gout raviſſant, Monſieur Valentine, mais allons! dancons nous meſmes.

VAL. My father arriv'd, ſay you?

LET. Yes, Sir, and will be here inſtantly.

VAL. Death and hell! what ſhall I do, Lettice? I muſt truſt to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

LET. Well, I will do the beſt I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrined, enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the door. Be ſure to keep cloſe garriſon, and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

VAL. Send thee good luck, my beſt wench. Come, gentle

gentlemen and ladies, what ſay you, are you for cards or hazard? [*Exeunt.*

ALL. Hazard, Hazard.

MARQ. Hazard! ma voix eſt tousjours pour hazard!

SCENE II.

GOODALL, LETTICE, *and ſervant with a portmanteau.*

GOOD. This curſed ſtage-coach from Portſmouth hath fatigu'd me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good-Hope: but, Heaven be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within ſight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my ſon will be to ſee me returned a full year ſooner than my intention.

LET. He would be much more pleaſed to hear you were at the Cape of Good-Hope yet. [*Aſide.*

GOOD. I hope I ſhall find my poor boy at home; I dare ſwear he will die with joy to ſee me.

LET. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you my good maſter. [*Aſide.*

Bleſs me! what do I ſee? an apparition?

GOOD. Lettice!

LET. Is it my dear maſter Goodall returned, or is it the devil in his ſhape? Is it you, Sir, is it poſitively you yourſelf?

GOOD. Even ſo. How do you do, Lettice?

LET. Much at your honour's ſervice. I am heartily glad to ſee your honour in ſuch good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vaſtly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have ſtay'd a little longer there for the ſake of your health——and our quiet. [*Aſide.*

GOOD. Well, but how does my ſon do? And how hath he behaved himſelf in my abſence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

LET. I'll anſwer for him, he hath put your affairs into a condition that will ſurpriſe you, take my word for it.

GOOD. I warrant you, he is every day in the alley! *Stocks have* gone juſt as I imagined! and if he fol-

lowed

lowed my advice, he muſt have amaſſed a vaſt ſum of money.

LET. Not a farthing, Sir.

GOOD. How, how, how?

LET. Sir, he hath paid it out as faſt as it came in.

GOOD. How!

LET. Put it out I mean, Sir, to intereſt, to intereſt, Sir? Why, our houſe hath been a perfect fair ever ſince you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

GOOD. That's very well done, and I long to ſee my dear boy. [*To* Lettice.] Knock at the door.

LET. He is not at home, Sir——and if you have ſuch a deſire to ſee him——

SCENE III.

SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

SEC. Your Servant, Mrs. Lettice.

LET. Your ſervant, Mr. Security.—Here's a rogue of a uſurer, who hath found a very proper time to aſk for his money in.

SEC. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your maſter day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that, if he does not pay me to-day, I ſhall ſue out an execution directly. A thouſand pounds are a ſum——

GOOD. What! what! what's this I hear?

LET. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir.

GOOD. Does my ſon owe you a thouſand pounds?

SEC. Your ſon, Sir.

GOOD. Yes, Sir, this woman's young maſter, who lives at that houſe, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my ſon.

SEC. Yes, Sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

GOOD. There go two words tho' to that bargain.

LET. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

GOOD. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

LET. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a houſe of the price

of

of two thouſand pounds, which every one ſays is worth more than four; and this he could not have done without borrowing this thouſand pounds. I am ſure, Sir, I and he, and Truſty, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not loſe ſo good a bargain.——I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [*Aſide.*

GOOD. I am overjoy'd at my ſon's behaviour.——Sir, you need give yourſelf no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you ſhall receive it.

SEC. Sir, your word is ſufficient for a much greater ſum; and I am your very humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

GOOD. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the town hath my ſon bought this houſe?

LET. In what part of the town?

GOOD. Yes, there are, you know, ſome quarters better than others——as for example, this here——

LET. Well, and it is in that it ſtands.

GOOD. What, not the great houſe yonder, is it?

LET. No, no, no; do you ſee that houſe yonder—where the windows ſeem to have been juſt cleaned?

GOOD. Yes.

LET. It is not that —— and a little beyond, you ſee another very large houſe higher than any other in the ſquare?

GOOD. I do.

LET. But it is not that——Take particular notice of the houſe oppoſite to it, a very handſome houſe, is it not?

GOOD, Yes, indeed, is it.

LET. That is not the houſe——but you may ſee one with great gates before it, almoſt oppoſite to another that fronts a ſtreet, at the end of which ſtands the houſe which your ſon hath bought.

GOOD. There is no good houſe in that ſtreet, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

LET. That's the very houſe.

GOOD. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumſtances to ſell her houſe?

LET. It is impoſſible, Sir, to account for people's *actions; beſides,* ſhe is out of her ſenſes.

GOOD.

GOOD. Out of her ſenſes!

LET. Yes, Sir, his family hath taken out a commiſſion of lunacy againſt her: and her ſon, who is a moſt abandoned prodigal, hath ſold all ſhe had for half its value.

GOOD. Son! why, ſhe was not marry'd when I went away?

LET. No, Sir; but to the great ſurprize of every one, and to the great ſcandal of all our ſex, there appeared all of a ſudden a very luſty young fellow, of the age of three and twenty, whom ſhe owned to have been her ſon, and that his father was a grenadier in the firſt regiment of guards.

GOOD. Oh, monſtrous!

LET. Ah, Sir! if every child in this city knew his own father; if children were to inherit only the eſtates of thoſe who begot them, it would cauſe a great confuſion in inheritances.

AIR X. Pierot's dance.

Were all women's ſecrets known,
Did each father know his own,
Many a ſon now bred to trade,
Then had ſhin'd in rich brocade;
Many cits
Had been wits,
In eſtate, tho' not in ſenſe;
Many beaux
Birth-day cloaths
Had not worn at cits expence.

For did our women, wiſe indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the breed,
Our ſparks ſuch pretty maſters grow,
So ſpruce, ſo taper, and ſo low;
From Britons tall,
Our heroes ſhall
Be Lilliputians all.

GOOD. Well, but I ſtand here talking too long; knock at the door.

LET. What ſhall I do? [*Aſide.*

GOOD. You ſeem in a conſternation! No accident hath happened to my ſon, I hope!

LET.

LET. No, Sir, but ——

GOOD. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my abſence?

LET. No, Sir; not abſolutely robbed you, Sir.— What ſhall I ſay?

GOOD. Explain yourſelf; ſpeak.

LET. Oh, Sir, I can with-hold my tears no longer.— Enter not, I beſeech you, Sir, your houſe; Sir, your dear houſe, that you and I, and my poor young maſter, lov'd ſo much, within theſe ſix months——

GOOD. What of my houſe, within theſe ſix months?

LET. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the moſt terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld! You'd think the devil himſelf had taken poſſeſſion of it! Nay, I believe he hath too: all the wild noiſes in the univerſe; the ſqueaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of ſaws, the whiſtling of winds, the roaring of ſeas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of aſſes, the ſqualling of children, and the ſcolding of wives, all put together, make not ſo hideous a concert. This I myſelf have heard; nay, and I have ſeen ſuch ſights! one with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noſes in each.

GOOD. Heyday; the wench is mad. Stand from before the door: I'll ſee whether the devil can keep me out from my own houſe. Haunted, indeed! ——

LET. Sir, I have a friendſhip for you; and you ſhall not go in.

GOOD. How! not go into my own houſe?

LET. No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't: there are two prieſts at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may liſten yourſelf, and get in too, if you can.

[*Laughing within.*

GOOD. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noiſe.

LET. I have nothing but his monſtrous ſuperſtition to rely on.

GOOD. Oh, Heavens! what monſtrous ſqualling is that? [*Shriek within.*

LET. Why, Sir, I am ſurpriz'd you ſhould think I *wou'd impoſe* upon you. I aſſure you, your houſe is haunted

haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family hath been driven out of it; and this was one reaſon why your ſon bought Madam Highman's houſe, not being able to live any longer in this.

GOOD. I am in a cold ſweat! What, my ſon left this houſe!

LET. Oh, Sir! I am ſure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, eſpecially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frightened with the ſight of the moſt monſtrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me———

GOOD. Can all this be true, or are you impoſing on me? I have, indeed, heard of ſuch things as apparitions, on juſt cauſes, and believe in them; but why. they ſhou'd haunt my houſe, I can't imagine.

LET. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the houſe, there was a murder committed in it.

GOOD. I muſt enquire into all theſe things; but, in the mean time, I muſt ſend this portmanteau to my ſon's new houſe.

LET. No, Sir, that's a little improper at preſent.

Good. What, is that houſe haunted? Hath the devil taken poſſeſſion of that houſe too?

LET. No, Sir, but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted poſſeſſion of it. I told you, before, Sir, that ſhe was out of her ſenſes; and if any one does but mention the ſale of her houſe to her, it throws her into the moſt violent convulſions.

GOOD. Well, well, I ſhall know how to humour her madneſs.

LET. I wiſh, Sir, for a day or two——

GOOD. You throw me out of all manner of patience. I am reſolv'd I will go thither this inſtant.

LET. Here ſhe is herſelf: but pray remember the condition ſhe is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, GOODALL, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN.

MRS. HIGH. What do I ſee! Mr. Goodall return'd?

LET. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas; he's not himſelf——he's diſtracted; his loſſes in this voyage have turn'd his brain, and he's become a downright lunatick.

MRS. HIGH. I am heartily concern'd for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

LET. If he ſhou'd ſpeak to you by chance, have no regard to what he ſays; we are going to ſhut him up in mad-houſe with all expedition.

MRS. HIGH. [*Aſide.*] He hath a ſtrange wand'ring in his countenance.

GOOD. [*Aſide.*] How miſerably ſhe is alter'd! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

MRS. HIGH. Mr. Goodall, your very humble ſervant. I am glad to ſee you return'd, tho' I am ſorry for your misfortune.

GOOD. I muſt have patience, and truſt in Heaven, and in the power of the prieſts, who are now endeavouring to lay thoſe wicked ſpirits, with which my houſe is haunted.

MRS. HIGH. His houſe haunted; poor man! But I muſt not contradict him; that wou'd make him worſe.

GOOD. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I ſhou'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my portmanteau to your houſe.

MRS. HIGH. My houſe is at your ſervice; and I deſire you wou'd uſe it in the ſame manner as your own.

GOOD. I wou'd not, Madam, on any account, inſult your unfortunate condition——Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madneſs about her.

LET. She has ſome lucid intervals, Sir; but her fit will ſoon return.

GOOD. I am extremely ſorry for your misfortune, *Mrs. Highman*; which, indeed, had I not been ſo well

well aſſur'd of, I cou'd not have believ'd. But I have known ſome in your way, who, during the intervals of their fits, have talk'd very reaſonably: therefore, give me leave to aſk you the cauſe of your phrenzy. For I much queſtion, whether this commiſſion of lunacy that has been taken out againſt you be not without ſufficient proof.

MRS. HIGH. A commiſſion of lunacy againſt me! Me!

GOOD. Lettice, I ſee ſhe is worſe than I imagin'd.

MRS. HIGH. However, if you are not more miſchievous than you at preſent ſeem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-houſe.

GOOD. Confine me! ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me, indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I wou'd not have you be uneaſy that your houſe is ſold; at leaſt, it is better for you that my ſon hath bought it than another; for you ſhall have an apartment in it ſtill, in the ſame manner as if it was ſtill your own, and you were in your ſenſes.

MRS. HIGH. What's all this? As if I was ſtill in my ſenſes! Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor diſtracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean ſtraw.

GOOD. Since you come to that, Madam, I ſhall ſhew you the neareſt way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things; for I ſhall fill all the rooms with goods within theſe few days.

SCENE V.

LETTICE, GOODALL, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN, SLAP, CONSTABLE, *and Aſſiſtants.*

SLAP. That's the door, Mr. Conſtable.

LET. What's to be done now, I wonder?

CONST. Open the door, in the king's name, or I ſhall break it open.

GOOD. Who are you, Sir, in the devil's name? And what do you want in that houſe?

SLAP. Sir, I have a priſoner there; and I have my *lord-chief-juſtice's* warrant againſt him.

GOOD.

GOOD. For what ſum, Sir? Are you a juſtice of peace?

SLAP. I am one of his majeſty's officers, Sir; and this day I arreſted one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this houſe, for two hundred pounds: his ſervants have reſcu'd him; and I have a judge's warrant for the reſcue.

GOOD. What do I hear! But harkee, friend, that houſe you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of prieſts, who are laying the devil.

SLAP. I warrant you, I lay the devil better than all the prieſts in Europe. Come, Mr. Conſtable, do your office; I have no time to loſe. Sir, I have ſeveral other writs to execute before night.

LET. I have defended my paſs as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to ſteal off. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Colonel BLUFF, *Monſieur la* MARQUESS, SLAP, GOODALL, CONSTABLE.

COL. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reaſon, ſcoundrels, that you dare diſturb gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as lords?

SLAP. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

COL. Damn your authority, Sir! If you don't go about your buſineſs, I ſhall ſhew you my authority, and ſend you all to the devil.

SLAP It is he! I have a warrant againſt him too, I wiſh it was in my pocket.

CONST. Mr. Slap, ſhall we knock him down?

SLAP. Sir, I deſire you wou'd give us leave to enter the houſe, and ſeize the priſoner.

COL. Not I, upon my honour, Sir.

MONS. Que veut due cette bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouſcon ventre bleu! Allons! Monſieur le Colonel! allons! frappons!

SLAP. If you oppoſe us any longer, I ſhall proceed to force.

COL.

Col. If you love force, I'll ſhew you the way, you dogs. [Colonel *drives them off.*

Good. I find I am diſtracted! I am ſtark raving mad! I am undone, ruin'd, cheated, impos'd on! But, pleaſe Heaven, I'll go ſee what's in my houſe.

Col. Hold, Sir, you muſt not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own houſe, Sir?

Col. No, Sir; if it be yours, you muſt not come within it.

Mons. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to ſpeak with the maſter of the houſe.

Col. Sir, the maſter of the houſe deſires to ſpeak with no ſuch fellows as you are: you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this houſe.

Good. Sir, the maſter of this houſe is my ſon.

Col. Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant: I am overjoy'd to ſee you return'd. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monſieur le Marquis, Quelque Choſe, le pere de Monſieur Valentine.

Mons. Ah, Monſieur, que je ſuis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the fineſt gentlemen of the age; a man ſo accompliſh'd, ſo well-bred, and ſo generous, that I believe he never wou'd part with a gueſt while he had a ſhilling in his pocket; nor, indeed, while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it, indeed, Sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to ſee him.

Col. Be not in ſuch haſte, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good ſucceſs in the Indies; have cheated the company handſomely; and made an immenſe fortune.

Good. I have no reaſon to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and ſo will your ſon, I dare ſwear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune; he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, *what* a fine life he has led ſince you went away. *It wou'd do* your heart good, if you was but to know

what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole town, Sir; a man wou'd work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Col. That you shou'd, Sir, long ago; but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it; and that is so full of company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Col. He sold them first, Sir: he was oblig'd to sell them for the delicacy of taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complained to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breasts and limbs of women! you had indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, COLONEL, GOODALL, MONSIEUR.

Val. My father return'd! Oh, let me throw myself at his feet; and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd and asham'd to see your face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be asham'd; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you wou'd not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir, I am their very humble servant,

I am infinitely oblig'd to all the perſons of faſhion, that they will ſo generouſly condeſcend to eat a poor citizen out of houſe and home.

COL. Harkye, Val, ſhall we toſs this old fellow in a blanket?

VAL. Sir, I truſt in your good-nature and forgiveneſs; and will wait on you in.

GOOD. Oh, that ever I ſhou'd live to ſee this day!

MONS. Pardie voila homme extraordinaire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *A dining-room.*

Lord PRIDE, *Lord* PUFF, &c.

L. PRIDE. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot diſappear'd, I thought the maſter wou'd ſoon follow.

L. PUFF. I help'd him on with a ſmall lift, the other day, at piquet.

L. PRIDE. Did you do any thing conſiderable?

L. PUFF. A mere trifle, my lord: it wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his preſent circumſtances, it cut pretty deep.

L. PRIDE. Damn me! there's a pleaſure in ruining theſe little mechanical raſcals, when they preſume to rival the extravagant expences of us men of quality.

L. PUFF. That ever ſuch plebeian ſcoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their debts, ſhou'd preſume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, COLONEL, MONSIEUR, *Lord* PRIDE, *Lord* PUFF, &c.

VAL. Gentlemen and ladies, my father, being juſt arriv'd from the Indies, deſires to make one of this good company.

GOOD. My good lords (that I may affront none, by calling

calling him beneath his title) I am highly ſenſible of the great honour you do myſelf and my ſon, by filling my poor houſe with your noble perſons, and your noble perſons with my poor wine and proviſions. I dare ſwear you have been all highly inſtrumental in the extravagances of my ſon; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I ſhall never ſee him, or any of your faces, again.

L. Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curſe me, if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my ſon hath ruin'd himſelf in ſo good a company; that when I diſinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promiſe myſelf, that your intereſt will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my power, he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whiſper a word in your ear. ——Your ſon is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope you will conſider you aſſiſted him in it; and therefore will help his neceſſities with a brace of thouſands.

L. Pride. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may underſtand me, I muſt tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining ſuch fine gentlemen as yourſelf.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I would have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering into your doors: but I am glad you have taught me at what diſtance to keep ſuch mechanicks for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera: I ſee, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave like a gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille! [*Exeunt L.* Pride *and L.* Puff.

Good. S'bodikins! I am in a rage; that ever a fellow ſhou'd upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odſheart! the beſt blood in his veins hath run through my bottles.

Lady. My lord Pride and my lord Puff gone! Come, my dear, the aſſembly is broke up; let us make haſte away, or we ſhall be too late for any other.

2 LADY. With all my heart, for I am heartily ſick of this.

3 LADY. Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt ladies.*

MONS. Allons, quittons le bourgion.

COL. Sir, you are a ſcrub; and if I had not a friendſhip for your ſon, I'd ſhew you how you ought to treat people of faſhion. [*Exeunt* Col. *and* Monſieur.

CHARL. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

GOOD. Why don't you follow your companions, Sir?

VAL. Ah! Sir, I am ſo ſenſible of what I have done, that I could fly into a deſart from the apprehenſions of your juſt wrath; nay, I will, unleſs you can forgive me.

GOOD. Who are you, Madam, that ſtay behind the reſt of your company? There is no more miſchief to be done here, ſo there is no more buſineſs for a fine lady.

CHARL. Sir, I ſtay to intreat you to forgive your poor unhappy ſon, who will otherwiſe ſink under the weight of your diſpleaſure.

GOOD. Ah! Madam, if that be all the buſineſs, you may leave this houſe as ſoon as you pleaſe; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

CHAR. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine, I have ſome fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy for a while at leaſt; and I prefer a year, a month, a day, with the man I love, to a whole ſtupid age without him.

VAL. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee, to all that Heaven can give me. Oh! I am ſo bleſt, that fortune cannot make me miſerable.

AIR XI. The laſs of Patie's mill.

Thus when the tempeſt high
Roars dreadful from above,
The conſtant turtles fly
Together to the grove:

Each

Each ſpreads its tender wing,
And hovers o'er its mate;
They kiſs, they coo, and ſing,
And love, in ſpite of fate.

AIR XII.

My tender heart me long beguil'd,
I now firſt my paſſions prov'd;
Had fortune on you ever ſmil'd,
I'd known not how I lov'd.
Baſe paſſions, like baſe metals, cold,
With true may ſeem the ſame!
But wou'd you know true love and gold,
Still try them in the flame.

SCENE X.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, OLDCASTLE, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN.

OLD. Here, Madam, now you may truſt your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

MRS. HIGH. What do I ſee! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abetter of the injuſtice!——Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madneſs is a poor excuſe for this behaviour.

GOOD. Madam, I aſk your pardon for what I ſaid to you to-day. I was impos'd on by a vile wretch, who, I dare ſwear, miſrepreſented each of us to the other. I aſſure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you ſo.

MRS. HIGH. Thou vile wretch, thou diſhonour of thy family! how doſt thou dare to appear before my face.

CHARL. Madam, I have done nothing to be aſham'd of: and I dare appear before any one's face.

GOOD. Is this young lady a relation of yours?

MRS. HIGH. She was, before your ſon had accompliſh'd his baſe deſigns on her.

CHARL. Madam, you injure him; his deſigns on me have been ſtill honourable; nor hath he ſaid any thing which the moſt virtuous ears might not have heard.

VAL. To-morrow ſhall ſilence your ſuſpicions on that head.

MRS. HIGH. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your ſon's extravagance?

GOOD. Is this lady your heireſs?

MRS. HIGH. I once intended her ſo.

GOOD. Why then, Madam, I like her generous paſſion for my ſon ſo much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I ſhall ſettle on him, I ſhall not prevent their happineſs.

MRS. HIGH. Won't you? And I ſee ſhe is ſo intirely his, in her heart, that ſince he hath not dared to think diſhonourably of her, I ſhall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

VAL. Eternal bleſſings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am bleſs'd indeed.

OLD. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

MRS. HIGH. That, Sir, I cannot poſſibly tell; you know I was your friend; but my niece thought fit to diſpoſe of herſelf another way.

OLD. Your niece has behaved like a——Hoptkins! I am in a paſſion; and for her ſake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I am reſolv'd.

[*Exit in a pet.*

MRS. HIGH. No imprudent reſolution.

GOOD. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderneſs in forgiving you; and let the miſery you ſo narrowly eſcaped, from your former extravagances, be a warning to you for the future.

VAL. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodneſs inſufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice, whereby this lady might be a ſufferer.

Single, I'd ſuffer Fate's ſevereſt dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double ſmart,
When ſorrow preys upon the fair one's heart.

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE.

A Poet ſhould, unleſs his fate be gueſt,
Write for each play two epilogues at leaſt.
For how to empty benches can we ſay,
'What means this mighty crouding here to day?'
Or ſhould the pit with flattery be cramm'd,
How can we ſpeak it when the play is damn'd?
Damn'd, did I ſay?——He ſurely need not fear it,
His play is ſafe——when none will come to hear it.
Engliſh is now below this learned town,
None but Italian warblers will go down.
The courts were more polite, the Engliſh city
Cou'd heretofore at leaſt content the city:
That, for Italian now has let us drop,
And Dini Clara rings thro' every ſhop.
What glorious thoughts muſt all our neighbours nouriſh
Of us, where rival operas can flouriſh.
Let France win all their towns, we need not fear;
But Italy will ſend her ſingers here;
We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.
Let us receive them to our peaceful ſhore,
While in their own the angry cannons roar:
Here they may ſing in ſafety, we reward 'em,
Here no Viſconti threatens to bombard 'em.
Orpheus drew ſtones with his inchanting ſong,
Theſe can do more, they draw our gold along.
——But tho' our angry poets rail in ſpite,
Ladies, I own, I think your judgments right:
Satire, perhaps, may wound ſome pretty thing;
Thoſe ſoft Italian warblers have no ſting.
Tho' your ſoft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
You're ſtill ſecure to find no harm within.
Wiſely from thoſe rude places you abſtain,
Where ſatire gives the wounded hearer pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
As boys are forc'd to buy the rods they feel.
No, let 'em ſtarve, who dare to laſh the age,
And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the ſtage.

DON QUIXOTE

IN

ENGLAND.

A COMEDY.

As it was acted at the

NEW THEATRE in the HAY-MARKET, 1733.

——— facilè quis
Speret idem, ſudet multùm, frauſtráque laboret,
Auſus idem ———

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

HOWEVER unworthy theſe ſcenes may be of Your LORDSHIP's protection, the deſign with which ſome of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath ſo glorioufly diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the cauſe of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expoſe may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the ſtage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the preſs. It is the opinion of an author well known to YOUR LORD-

SHIP.

sure, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my LORD, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption, might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed, this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but, surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into dispute, will, with great facility, lay their opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them: and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be You, my LORD, who are the most favourite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom YOUR LORDSHIP has so much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen, that to be celebrated by them, and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are

the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can securely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others: for the only title I have to introj myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour, is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect,

MY LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient

and most humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

THIS Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and, after it had been ſketched out into a few looſe ſcenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amuſement; as it would, indeed, have been little leſs than Quixotiſm itſelf to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes ſo far excelled. The impoſſibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were ſufficient to infuſe deſpair into a very adventurous author.

I ſoon diſcovered too, that my too ſmall experience in, and little knowledge of the world, had led me into an error. I ſoon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the ſcene, and give my knight an opportunity of diſplaying himſelf in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is every where the ſame: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough, ſufficiently to diſtinguiſh a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In theſe ſentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon ſeeing the aforeſaid ſketch, both diſſuaded me from ſuffering it to be repreſented

on

on the ſtage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my ſhelf, where probably it would have periſhed in oblivion, had not the ſolicitations of the diſtreſſed actors in Drury-lane prevailed on me to reviſe it, at the ſame time that it came into my head to add thoſe ſcenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearſed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance ſo long, that the intervention of the actors benefits would have put it off till the next ſeaſon, had I not brought it on where now it appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might diſtinguiſh thoſe parts of it which were the production of this ſeaſon from thoſe which were written in my more juvenile years, and before moſt of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Don Quixote,	Mr. Roberts.
Sancho,	Mr. Mullart.
Sir Thomas Loveland,	Mr. Machen.
Squire Badger,	Mr. Macklin.
Fairlove,	Mr. Warwell.
Mayor,	Mr. Turbutt.
Voter,	Mr. Machen.
Guzzle,	Mr. Jones.
John	Mr. Hewson.
Brief, a Lawyer,	Mr. Topham.
Dr. Drench, a Physician,	Mr. Hallam.
Mr. Sneak,	Mr. Hicks.

WOMEN.

Dorothea,	Miss Atherton.
Jezebel,	Mrs. Hide.
Mrs. Guzzle,	Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Sneak,	Mrs Egerton.
Miss Sneak,	Miss Jones.

Stage-Coachman and Mob.

SCENE, An Inn in a Country Borough.

INTRODUCTION.

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

MANAGER.

NO prologue, Sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

AUTH. I am the audience's very humble ſervant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

MAN. Why, Sir, there is nothing eaſier. I have known an author bring three or four to the houſe with one play, and give us our choice which we would ſpeak.

AUTH. Yes, Sir, and I have now three in my pocket, written by friends, of which I chuſe none ſhould be ſpoke.

MAN. How ſo?

AUTH. Becauſe they have been all ſpoke already twenty times over.

MAN. Let me ſee them, pray.

AUTH. They are written in ſuch damn'd cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but I will tell you the ſubſtance of them. One of them begins with abuſing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen ſtate of the ſtage; and, laſtly, aſſuring the audience that this play was written with a deſign to reſtore true taſte, and their approving it is the beſt ſymptom they can give of their having any.

MAN. Well, and a very good ſcheme.

AUTH. May be ſo; but it hath been the ſubject of almoſt every prologue for theſe ten years laſt paſt. The ſecond is in a different caſt; the firſt twelve lines

lines inveigh againſt all indecency on the ſtage, and the laſt twenty lines ſhew you what it is.

MAN. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

AUTH. Why, the third has ſome wit in it, and would have done very well, but for a miſtake.

MAN. Ay! what miſtake!

AUTH. Why, the author never read my play; and, taking it for a regular Comedy of five acts, hath fallen very ſeverely on Farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the firſt genteel Comedy you bring on the ſtage.

MAN. But don't you think a play, with ſo odd a title as yours, requires to be a little explain'd? May they not be too much ſurpriz'd at ſome things?

AUTH. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them at an inn in the country, where, I believe, no one will be ſurpriz'd that the knight finds ſeveral people as mad as himſelf. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather choſe to let it alone: for, to tell you the truth, I can draw but one concluſion from the prologues I have ever ſeen, that the authors are ſo ſenſible of the demerits of their plays, that they deſire to ſet the audience aſleep before they begin. But of what real uſe is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the gueſts are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to ſwallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a PLAYER.

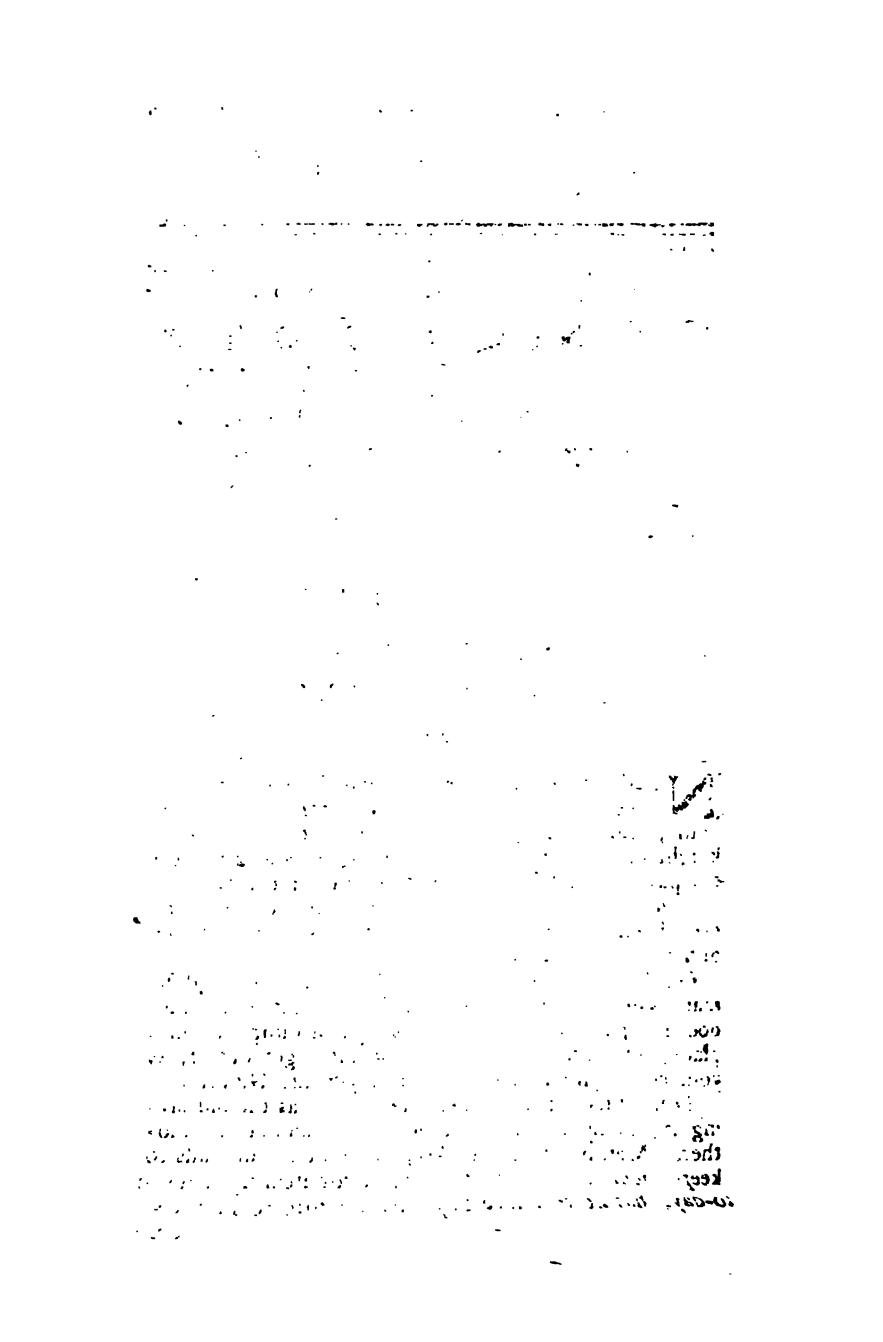
PLAY. Sir, the audience make ſuch a noiſe with their canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the houſe down before the play begins; and it is not adviſeable to put them out of humour, for there are two or three of the loudeſt cat-calls in the *gallery* that ever were heard.

AUTH.

AUTH. Be not frightned at that: thoſe are only ſome particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at firſt, and be converted at the end of the firſt act.

MAN. Order then to play away the overture immediately. Come, Sir, what do you do with yourſelf?

AUTH. I ſhall diſpoſe myſelf in ſome part of the houſe, where I ſhall ſee, and not be ſeen. And I can aſſure you, Sir, if the audience are but half as well entertain'd with this play as I ſhall be myſelf, it will go off with univerſal applauſe.



DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *An Inn.*

GUZZLE, SANCHO.

GUZZLE.

NEVER tell me, Sir, of Don Quixote, or Don Beelzebub: here's a man comes into my houſe, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant; he is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill, I'll have a warrant for him.

SAN. My maſter fears no warrant, friend; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

GUZ. Tell me not of Spain, Sir; I am an Engliſhman, where no one is above the law; and if your maſter does not pay me, I ſhall lay his Spaniardſhip faſt in a place, which he will find it as difficult to get out of, as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

SAN. That's neither here nor there, as the old ſaying is; many are ſhut into one place, and out of another. Men bar houſes to keep rogues out, and jails to keep them in. He that's hang'd for ſtealing a horſe to-day, has no reaſon to buy oats for him to-morrow.

GUZ

GUZ. Sirrah, your horſe, nor your aſs neither, ſhall have any more oats at my expence; never were maſters and their beaſts ſo like one another. The Don is juſt ſuch another lean ramſcallion as his——what d'ye call him——his Rozinante; and thou art juſt ſuch another ſquat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my houſe and my ſtable once well emptied of you, and if ever I ſuffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again, may I have a whole company of ſoldiers quartered on me; for if I muſt be eaten up, I had rather ſuffer by my own country rogues, than foreign ones. [*Exit.*

AIR I.

SAN. Rogues there are of each nation,
Except among the divines;
And vinegar, ſince the creation,
Hath ſtill been made of all wines.
Againſt one lawyer Lurch
A country ſcarce can guard;
One parſon does for a church,
One doctor for a churchyard.

SCENE II.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

QUIX. Sancho!

SAN. An't pleaſe your honour——

QUIX. Come hither, Sancho, I ſmell an adventure.

SAN. And ſo do I, an't pleaſe your worſhip; the landlord of the houſe ſwears bitterly that he will have a warrant againſt us.

QUIX. What landlord! what houſe! Wilt thou never be in thy ſenſes? Are we not in a caſtle?

SAN. No marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to to be in one.

QUIX. What doſt thou mean, oaf?

SAN. I mean that I ſhall ſee your honour in a gaol with theſe two days,

QUIX. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

SAN. Ay, Sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him, if he breaks *the laws.*

QUIX. Then indeed knight-errantry were of no uſe; but I tell thee, caitiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of faſhion of five ſhillings, to gaol with him: but the man of faſhion may plunder a thouſand poor, and ſtay in his own houſe. But know, thou baſe ſquire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now preſents itſelf, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

SAN. Ah poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a leg or an arm will not ſuffice this bout.

QUIX. There is now arrived in this caſtle one of the moſt accurſed giants that ever infeſted the earth. He marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in an engagement.

SAN. Oh lud! Oh lud! this is the country ſquire at the head of his pack of dogs.

QUIX. What, doſt thou mutter, varlet?

SAN. Why, Sir, this giant that your worſhip talks of is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more nor leſs than his kennel of fox-hounds.

QUIX. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of the iſland of Gogmogog, whoſe belly hath been the tomb of above a thouſand ſtrong men.

SAN. Of above a thouſand hogſheads of ſtrong beer, I believe.

QUIX. This muſt be the inchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But, thou ideot! doſt thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to viſit his miſtreſs?

SAN. Sir, your true Engliſh ſquire and his hounds are as inſeparable as the Spaniſh and his Toledo. He eats with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true arrant Engliſh ſquire is but the firſt dog-boy in his houſe.

QUIX. 'Tis pity then, that fortune ſhould contradict the order of nature. It was a wiſe inſtitution of Plato to educate children according to their minds,

not to their births; theſe ſquires ſhould ſow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I ſee a gentleman on his own coach-box, I regret the loſs which ſome one has had of a coachman; the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheaſant might ſerve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I ſee a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loſs of an excellent attorney. [*Singing within.*] But, hark, ſome courteous lady in the caſtle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR H. Tweed ſide.

Oh! think not the maid whom you ſcorn,
With riches delighted can be;
Had I a great princeſs been born,
My Billy had dear been to me.
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
In love there is nothing but charms;
On others your treaſures beſtow,
Give Billy alone to theſe arms.

In title and wealth what is loſt
In tenderneſs oft' is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may coſt;
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
Let gold's empty ſhew cheat the great;
We more real pleaſures will prove;
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage will love.

SCENE III.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SANCHO.

QUIX. Moſt illuſtrious and moſt mighty lord, how ſhall I ſufficiently pay you for thoſe ſounds with which I have been raviſh'd?

GUZ. Sir, I deſire no other payment but of this ſmall bill; your worſhip's cattle are ſaddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

QUIX. Nothing, my lord, ſhall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day ſeen within the caſtle walls be utterly demoliſhed.

GUZ.

GUZ. So! he has ſeen the ſirloin of beef at the fire, I find. [*Aſide.*]—But if your worſhip intends to ſtay any longer, I hope you deſign to ſatisfy this ſmall matter here: I am in great neceſſity, I aſſure you.

QUIX. To what mean actions does neceſſity force men! that ever a mighty lord ſhould be obliged to borrow money!

GUZ. I am aſhamed to aſk your worſhip ſo often for this trifle, but———

QUIX. My lord, I ſee you are; I ſee the generous confuſion which ſpreads your face.

GUZ. I am ſo poor, an't pleaſe your honour, that it will be quite charity to you. It is the ſame as if you gave it me.

QUIX. My lord, I am more confus'd than you; but do not think it a gift, ſince I ſee you ſo backward to receive it in that light. And ſince, my lord, every thing I have, ſaving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboſo her fixt and unalterable right, be juſtly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord. Sancho, pay his lordſhip a thouſand Engliſh guineas.

SAN. If your worſhip will pleaſe to tell me where I ſhall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honeſt man.

QUIX. Ceaſe thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

SAN. If I have ſeen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never ſee Tereſa Pancha again!

QUIX. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my ſquire, who, out of the ſpoils of ſo many giants he hath plundered, ſhould not have reſerv'd enough to oblige your lordſhip with ſuch a trifle; but, if you know any one who will diſemburſe that ſum, or any other, I will ſell him the reverſion of the next iſland I conquer.

GUZ. Do you make a jeſt of me, Sir?

QUIX. Be not incens'd; I am ſorry I am not able to give it you.

GUZ. Sorry, forſooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly; I fancy if I was to tell the exciſeman, and my brewer, I was ſorry I could not pay them, they

they would ſend me and my ſorrow to gaol together; in ſhort, Sir, I muſt and I will have my money.

SAN. You muſt get the philoſophers ſtone, before you can make any money of us.

GUZ. You ſhall neither eat nor drink any more in my houſe till I am paid, that I am reſolv'd. [*Exit.*

SAN. I wiſh your worſhip would think of changing your quarters; if it muſt be a blanketing, why let it be a blanketing. I have not eat any thing theſe twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I ſhall be ſo light, you may as well toſs a feather in a blanket.

QUIX. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee my ambaſſador.

SAN. Why truly, Sir, that's a poſt I ſhould like hugeouſly well; your baſſadours lead rare fat lives, they ſay; and I ſhould make a very good baſſadour, I can aſſure your worſhip.

QUIX. Thou ſhalt go my ambaſſador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboſo.

SAN. I ſuppoſe it is equal to your worſhip what court you ſend me to; and, to ſay the truth, I had rather go to ſome other; for though my lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet ſhe has got ſuch a woundy trick of being chanted—and I fancy your baſſadours fare but ill at your chanted courts.

QUIX. Reptile! reply not on thy life, but go and prepare thyſelf for thy journey; then come to me and receive farther inſtructions, for thou ſhalt ſet out this very evening.——But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III. Why will Floretla, &c.

[Dorothea *ſings within*]

The pain which tears my throbbing breaſt,
What language can deplore!
For how ſhould language have expreſt
A pain ne'er felt before?
In other virgin wounded hearts
Love's cruel ſports we ſee;
But the moſt cruel of his darts
He has reſerv'd for me.

QUIX.

QUIX. Unhappy princeſs!

DON. Thy curſe, O Tantalus! I'd prize;
Thy curſe a bliſs would prove.
Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
I could enjoy my love.
Inchanted thus, romances tell
Their moans poor virgins make;
But where is found the powerful ſpell,
Can this inchantment break?

QUIX. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, moſt adorable, though moſt unhappy princeſs; look forth, and behold whom fate hath ſent to your relief; the moſt renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whoſe victorious arm alone this adventure is reſerv'd.——Oh curſed inchanter, doſt thou keep this charming princeſs inviſible to my eyes? Open the caſtle-gates, open them this inſtant, whoever is on the guard, or you ſhall feel the force of my attack. You ſhall find, caitiffs, that one ſingle knight is too many for you all.

[*He attacks the walls, and breaks the wind.*

SCENE IV.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, *and Mob.*

GUZ. Heyday! What, in the Devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my houſe?

QUIX. Thou moſt uncourteous lord, deliver the princeſs whom thou ſo unjuſtly doſt detain, or think not that all the inchanters on earth ſhall preſerve thee from my vengeance.

GUZ. Don't tell me of princeſſes and lords, I'm no lord, I am an honeſt man; and I can tell you, you may be a gentleman, but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

QUIX. Deliver the princeſs, caitiff.

GUZ. Pay me my bill, Sir, and go out of my houſe, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll ſee whether a man is to have his victuals eat up, and drink drank

out, and windows broke, and his walls shatter'd, and his guests disturb'd, for nothing.

QUIX. Ungracious knight! who so often throwest in my teeth that small entertainment which thou art oblig'd to give men of my heroic profession.

GUZ. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

QUIX. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldest have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robb'd her of.

GUZ. Hear this, neighbours, I am accus'd of stealing plates and jewels, when every body knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house, but two bobs that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

QUIX. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, caitifs? Now thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight.

[*He drives them off, and Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Chamber.*

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOR. Ha, ha, ha! in spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woful Figure.

JEZ. Do you think, Madam, this is the very same Don——what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories?

DOR. The same; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel! I wish my adventures may end as happily as those of my name-sake Dorothea's did; I am sure they are very near as romantic: but have not I reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him?

him? The lover that does not putſly his miſtreſs's deſires is ſlow indeed.

JEZ. And let me tell you, Madam, he muſt be very ſwift who does.

AIR IV.

DOR. Oh haſten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire;
The wretch is too lazy and ſtupid,
Who leaves me but time to deſire.
Let prudes, who leave lovers in anguiſh,
Themſelves in their fonder fits ſtay;
But leave not the virgin to languiſh,
Who meets her true lover half away.

Well, I'm a mad girl; don't you think this huſband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful taſk to tame me?

JEZ. By what I can ſee, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himſelf.

SCENE VI.

SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

SAN. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princeſs: or are you both chanted princeſſes?

JEZ. What is it to you what we are, ſaucebox?

DOR. Peace, dear Jezebel.——This muſt be the illuſtrious Sancho himſelf.————I am the princeſs Indoccalambria.

SAN. My maſter, the knight of the Woful Figure, (and a woful figure he makes ſure enough) ſends your ladyſhip his humble ſervice, and hopes you will not take it amiſs that he has not been able to knock all the people in the houſe on the head: however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyſhip will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment: if the glazier had hir'd him he could not have done better.

DOR. Thou mighty ſquire of the moſt mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your maſter for

for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruis'd any more, for I am ſufficiently aſſur'd this adventure is reſerv'd for ſome other knight.

SAN. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things: one man gets an eſtate, by what another gets a halter. All is not fiſh that ſwims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds ſee each other's horns, when neither of them can ſee his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity ſeldom goes out of her own houſe: and ill-nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty, if you will believe her own glaſs; and few, if you will believe her neighbours.

DOR. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to ſee your illuſtrious maſter?

SAN. Nothing would rejoice his heart ſo much, Madam, unleſs he were to ſee my lady Dulcinea herſelf. Ah, Madam, might I hope your ladyſhip would ſpeak a good word for me?

DOR. Name it, and be aſſur'd of any thing in my power, honeſt Sancho.

SAN. If your princeſs-ſhip could but prevail on my maſter, that I might not be ſent home after my lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, Madam, I am ſo fond of the Engliſh roaſt beef and ſtrong beer, that I don't intend ever to ſet my foot in Spain again, if I can help it: give me a ſlice of roaſt beef, before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

DOR. Bravely ſaid, noble ſquire.

AIR V. The king's old courtier.

When mighty roaſt beef was the Engliſhman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our ſoldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good:
Oh the roaſt beef of old England,
And old England's roaſt beef.

Then,

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.
Oh the roast beef, &c.

SAN. Oh the roast beef, &c.

DOR. I have been told, noble squire, that you once impos'd a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

JEZ. Who, I?

SAN. Adod! your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has any body else, that I can hear of; and who my lady Dulcinea should be, I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whether he be mad or no. I am sure, if it was not for the sake of a little island that I am to govern, I should not have followed his errantries so long.

DOR. Fy, do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

SAN. Nay, Madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I shan't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to e'em; and yet he has talk'd what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bribe, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill, and leaps over a mountain: the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plumbs that makes a pudding; physic makes you first sick, and then well; wine first makes you well, and then sick.

JEZ. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

DOR. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the lady Dulcinea is

in the caſtle; we'll manage the matter ſo dexterouſly, you ſhall be in no danger of a diſcovery.

SAN. Since my bringing the laſt Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that; he that can ſwallow a gooſe, will hardly keck at a gander; the bear may well dance when the aſs plays on the fiddle. [*Exit* Sancho.

SCENE VII.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOR. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never diſbelieve a traveller; the knight and his ſquire are full as ridiculous as they were deſcribed: we ſhall have rare diverſion

JEZ. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

DOR. I've rather reaſon to think Dorothea ſo! I am ſure, when a lover ſuffers his miſtreſs to come firſt to the place of appointment, he cannot blame any innocent amuſement with which ſhe would ſhorten his abſence; and to confeſs a truth to you, while I am ſtill under apprehenſions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cauſe to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI. From Aberdeen to Edinburgh.

Happy the animals who ſtray
In freedom through the grove;
No laws in love they e'er obey,
But thoſe preſcrib'd by love:
While we, confin'd to parents rules,
Unfortunate, are told,
None follows love's ſweet laws but fools;
The wiſe are ſlaves to gold. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *The Street.*

Mr. MAYOR, *and a Voter.*

MAY. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this ſtrange man that is come to town, Don Quixote, as he calls himſelf?

VOT. Think, why, that he's a madman. What ſhould I think?

MAY.

MAY. 'Ecod! it runs in my head that he is come to ſtand for parliament-man.

VOT. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me he's a Spaniard?

MAY. What's that to us? let him look to his qualifications when we have choſe him. If he can't ſit in the houſe, that's his fault.

VOT. Nay, nay, he can't be choſe if he ſhould ſtand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promis'd Sir Thomas Loveland and Mr. Bouncer.

MAY. Pugh! all promiſes are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to ſmoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no oppoſition; and then we're ſold, neighbour.

VOT. No, no, neighbour; then we ſhall not be ſold, and that's worſe: but rather than it ſhould come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought Sir Thomas intended to ſteal us in this manner, he ſhould have no vote of mine, I aſſure you. I ſhall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

MAY. Then ſuppoſe we were to go in a body, and ſolicit Sir Don Quixote to ſtand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam it does not ſignify.

VOT. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

MAY. What's that, pr'ythee?

VOT. They ſay he has brought no money with him.

MAY. Ay, that indeed: but tho' he hath no money with him here, I am aſſur'd by his ſervant that he hath a very large eſtate; and ſo, if the other party come down handſomely with the ready, we may truſt him; for you know, at laſt, we have nothing to do but not to chooſe him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

VOT. I do not care to be ſold, neighbour.

MAY. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myſelf. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.

GUZZLE, MAYOR, RETAIL.

GUZ. Mr. Mayor, a good-morrow to you, Sir; are you for a whet, this morning?

MAY. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller!

GUZ. He's laid down to ſleep, I believe; pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him, I can't tell.

MAY. My neighbour and I have a ſtrange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no oppoſition, and that I believe you will feel the want of as much as any man. Now, d'ye ſee, we have taken it into conſideration, whether we ſhould not aſk this Sir Don to repreſent us.

GUZ. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a ſign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

MAY. You are too cautious, Maſter Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is ſome very rich man, who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other deſign in ſtaying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to ſtand on the court intereſt.

GUZ. Nay, nay, if he ſtands at all, it is on the court ſide, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princeſſes, and emperors, and empreſſes.

MAY. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

GUZ. He ſeems, indeed, to be damnably fond of free-quarter.

RET. But if you think he intends to offer himſelf, would it not be wiſer to let him; for then, you know, if he ſpends never ſo much, we ſhall not be oblig'd to chooſe him.

MAY. Brother alderman, I have reproved you already for that way of reaſoning; it ſavours too much of bribery. I like an oppoſition, becauſe otherwiſe a man may be oblig'd to vote againſt his party; therefore when we invite a gentleman to ſtand, we invite

him

him to ſpend his money for the honour of his party; and when both parties have ſpent as much as they are able, every honeſt man will vote according to his conſcience.

GUZ. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of ſenſe and honour, and it does me good to hear him.

MAY. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conſcience. I have very earneſtly recommended the country-intereſt to all my brethren; but before that, I recommended the town-intereſt, that is, the intereſt of this corporation; and firſt of all I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himſelf. And it is with a certain way of reaſoning, that he that ſerves me beſt will ſerve the town beſt; and he that ſerves the town beſt will ſerve the country beſt.

GUZ. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parſon of the pariſh himſelf can't out-talk him.

MAY. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink ſucceſs to the corporation: theſe times come but ſeldom, therefore we ought to make the beſt of them. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Chamber in the Inn.*

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

QUIXOTE.

THOU haſt, by this time, fully perceiv'd, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

SAN. Ay, and of 'ſquire-errantry too, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

QUIX. But virtue is its own reward.

SAN. Your worſhip may have a reliſh for theſe rewards, perhaps; but, to ſpeak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of theſe fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much

rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could reliſh it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and ſince you may provide for me in a much eaſier way, if I might be ſo bold as to ſpeak ——

QUIX. Thou knoweſt I will deny thee nothing, which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

SAN. Then if your worſhip wou'd be ſo good as to ſet me up in an inn, I ſhould make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the Engliſh.

QUIX. And could'ſt thou deſcend ſo low, ignoble wretch?

SAN. Any thing to get an honeſt livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for if I durſt ſpeak it ——

QUIX. Speak fearleſsly.——I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

SAN. Why then I find, Sir, that we are look'd on here to be, neither more nor leſs, better nor worſe, than a couple of madmen.

QUIX. Sancho, I am not concern'd at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we conſider who are their favourites, we ſhall have no reaſon to be ſo fond of their applauſe. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocriſy is the deity they worſhip. Is not the lawyer often call'd an honeſt man, when for a ſneaking fee he pleads the villain's cauſe, or attempts to extort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the phyſician live well in his neighbourhood, while he ſuffers them to bribe his ignorance to their deſtruction? But why ſhould I mention thoſe whoſe profeſſion 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men, but the poverty, the vice, and the miſery of others? This, Sancho, they are ſenſible of; and therefore, inſtead of endeavouring to make himſelf better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worſe. Each man riſes to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one, by the deſtruction of thouſands. Theſe are the general objects of the good opinion of men: nay,

and

and that which is profeſs'd to be paid to virtue is ſeldom more to any thing than a ſupercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good-natur'd man? Why, one who, ſeeing the want of his friend, cries he pities him. Is this real? No: if it was, he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and inſult: it ariſes from his pride, not from his compaſſion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I'm not mad enough to court their approbation.

SAN. Oh! good your worſhip, proceed: I could faſt an hour longer to hear your diſcourſe.

SCENE II.

GUZZLE, *Don* QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

GUZ. An't pleaſe your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

QUIX. Give him admittance. This is the chief magiſtrate of the place, who comes, I ſuppoſe, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come ſooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omiſſion. In the mean while, Sancho, poſt thou away this inſtant to Toboſo; and heaven proſper thy embaſſy.

SAN. Proſperity may travel with me without tiring itſelf. *Aſide.*

SCENE III.

MAYOR, *Don* QUIXOTE.

MAY. I am your honour's moſt humble ſervant.

QUIX. Sir, I am glad to ſee you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

MAY. Yes, an't pleaſe your honour. I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I ſhould have done myſelf the pleaſure to have waited on you ſooner, but I was quite ignorant of the deſign with which you came hither.

QUIX. Be ſeated, Sir; you are a worthy man, and, ſo your praiſe be it ſpoken, the firſt that has done his duty ſince my arrival.

MAY. I can't anſwer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any

in all England, and I believe highly ſenſible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his ſtrength till he tries it; and, notwithſtanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long-Purſe, if you oppoſe him briſkly, I dare anſwer for your ſucceſs.

QUIX. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppoſe? Tho' he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I ſhould not fear him.

MAY. This is a ſpecial ſtick of wood, I find.—— A benefit-ticket, adod. [*Aſide.*

QUIX. I ſee the reaſon of your apprehenſion; you have heard of my ill ſucceſs in my laſt adventure—— that was not my fault! [*Sighing.*

MAY. I ſee he has been thrown out at ſome place already.——I don't in the leaſt, Sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on theſe occaſions.

QUIX. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

MAY. Be not ſo paſſionate, Sir; this I aſſure you, you will do your buſineſs with leſs than any other. I, ſuppoſe, Sir, it may lie in your power to do ſome ſervices to this town.

QUIX. Be aſſur'd it does. I will, for your ſake, preſerve it for ever from any inſults. No armies ſhall ever do you any harm.

MAY. I aſſure you, Sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep ſoldiers from quartering upon us, we ſhall make very little difficulty in the affair: but I hope your honour will conſider that the town is very poor, Sir; a little circulation of money amongſt us would——

QUIX. Sir, you make me concern'd that it is not now in my power to give whatever you deſire; but reſt ſecure of this, there is not one whom you ſhall recommend, that ſhall not, within this twelvemonth, be a governor of an iſland.

MAY. This is a courtier, I find, by his promiſes. [*Aſide.*

QUIX. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the caſtle?

MAY. Yes, Sir, he is now at Loveland caſtle, a ſeat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day

day before your honour came to town, ranging for a knight of his acquaintance, with no leſs than ſix hundred freeholders at his heels.

QUIX. Humph! thoſe are a ſort of ſoldiers I never heard of in Spain.———How are they arm'd?

MAY. Arm'd, Sir?

QUIX. Ay; with carbines, with muſkets, ſpears, piſtols, ſwords, or how? I aſk, that I may chooſe proper weapons to encounter them.

MAY. Ha, ha! your honour is pleas'd to be merry: why truly, Sir, they were pretty well arm'd when they went out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at leaſt.

QUIX. Baſe-born cowards! who owe their courage to the ſpirit of their wine! But be eaſy, Sir, within theſe two days, not one of them ſhall be alive.

MAY. Marry, Heavens forbid! ſome of them are as honeſt gentlemen as any in the country.

QUIX. Ha! honeſt! and in the train of the knight of the Long-Purſe! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a deſtroyer of orphans, a deſpoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives——

MAL. Who, Sir Thomas Loveland, Sir? Why you don't know him. He's as good-natur'd, civil a gentleman, as a man may ſay——

QUIX. Why then do you petition me againſt him?

MAY. Nay, Sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleaſes, one man's money is as good as another's. You ſeem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you ſtand againſt him, I don't know which would carry it: but this, I believe, you gueſs already, that he who ſpends moſt would not have the leaſt chance.

QUIX. Ha! caitif! doſt thou think I would condeſcend to be the patron of a place ſo mercenary? If my ſervices cannot procure me the election, doſt thou think that my money ſhould make me their knight? What ſhould I get by undertaking the protection of this city and caſtle, but dangers, difficulties, toils, and inchantments? Hence from my ſight! or by the peerleſs Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood ſhall pay the affront thou haſt given my honour.——Was it for this that I was choſen in full ſenate the patron of la Mancha?

God's

Gods! to what will mankind degenerate! where not only the vile neceſſaries of life, but even honours, which ſhould be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money.

SCENE IV. *Another Chamber.*

Squire BADGER, SCUT, *his huntſmen, and* GUZZLE.

BADGER. That's it, honey's, Oh! that's it.—What, have you no company in the houſe, landlord? Could not you find out an honeſt lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

GUZ. Faith, noble ſquire, I wiſh you had ſpoke a little ſooner; Mr. Permit the officer is juſt gone out of the houſe; your worſhip wou'd have lik'd him hugely; he is rare good company.

BADG. Well, but hang it, haſt thou nobody?

GUZ. I have not one gueſt in the houſe, Sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a ſquire, as he calls himſelf.

BADG. Squire! who, pr'ythee?

GUZ. Squire——It is a curſed hard name, I never can remember. Squire Pancho, Sancho——he calls himſelf.

BADG. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey!

GUZ. Sir, I don't know what he is: his maſter and he have been here in my houſe this month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wiſh the devil had 'em before I had ſeen 'em, the ſquire and his maſter both.

BADG. What, has the ſquire a maſter?

GUZ. I don't know which is maſter, nor which is man, not I; ſometimes I think one is maſter, and then again I think it is t'other.——I am ſure I had rather be the ſquire, for he ſleeps moſt, and eats moſt; he is as bad as a greyhound in a houſe; there is no laying down any thing eatable, but if you turn your back, flap, he has it up.——As for the knight, as he calls himſelf, he has more to pay for breaking windows, than eating: wou'd I were well rid of him!

He

He will fit you ſometimes in the yard to guard the caſtle, as he calls it; but I am afraid his deſign is to rob the houſe, if he could catch an opportunity. I don't underſtand one word in ten of what he ſays; he talks of giants, and caſtles, and queens, and princeſſes, and chanters, and magicians, and Dulcineas; he has been a mighty traveller, it ſeems.

BADO. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my ſervice to him, and tell him I ſhould be glad of his company; go.

GUZ. I am afraid he is not in any of the beſt humours, for he was moſt confoundedly drubb'd juſt now.

BADO. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is ſome of the beſt phyſick for him. Come, Scut, ſit down, and ſing that ſong onee more.

AIR VII. Mother, quouh Hodge, &c.

SCUT. The doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a ſcore;
Of all the beſt drugs the Diſpenſaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one diſeaſe, and no more.
But here's the juice,
Of ſovereign uſe,
'Twill cure your diſtempers, whatever they be;
In body, or ſpirit,
Wherever you bear it;
Take of this a large doſe, and it ſoon ſets you free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your loſſes a doſe of good claret can heal;
Or if you have been a director yourſelf,
'Twill teach you no loſs of your honour to feel.
Stocks fall or riſe,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune here remedy finds;
If Silvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel,
'Twill ſoon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, SCUT, *and* BADGER.

QUIX. Moſt illuſtrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiſs your hands.

BADG. Your ſervant, Sir, your ſervant.——A deviliſh odd figure this. [*Aſide.*

QUIX. To meet a perſon of your diſtinction, is a happineſs I little expected; for I am much miſtaken, but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

BADG. Or of the Black Cap, Sir, if you pleaſe.

QUIX. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this caſtle; and I wiſh the atchievement of this glorious adventure, in which I have been, by the curſed power of inchantment, foil'd, may be reſerv'd for you.

BADG. This is honeſt couſin Tom, faith, as mad as a March-hare. [*Aſide.*

QUIX. Would you gueſs, Sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous perſon, the lord of this caſtle, ſhould detain within his walls the moſt beautiful princeſs in the univerſe?

BADG. The devil he does?

QUIX. Inchanted; and, if I miſtake not, by that inchanter Merlin; I humbly ſuppoſe, the delivery of this princeſs was the deſign with which you came to this caſtle.

BADG. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll deliver her, I warrant you: but come, Sir——Pray, Sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

QUIX. I am known, Sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woful Figure.

BADG. Sir knight of the Woful Figure, will you pleaſe to ſit down? Come, Sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, Sir knight of the Woful Figure, have you been in theſe parts?

QUIX. It is not, Sir knight of the Black Cap, the buſineſs of a knight-errant to number time, like the inte-

inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have ſojourn'd longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom?

BADG. Oh, numberleſs!—There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the poſt; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

QUIX. Well may this kingdom be ſaid to be happy, when ſo many knights conſpire for its ſafety.

BADG. Come, let us be merry; we'll have a hunting ſong.——Sir knight, I ſhould be glad to ſee you at my country-ſeat. Come, Scut, ſing away.

AIR VIII. There was a jovial beggar, &c.

SCUT. The duſky night rides down the ſky,
And uſhers in the morn:
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntſman winds his horn:
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her huſband throws
Her arms, and begs his ſtay;
My dear, it rains, and hails, and ſnows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a hunting we will go.

A bruſhing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we ſeek;
For why, I carry'd, found and good,
A cartload there laſt week.
And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their ſteeds all ſpur and ſwitch;
Some are thrown in, and ſome thrown out,
And ſome thrown in the ditch:
But a hunting we will go.

At length his ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
Poor Renard ceaſes flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feaſt away the night:
Then a drinking we will go.

BADG

BADG. Ha, ha, ha! Sir Knight of the Woeful Figure; this is the life, Sir, of moſt of our knights in England.

QUIX. Hunting is a manly exercife, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the buſineſs of a knight-errant to rid the world of other ſorts of animals than foxes.

BADG. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the moſt beautiful woman in the world.

QUIX. Ha, caitif! doſt thou dare ſay that in my preſence, forgetting that the peerleſs Dulcinea yet lives? Confeſs thy fault this inſtant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who ſhall dare diſpute the incomparableneſs of that divine lady.

BADG. Throw by your ſpit, Sir; throw by your ſpit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your lanthorn jaws into your throat, you raſcal.

[*Squire* Badger *offers to ſtrike* Don Quixote.

GUZ. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! Dear ſquire, let him alone.

QUIX. Ha! have I diſcovered thee, impoſtor! Thanks, moſt incomparable lady, that haſt not ſuffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the baſe blood of that impoſtor ſquire.

SCENE VI.

DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, *Squire* BADGER.

SAN. Oh, Sir, I have been ſeeking your honour; I have ſuch news to tell you!

QUIX. Sancho, uncaſe this inſtant, and handle that ſquire as he deſerves.

SAN. My lady Dulcinea, Sir——

QUIX. Has been abus'd, has been injur'd, by the ſlanderous tongue of that ſquire.

SAN. But, Sir——

QUIX. If thou expecteſt to live a moment, anſwer me not a word, till that caitif hath felt thy fiſt.

SAN. Nay, Sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff

or

or two goes.——I hate your ſquire errants that carry arms about them.

BADG. I'll box you firſt one hand, ſecond with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you——If I don't lamb thee! [*They both fight.*

SAN. May be not, brother ſquire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into a battle, and are carry'd out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many a ſtone of fleſh; dead men pay no ſurgeons; ſafer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, tho' not ſo honourable; a wiſe man would be a ſoldier in time of peace, and a parſon in time of war.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. GUZZLE, *Squire* BADGER, SANCHO.

MRS. GUZ. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your maſter out of my houſe, for a couple of pickpockets as you are,——Sir, I hope your worſhip will not be angry with us.

BADG. Stand away, landlord, ſtand away.——If I don't lick him!

SAN. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you——I don't fear you.

MRS. GUZ. Get you out, you raſcal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you;——I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain, you; I'll curry you, ſirrah.

SCENE VIII.

FAIRLOVE, *Squire* BADGER.

FAIR. I am ſorry to ſee a gentleman inſulted, Sir. What was the occaſion of this fray?

BADG. I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir.

FAIR. Sir!

BADG. I ſay, Sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir?

FAIR.

FAIR. You are merry, Sir.

BADG. Ay, Sir, and you would have been merry too, had you seen such a fight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn, that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

FAIR. Perhaps he is your rival, Sir.

BADG. Odd! that's like enough now I think on't; who knows but this may be that son of a whore, Fairlove, whom I have been told on?

FAIR. Ha!

BADG. As sure as a gun—this is he——Odsbodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste, I can tell you that.

FAIR. Do you travel towards London, Sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

BADG. No, Sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

FAIR. Perhaps you are going to Sir Thomas Loveland's?

BADG. Do you know Sir Thomas then, Sir?

FAIR. Very intimately well, Sir.

BADG. Give me your hand, Sir.——You are an honest cock, I warrant you.——Why, Sir, I am going to fall in love with Sir Thomas's daughter.

FAIR. You can't avoid that, Sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

BADG. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know, the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit: Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife, as her having more sense than himself.

AIR

AIR IX. Lilibulero.

Like gold to a Miſer, the wit of a laſs
More trouble than joy to her huſband may bring.

FAIR. That fault's in the miſer, and not in the maſs;
He knows not to uſe ſo precious a thing.

BADG. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;
A price for that treaſure ſome huſbands have paid.

FAIR. But wit will conceal it;
And if you don't feel it,
A horn's but a pimple ſcarce ſeen on your head.

SCENE IX.

FAIRLOVE, *Squire* BADGER, JOHN.

JOHN. Sir, Sir!

FAIR. Well, what now?

JOHN. [*Whiſpers.*]

FAIR. How! here?

JOHN. I ſaw her, Sir, upon my honour.

FAIR. I am the happieſt of mankind. [*Aſide.*]—Brother traveller, farewell.

BADG. What, ſhan't we drink together?

FAIR. Another time, Sir; I am in a little haſte at preſent——[*Aſide.*] Harkye, John, I leave you with my rival: I need ſay no more.——Dear Dorothea, ten thouſand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

JOHN, *Squire* BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

BADG. Harkye, miſter; what is your maſter's name, pray?

JOHN. Maſter, Sir?

BADG. I ſay, your maſter's name.

JOHN. What do you ſee in me that ſhould make you aſk me my maſter's name? I ſuppoſe you would take it very ill of me, if I were to aſk you what your maſter's

maſter's name is? Do I look ſo little like a gentleman as to ſtand in need of a maſter?

BADG. Oh, Sir, I aſk your pardon; your dreſs, Sir, was the occaſion of my miſtake.

JOHN. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dreſs ſo very like one another, that it is ſomewhat difficult to know which is which.

BADG. May be, Sir, then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

JOHN. A travelling acquaintance.

BADG. May I crave his name, Sir?

JOHN. Oh, Sir, his name, his name, Sir, is Sir Gregory Nebuchaddonnezzar. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a going into Cornwal, to take poſſeſſion of a ſmall eſtate of twenty thouſand pounds a year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's miſtreſs, with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, Sir, univerſally eſteem'd in the beau monde.

BADG. Beau monde! Pray, what's that?

JOHN. Beau monde, Sir, is as much as to ſay, a man of figure; when you ſay, he is a man of the beau monde, you mean juſt ſuch another perſon as I am.

BADG. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

JOHN. Oh, Sir! we of the beau monde are never offended at ignorance.

QUIX. [*Within.*] Avaunt, caitifs!——Think not, thou moſt accurſed giant, ever to enter within this caſtle, to bring any more captive princeſſes hither.

BADG. Heyday! what's the matter now?

COACHMAN. [*Within.*] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad?

QUIX. You, my lord of the caſtle, ſuffer them to be open'd at your peril.

JOHN. One might think, by this noiſe, that we were at the outſide of the Opera-houſe at a ridotto.

SCENE

SCENE XI.

MRS. GUZZLE, JOHN, *Squire* BADGER.

MRS. GUZ. For Heaven's ſake, gentlemen, come and aſſiſt us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my houſe; he won't ſuffer the ſtage-coach to come into the yard. Dear, good gentlemen, come and ſpeak to him.——Oh! that ever I ſhould live to ſee him!

JOHN. I am too much a gentleman not to aſſiſt a lady in diſtreſs.——Come, Sir.

BADG. After you, Sir; I'm not quite unbred.

JOHN. O, dear Sir.

SCENE XII. *A Yard.*

DON QUIXOTE, *arm'd cap-a-pee, his lance in his hand*; SANCHO, GUZZLE, *Squire* BADGER, JOHN, *Mrs.* GUZZLE.

COACHMAN. [*Within.*] If you don't open the gates this inſtant, I'll go to another inn.

BRIEF. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your houſe indicted; I'll have your ſign taken down.

GUZ. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard. ——Will you let me open the gates, or no, Sir?

QUIX. Open them, and I will ſhew you that I want no walls to ſecure me.—Open them, I ſay.——You ſhall ſee the force of one ſingle knight.

MRS. GUZ. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

JOHN. This is the moſt comical dog I ever ſaw in my life. [*Aſide.*

BADG. If I have any thing to ſay to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts that moment!

GUZ There, the gates are open.

QUIX. Now, thou peerleſs princeſs, Dulcinea. [*Exit.*

COACHMAN. Gee, gee, boys, hup! [*Exeunt* Sancho, &c.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. GUZZLE, *Mr.* BRIEF, *Dr.* DRENCH, *Mr.* SNEAK, *Mrs.* SNEAK, *Miss* SNEAK, *Maid with candles.*

MRS. SNEAK. Don't be frightened, my dear, there is no danger now.

MR. SNEAK. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advis'd, we had been in a fine condition.

BRIEF. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caus'd all this rout?

MRS. GUZ. Oh! dear Mr. Counſellor, I am almoſt frightened out of my wits; he is the devil, I think.—I can't get him out of my houſe.

BRIEF. What, have you no juſtice of the peace near you? You ſhould apply to a juſtice of peace. The law provides a very good remedy for theſe ſort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands. Dr. Drench, do you know no neighbouring juſtice?

DRENCH. What, do you talk of a juſtice? The man is mad, and phyſick is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myſelf, after ſupper.

MRS. SNEAK. I wiſh, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and ſee what we can have for ſupper.

MR. SNEAK. Yes, my dear. [*Exit.*

BRIEF. Ay, do; the freſh air of the Downs, I proteſt, has got me an appetite.——Ladies, how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm.

MRS. SNEAK. You are a merry man, Mr. Counſellor. Come, child.

MRS. GUZ. This way, ladies. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE XIV.

Mr. BRIEF, *Dr.* DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, *Squire* BADGER, JOHN.

BADG. Huzza! hark! hark!——Agad, he has routed the coach and horſes bravely! My landlord

and

and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

QUIX. Moſt illuſtrious and high lords, it is with great pleaſure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerleſs Dulcinea. I deſire therefore no other return, but that you both repair immediately to Toboſo, and render yourſelves at her feet.

DRENCH. Poor man! poor man! he muſt be put to bed. I ſhall apply ſome proper remedies. His frenzy is very high; but I hope we ſhall be able to take it off.

BRIEF. His frenzy! his roguery. The fellow's a rogue: he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law againſt him.

QUIX. Sancho, do you attend thoſe princes to the richeſt and moſt beautiful apartments.—Moſt illuſtrious princes, the governor of this caſtle is an inchanter: but be not alarm'd at it; for all the powers of hell ſhall not hurt you. I will myſelf keep on the guard all this night for your ſafety; and to-morrow I expect you ſet forward for Toboſo.

DRENCH. Galen calls this phrenzy the phrenabracum.

BRIEF. My Lord Coke brings theſe people into the number of common cheats.

DRENCH. I ſhall order him bleeding, gliſtering, vomiting, purging, bliſtering, and cupping.

BRIEF. He may, beſides an action of aſſault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may alſo have an action of damages and treſpaſſes laid on him.—— In ſhort, if he be worth five thouſand pounds, I don't queſtion but to action him out on't ——Come, doctor, if you pleaſe we will attend the ladies. [*Exeunt.*

BADG. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know who theſe people were you called princes?

QUIX. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

BADG. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a phyſician.

QUIX. Monſtrous inchantment! what odd ſhapes

this Merlin transforms the greateſt people into! But knight-errantry will be too hard for him at laſt. [*Exit.*

JOHN. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

BABG. If you will accept of one bottle of a brother traveller, it is at your ſervice.

JOHN. With all my heart, Sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champaigne in his houſe. [*Exeunt.*

SAN. Hey! is the coaſt clear'd? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad maſter of mine diſpoſed himſelf? for mad he is now, that's certain; this laſt adventure has put it out of all manner of diſpute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee? Would it not be the wiſeſt way to look out for ſome new maſter, while thou haſt any whole bones in thy ſkin? And yet I can't find in my heart to forſake my old one, at leaſt till I have got this ſmall iſland; and then, perhaps, when I have it, I ſhall loſe it again, as I did my former government.——Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an iſland more, I'll act like other wiſe governors, fall to plundering as faſt as I can; and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X. Black Joke.

The more we ſee of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find,
In every land as well as Spain:
For would he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains he muſt live;
For nought but rogues in vales remain.
The miſer and the man will trick,
The miſtreſs and the maid will nick.
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore;
There's not one honeſt man in a ſcore,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Room.*

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, *Mrs.* GUZZLE.

FAIRLOVE.

DEPEND on it, you ſhall be made amends for your damage you have ſuſtain'd from this heroic knight and his ſquire.

MRS. GUZ. You look like a very honourable gentleman, Sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

DOR. But pray, Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dreſs, in which the lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

MRS. GUZ. About a month ago, Madam, there was a company of ſtage-players here, and they ſtaid for above a fortnight acting their ſhows; but, I don't know how it happen'd, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; ſo at laſt they all ran away, except the queen, whom I made bold to ſtrip of her finery, which is all that I have to ſhew for their whole reckoning.

DOR. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling princeſs!

MRS. GUZ. The devil travel with her to the world's end, ſo ſhe travel not hither. Send me any thing but ſtage-players and knight errants. I'm ſure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyſhip think it, Madam, beſide other articles, ſhe ran in tick twenty ſhillings for thunder and lightning?

SCENE II.

JEZEBEL, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, *Mrs.* GUZZLE.

DOR. Behold the peerleſs princeſs! ha, ha, ha! Oh, I ſhall die! ha, ha, ha!

SAN. Zooks! ſhe'll put the real Dulcinea out of

countenance, for no ſuch gorgeous fine lady have I ſeen in all Toboſo.

FAIR Is the knight appris'd, Mr. Sancho, of the approach of his miſtreſs?

SAN. Yes, Sir; it had like to have coſt me dear, I'm ſure; for when I told him of it, he gave me ſuch a hug that I thought I ſhould never have fetch'd breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the lady Dulcinea herſelf,

DOR. But why booted and ſpurr'd, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

SAN. Yes, Madam; your ladyſhip knows I was ordered to go for my lady Dulcinea; ſo what does I, but rides into the kitchen, where I whipt and ſpurr'd about a ſurloin of roaſt-beef, for a full half hour. Then ſlap, I returned to my maſter, whom I found leaning upon his ſpear, with his eyes lifted up to the ſtars, calling out upon my Toboſo lady, as if the devil were in his guts; as ſoon as he ſees me, Sancho, ſays he, with a voice like a great gun, wilt thou never have ſufficiently ſtuffed thy wallet? Wilt thou never ſet out for Toboſo? Heaven bleſs your honour's worſhip, and keep you in your ſenſes, ſays I; I am juſt return'd from thence; I am ſure, if you felt half the wearineſs in your bones that I do, you'd think you ſet out with a vengeance. Truly then, Sancho, thou muſt have travelled by chantment. I don't know whether I travelled by chantment; but this I know, that about five miles off I met my lady Dulcinea. How! ſays he, and gave ſuch a ſpring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. Ay, ſays he, ſure I know her ladyſhip. He that has ſtood in the pillory, ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman, who walks the ſtreets, ought to know whether they are pav'd or no.

JEZ. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

SAN. Your ladyſhip need not fear that. I dare ſwear he loves your ladyſhip ſo much, he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he's one of your high bred ſort of gentry, and knows his diſtance.

JEZ. Should he offer to touch me I ſhould faint.

SAN.

SAN. If your ladyſhip pleaſes, I'll convey you to proper place, where you may ſee my maſter; and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

MRS. GUZ. I'll go ſee this ſhow, I'm reſolv'd; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my gueſts is the maddeſt.

SCENE III.

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

DOR. Shall we follow to the window, and ſee the ſport?

FAIR. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at this time?

DOR. Had I found you at my firſt arrival, I ſhould ſcarce have invented this deſign; but I cannot ſee any retardment 'twill be to our purpoſe.

FAIR. Why ſhould we not fly away this inſtant? who knows but you may be purſued? I ſhall have no eaſy moment till you are mine beyond any poſſibility of loſing you.

DOR. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken ſuch meaſures, I ſhall not be miſs'd till then; beſides, I think there was ſomething ſo lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter, that I cannot ſuſpect the happy ſucceſs of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as ſure it would be always in your will, as it will be in your power, to make me happy! But when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a juſt occaſion then for fear?

FAIR. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI. Have you heard of a frolickſome ditty, &c.

Would fortune, the truth to diſcover,
Of him you ſuſpect as a rover,
Bid me be to ſome princeſs a lover,
No princeſs would Billy purſue.

DOR. Would Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch ſhould meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

FAIR. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying,
Is a feaſt that could never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kiſſing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.
DOR. With thee I'm ſo bleſt beyond meaſure,
I laugh at all offers of treaſure;
I laugh at all offers of pleaſure;
Thou art all my joy and my ſtore.
BOTH. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.

Servants with lights before Sir THOMAS *and* GUZZLE.

SIR THO. Landlord, how fares it? You ſeem to drive a humming trade here.

GUZ. Pretty well, conſidering the hardneſs of the times, an't pleaſe your honour.

SIR. THO. Better times are a coming, a new election is not far off.

GUY. Ay, Sir, if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a ſhift to pick up a livelihood.

SIR THO. Once a year! why, thou unconſionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to ſupply us with malt. But pr'ythee whom haſt thou in thy houſe, any honeſt fellows? Ha!

GUZ. Here's lawyer Brief, Sir, and Dr. Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; and there's one ſquire Badger of Somerſetſhire,

SIR THO. Oho! give my ſervice to him inſtantly; tell him I ſhould be very glad to ſee him.

GUZ. Yes, an't pleaſe your honour. [*Exit.*

SIR THO. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney, the dog is not ſound at the bottom; however, I muſt keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my ſon-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to ſee; I am ſure his eſtate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if ſhe can but like his perſon; and if he be deſcrib'd right to me, I don't ſee how ſhe can fail of doing that.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Sir THOMAS, *Squire* BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.

GUZ. Here's the ſquire, an't pleaſe your honour.

SIR THO. Mr. Badger, I am your moſt humble ſervant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myſelf the honour, Sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

BADG. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you may be Sir Thomas Loveland.

SIR THO. At your ſervice, Sir.

BADG. Then I wiſh, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

SIR THO. Ha, ha! you are merry, Sir.

BADG. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry, if you had been in ſuch company as I have been in. My lord! 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! Sir Thomas, my lord Slang is one of the merrieſt men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of ſuch ſtories!

JOHN. I proteſt, Sir, you are ſo extremely well-bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

SIR THO. I ſuppoſe this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and ſo he wears his own livery.

BADG. I wiſh, my lord, you would tell Sir Thomas the ſtory about you and the dutcheſs of what d'ye call her. Odſheart! it is one of the pleaſanteſt ſtories! about how ſhe met him in the dark at a maſquerade, and about how ſhe gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a———

JOHN. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

BADG. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, Sir, if I was not partly engag'd in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord, where women are, it ſeems, as plenty as rabbets in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before, as I do now, I believe I ſhou'd ſcarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord ſays, here, a man may have your great ſort of ladies, only for wearing a

broider'd coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow.

SIR THO. I believe, Sir, my daughter won't force ye againſt your inclination.

BADG. Force me! no; I believe not Icod; I ſhould be glad to ſee a woman that ſhould force me. If you come to that, Sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your daughter neither.

SIR THO. This fellow's a great fool; but his eſtate muſt not be loſt. [*Aſide.*] — You miſunderſtand me, Sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of, from either me or my daughter.

BADG. Nay, Sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come, father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what ſay you to a cheriſhing cup; and you ſhall hear ſome of my lord's ſtories?

SIR THO. As far as one bottle, ſquire, but you muſt not exceed.

BADG. Nay, nay, you may e'en ſneak off when you pleaſe: my lord and I here are very good company by ourſelves. Pray, my lord, go firſt; I'd have you think I have got ſome manners. [*Exeunt.*

SIR THO. A very hopeful ſpark this. But he has a great eſtate; and I have no notion of refuſing an eſtate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI. *The yard.*

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

QUIX. How far do you think the advanc'd guards are yet from the caſtle?

SAN. Sir!

QUIX. But perhaps ſhe may chooſe to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater expedition, have left thoſe curs'd, uſeleſs, heavy troops, her horſe-guards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didſt thou number?

SAN. Truly, Sir, they were ſo many, I could not number them. I dare ſwear there were a good round baker's dozen, at leaſt.

QUIX.

QUIX. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debaſing the greateſt things in thy vile phraſes. Wilt thou eternally put my patience to the teſt? Take heed, unworthy ſquire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerleſs princeſs, thou doſt it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou doſt, by all the powers of this invincible arm ——

SAN. Oh, ſpare me, ſpare me!——And if ever I offend your worſhip any more, if ever I crack a jeſt on my lady Dulcinea ——

QUIX. Proceed! What knights attend her preſence?

SAN. They make ſuch a glittering, Sir, 'tis impoſſible to know one from the other; they look for all the world, at a diſtance, like a flock of ſheep.

QUIX. Ha! again!

SAN. Nay, Sir, if your worſhip won't let a man talk in his own language, he muſt e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varſity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phraſe may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds: many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

QUIX. Ceaſe thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me, is not the knight of the Black Eagle there?

SAN. Ay marry is he, Sir; and he of the Black Ram too. On they trot, Sir, cheek by jole, Sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a ſcore dozen maids of honour; 'twou'd have done your heart good to ſee her, ſhe looks e'en juſt like ——

QUIX. Like a milk-white dove amongſt a flight of crows.

SAN. To all the world, like a new half crown-piece, amongſt a heap of old braſs farthings.

SCENE VII.

DRAWER *with a light*, BRIEF, *Don* QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

DRAW. This way, Sir, take care how you tread.

QUIX. Ha! ſhe approaches! the torches are already

ready arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou moſt welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee.

BRIEF. Let me alone pr'ythee, fellow, or I ſhall have you laid by the heels; what, do you mean to rob me, hey?

QUIX. Is it poſſible, the mighty Fulgoran ſhould not know me?

BRIEF. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, Sirrah, you may be try'd on the black act, for going about diſguis'd in this manner; and, but that I ſhall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment wou'd lie on that act ——

QUIX. Behold, Sir, my lady Dulcinea herſelf.

BRIEF. Light on, boy; the next juſtice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution againſt ſuch fellows.

SCENE VIII.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO, JEZEBEL.

QUIX. O moſt illuſtrious and moſt mighty princeſs, with what looks ſhall I behold you? With what words ſhall I thank you for this infinite goodneſs to your unworthy knights?

JEZ. Riſe, Sir.

QUIX. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodneſs; tho' to ſee you be inexpreſſible happineſs, yet to ſee you here gives me ſome uneaſineſs: for, O moſt adorable princeſs, this caſtle is inchanted, giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

JEZ. Could I but be aſſured of your conſtancy, I ſhould have no fear; but, alas! there are ſo many inſtances of perjur'd men.

AIR XII. Cold and raw, &c.

A virgin once was walking along,
In the ſweet month of July,
Blooming, beautiful and young,
She met with a ſwain unruly;

Within

Within his arms the nymph he caught,
And ſwore he'd love her truly;
The maid remember'd, the man forgot,
What paſt in the month of July.

QUIX. Eternal curſes light on all ſuch perjur'd wretches!

JEZ. But tho' you may be conſtant at firſt, when we have been married a great while, and have had ſeveral children, you may leave me, and then I ſhould break my heart.

QUIX. Rather may the univerſal frame of nature be diſſolv'd! periſh firſt, all honeſty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itſelf, that quinteſſence of all!

JEZ. Cou'd I always remain young as I am now—but alack-a-day I ſhall grow old, and then you will forſake me for ſome younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men, you all love young fleſh. You all ſing.

AIR XIII. Giminiani's minuet.

Sweet's the little maid,
That has not learnt her trade,
Fears, yet languiſhes to be taught;
Tho' ſhe's ſhy and coy,
Still ſhe'll give you joy,
When ſhe's once to compliance brought.
Women full of ſkill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

QUIX. Oh moſt divine princeſs! whoſe voice is infinitely ſweeter than the nightingale! Oh, charm my ears no more with ſuch tranſporting melody, leſt I find my joy too exquiſite for ſenſe to bear!

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

DOR. Pity, illuſtrious knight; oh, pity an unhappy princeſs, who has no hopes of ſafety, but from your victorious arm. This inſtant I am purſu'd by a mighty giant.

QUIX. Oh, moſt adorable Dulcinea! unleſs ſome affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

JEZ. You can't oblige me more.

SAN. Nor me leſs; Oh! the devil take all giant adventures; now ſhall I have my bones broke; I'd give an arm or two to ſecure the reſt, with all my heart; I'll e'en ſneak off if I can, and preſerve the whole.

QUIX. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front, and receive the firſt onſet of the enemy, that ſo I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to ſtrike off his.

SAN. Ah, Sir, I have been a ſquire-erranting to ſome purpoſe truly, if I don't know better than to ſtand before my maſter. Beſides, Sir, every man in his way. I am the worſt man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.

JOHN, FAIRLOVE, *Don* QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

JOHN. Oh Sir, undone, ruin'd! Sir Thomas himſelf is in the inn; you are diſcover'd, and here he comes with a hundred and fifty people, to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

FAIR. We know it, we know it.

QUIX. And were he to bring as many thouſand—I'll ſhew him one ſingle knight may be too many for them all.

FAIR. Ten thouſand thanks, great knight; by *Heavens!* I'll die by your ſide, before I'll loſe her.

QUIX.

Quix. Now, thou moſt adorable princeſs Dulcinea del Toboſo, now ſhine with all thy influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [*Within.*] Where is my daughter, villains? where is my daughter?

Quix. Oh, thou curſed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice; have at thee, caitif.

Dor. Dear Jezebel, I am frighten'd out of my wits; my father or Mr. Fairlove will be deſtroy'd.—I am reſolv'd I'll ruſh into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

Jez. Do ſo; and in the mean time I'll into the cloſet, and put an end to a ſmall bottle I have there; I proteſt I am horribly frighten'd myſelf.

SCENE XI.

SANCHO *ſolus.*

There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knock'd on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty ſure it won't be Sancho. I have made a ſhift to eſcape this bout, but I ſhall never get out of this fighting country again as ſafe as I came into it. I ſhall leave ſome pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of Engliſh beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again! I begin to think this houſe or caſtle is chanted; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles ſince we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the ſame places. As to my ſkin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like——what is it like? Ecod 'tis like nothing but my maſter's. Well, maſter of mine, if you do get the day, you deſerve it, I'll ſay that for you; and if you get well drubb'd, why, you deſerve that too. What had we to do with the princeſs, and be hang'd to her? Beſides, I verily believe ſhe's no more a princeſs than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I ſeldom ſee any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity, and while all the reſt are knocking one another in the head, I'll into the pantry, and ſtuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

Sir THOMAS, DOROTHEA.

SIR THO. See, ungracious girl, ſee what your curſed inclinations have occaſion'd!

DOR. I'm ſure they are the cauſe of my miſery; if Fairlove be deſtroy'd, I never ſhall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

SIR THO. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I ſhall handle him in ſuch a manner, that the reſt of his life ſhall not be much worth wiſhing for.

DOR. Thus on my knees, Sir, I intreat you, by all the tenderneſs you ever profeſs'd to me! by all the joy you have ſo often ſaid I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no puniſhment upon him, but I muſt feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his heart? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than themſelves? to hinder me from all thoſe ſcenes of bliſs I'd painted to myſelf; Oh, hear me, Sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curſe.

SIR THO. Away, you're no child of mine.

DOR. Wou'd you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be ſome comfort in his abſence.——I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happineſs, but not ſo of his ſufferings; were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a priſon, not all the powers on earth ſhould keep me from him.

SCENE XII.

GUZZLE, *Mrs.* GUZZLE, *Sir* THOMAS, CONSTABLE, *Don* QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

GUZ. We have made a ſhift, an't pleaſe your worſhip, to ſecure this mad fellow at laſt; but he has done us more miſchief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

MRS. GUZ. Our houſe is ruined for ever: there is *not one* whole window in it; the ſtage-coachman

ſwears

ſwears he'll never bring a company to it again. There's Miſs Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, ſhe's a ſwearing and ſtamping like a dragoon.

SIR THO. Mr. Fairlove, you ſhall anſwer for this. —As for that poor fellow there, I ſuppoſe you have hired him. Hark'ye, fellow, what did this gentleman give you to do all this miſchief?

QUIX. It is your time now, and you may uſe it. I perceive this adventure is not reſerved for me, therefore I muſt ſubmit to the inchantment.

SIR THO. Do you banter me, you raſcal?

QUIX. Poor wretch! I ſcorn to retort thy injurious words.

SIR THO. I'll make you know who I am preſently, I will ſo.

QUIX. Doſt thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tergilicombo?—Yet think not becauſe I ſubmit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come, when I ſhall ſee thee the prey of ſome more happy knight.

SIR THO. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

MRS. GUZ. Do you hear, huſband? I ſuppoſe you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worſhip, than if he were talking to a fidler.

GUZ. I wiſh your worſhip would ſend him to gaol; he ſeems to look moſt curſedly miſchievous. I ſhall never think myſelf ſafe till he is under lock and key.

FAIR. Sir Thomas, I do not deſerve this uſage at your hands; and tho' my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto paſſive, do not carry the thing too far; for be aſſur'd, if you do, you ſhall anſwer for it.

SIR THO. Ay, ay, Sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.

Squire BADGER, *Sir* THOMAS, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, *Don* QUIXOTE, *Mrs.* GUZZLE.

BADG. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn that you won't let a man ſleep? I was as faſt on the table as if I had been in a feather-

feather-bed.——'Sbud, what's the matter? Where's my lord Slang?

SIR THO. Dear ſquire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

BADG. Oons, Sir! do you ſay that I am drunk? I ſay, Sir, that I am as ſober as a judge; and if any man ſays that I am drunk, Sir, he's a liar, and a ſon of a whore. My dear, an't I——ſober now?

DOR. O nauſeous, filthy wretch!

BADG. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench; I'll have a kiſs; I'll warrant ſhe's twice as handſome as my wife that is to be.

SIR THO. Hold, dear Sir, this is my daughter.

BADG. Sir, I don't care whoſe daughter ſhe is.

DOR. For heaven's ſake, ſomebody defend me from him.

FAIR. Let me go, dogs! villain! thou hadſt better eat thy fingers, than lay them rudely on that lady.

SIR THO. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addreſſes.

BADG. Well, Sir, and an't I making addreſſes to her, Sir, hey?

SIR THO. Let me beſeech you, Sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

BADG. Pr'ythee, doſt thou know who I am? I fancy, if thou didſt know who I was, thou would'ſt not talk to me ſo: if thou doſt any more, I ſhall ſend thee a knock. Come, Madam, ſince I have promis'd to marry you, ſince I can't be off with honour, as they ſay, why, the ſooner it's done the better; let us ſend for a parſon and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'sbodlikins! I find there's nothing in making love, when a man's but once got well got into't. I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, ſeemingly, as if I had been bound prentice to it.

QUIX. Sir, one word with you if you pleaſe: I ſuppoſe you look upon yourſelf as a reaſonable ſort of perſon.

SIR THO. What?

QUIX. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't ſtand in need of a governor.

SIR

SIR THO. Hey!

QUIX. And if this be true of you, is it poſſible you can prefer that wretch, who is a ſcandal to his very ſpecies, to this gentleman, whoſe perſon and parts would be an honour to the greateſt of it?

SIR THO. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him, I can prefer three thouſand to one.

QUIX. The uſual madneſs of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her ſake or your own? If for her's, ſure 'tis ſomething whimſical, to make her miſerable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth conſidering in theſe affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy, which love and fortune do not conſpire to make ſo. The greateſt addition of either illy ſupplies the intire abſence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beaſt, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth with a thouſand.

SIR THO. What have we here? A philoſophical pimp! I can't help ſaying but the fellow has ſome truth on his ſide.

DOR. You are my eternal averſion.

BADG. Lookye, Madam, I can take a joke, or ſo; but if you are in earneſt———

DOR. Indeed I am; I hate and deſpiſe you in the moſt ſerious earneſt.

BADG. Do you? Then you may kiſs——'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here, Sir what's your name, and I'll have ſatisfaction.

QUIX. Oh, that I were diſinchanted for thy ſake!

BADG. Sir, I'll have ſatisfaction.

SIR THO. My daughter, Sir———

BADG. Sir, your daughter, Sir, is a ſon of a whore, Sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too; I'll have ſatisfaction.

[*Exit.*

QUIX. A Turk would ſcarce marry a Chriſtian ſlave to ſuch a huſband.

SIR THO. How this man was miſrepreſented to *me! Fellows*, let go your priſoner. Mr. Fairlove,

can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injuſtice I have ſhewn you on this wretch's account.

FAIR. } Ha!
DOR. }

SIR THO. If the immediate executing all my former promiſes to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no reaſon to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue, you have my conſent to conſummate as ſoon as you pleaſe; her's, I believe, you have already.

FAIR. Oh tranſport! Oh bleſt moment!

DOR. No conſent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

FAIR. Thus the merchant, who with pleaſure,
Long adventur'd on the main,
Hugging faſt his darling treaſure,
Gaily ſmiles
On paſt toils,
Well repaid for all his pain.

DOR. Thus the nymph whom death affrighting,
With her lover's death alarms,
Wakes with tranſports all delighting;
Madly bleſt,
When careſt
In his warm entwining arms.

MRS. GUZ. Lard bleſs 'em! Who cou'd have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak!

QUIX. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an inſtance of what admirable ſervice we are to mankind.—I find ſome adventures are reſerv'd for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

SIR THO. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it poſſible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha?

QUIX. Truly, Sir, I have had ſo much ado with *inchanters*, that I dare not affirm whether I am really *myſelf* or no.

SIR

SIR THO. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great atchievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

QUIX. A ſearch of adventures, Sir: no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous ſtock of Monſters; nor have I found one leſs than I expected.

SCENE XV.

Don QUIXOTE, *Sir* THOMAS, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, GUZZLE, *Mrs.* GUZZLE, BRIEF, *Dr.* DRENCH.

BRIEF. I'll have ſatisfaction; I won't be us'd after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or juſtice, or jury, or crown-office, or actions of damages, or on the caſe, or treſpaſſes, or aſſaults and batteries.

SIR THO. What's the matter, Mr. Counſellor?

BRIEF. Oh, Sir Thomas! I am abus'd, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, diſmember'd, kill'd, maſſacred, and murder'd, by this rogue, robber, raſcal, villain. I ſhan't be able to appear at Weſtminſter-hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

DRENCH. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, ſweated, bliſter'd, vomited, purg'd, this inſtant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this ſort of phrenzy; his next paroxyſm will be ſix times as ſtrong as the former.

BRIEF. Pſhaw! the man is no more mad than I am.——I ſhould be finely off if he could be prov'd non compos mentis; 'tis an eaſy thing for a man to pretend madneſs ex poſt facto.

DRENCH. Pretend madneſs! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by ſymptoms, Sir.

BRIEF. Symptoms! Gad, here are ſymptoms for you, if you come to that.

DRENCH. Very plain ſymptoms of madneſs, I think.

BRIEF

BRIEF. Very fine, indeed! very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's beating another is a proof of madneſs. So that if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead non compos mentis, and he's acquitted of courſe: ſo there's an end of all actions of aſſaults and battery at once.

SCENE *the laſt.*

Sir THOMAS, COOK, *Don* QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, *Dr.* DRENCH, *Servants hauling in* SANCHO.

SIR THO. Heyday! what's the matter now?

COOK. Bring him along, bring him along. Ah, maſter, no wonder you have complain'd ſo long of miſſing your victuals; for all the time we were out in the yard, this rogue has been ſtuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he cou'd not eat he has cram'd into that great ſack there which he calls a wallet.

QUIX. Thou ſcandal to the name of ſquire! wilt thou eternally bring ſhame on thy maſter by theſe little pilfering tricks?

SAN. Nay, nay, you have no reaſon to talk, good maſter of mine; the receiver's as bad as the thief: and you have been glad, let me tell you, after ſome of your adventures, to ſee the inſide of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox, are theſe your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

QUIX. Slave! caitif!

SIR. THO. Dear knight, be not angry with the truſty Sancho: you know, by the laws of knight-errantry, ſtuffing the wallet has ſtill been the privilege of the ſquire.

SAN. If this gentleman be a knight errant, I wiſh he would make me his ſquire.

QUIX. I'm pacified.

FAIR. Landlord, be eaſy; whatever you may have ſuffer'd by Mr. Sancho, or his illuſtrious maſter, I'll ſee you paid.

SIR THO. If you will honour my houſe, noble *knight*, and be preſent at my daughter's wedding with

with this gentleman, we will do the beſt in our power for your entertainment.

QUIX. Sir, I accept your offer; and, unleſs any immediate adventure of moment ſhould intervene, will attend you.

SAN. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news i'faith! Give me your wedding-adventures, the devil take all the reſt.

DRENCH. Sure, Sir Thomas, you will not take a madman home with you to your houſe.

QUIX. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For alas! cou'd it be prov'd, what were it more than almoſt all mankind in ſome degree deſerve! Who would doubt the noiſy boiſt'rous ſquire, who was here juſt now, to be mad? Muſt not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to ſuch a wretch? You, doctor, are mad too, tho' not ſo mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he wou'd not have gone into a ſcuffle, when it is the buſineſs of men of his profeſſion to ſet other men by the ears, and keep clear themſelves.

SIR THO. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad than himſelf.

FAIR. Perhaps, Sir Thomas, that is no ſuch difficult point.

AIR XV. Country Bumpkin.

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
Some for places,
Some embraces;
Some are mad to keep up gain,
And others mad to ſpend it.
Courties we may madmen rate,
Poor believers
In deceivers;
Some are mad to hurt the ſtate,
And others mad to mend it.

Doc-

DOR. Lawyers are for bedlam fit,
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the rogueries to commit
Which we're ſo mad to let 'em,
Poets madmen are no doubt,
With projectors,
And directors;
FAIR. Women all are mad throughout,
And we more mad to get 'em.
Since your madneſs is ſo plain,
Each ſpectator
Of good-nature,
With applauſe will entertain
His brother of La Mancha:
With applauſe will entertain
Don Quixote and ſquire Sancho.

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A N

Old Man taught Wiſdom:

OR, THE

VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A F A R C E.

As it was perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, by his MAJESTY's Servants, in the Year 1734.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

GOODWILL,	Mr. SHEPARD.
LUCY, his daughter,	Mrs. CLIVE.
BLISTER, an apothecary,	Mr. HARPER.
COUPEE, a dancing-maſter,	Mr. LAGUERRE.
QUAVER, a ſinging-maſter,	Mr. SALWAY.
WORMWOOD, a lawyer,	Mr. MACKLIN.
Mr. THOMAS, a footman,	Mr. ESTE.

SCENE, a hall in GOODWILL's houſe in the country.

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A N

Old Man taught Wiſdom.

SCENE, *a hall in Mr.* GOODWILL's *houſe.*

GOODWILL *ſolus.*

WELL! it is to me ſurpriſing, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleaſure in getting an eſtate, few or none ſhould taſte a ſatisfaction in beſtowing it. Doubtleſs, a good man muſt have vaſt delight in rewarding merit, nor will I believe it ſo difficult to be found. I am at preſent, I thank Heaven, and my own induſtry, worth a good 10,000l. and an only daughter, both which I have determin'd to give to the moſt worthy of my poor relations. The tranſport I feel from the hope of making ſome honeſt man happy, makes me amends for the many weary days and ſleepleſs nights my riches have coſt me. I have ſent to ſummon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; ſhe has ſeen nothing, knows nothing, and has conſequently no will but mine. I have no reaſon to doubt her conſent to whatever choice I ſhall make.——How happily muſt my old age ſlide away, between the affection of an innocent and dutiful child, and the grateful return I may expect from a ſo much obliged ſon-in-law! I am certainly the happieſt man on earth. Here ſhe comes.

Enter LUCY.

LUCY. Did you ſend for me, papa?

GOOD. Yes, come hither, child. I have ſent for

you

you to mention an affair to you, which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

LUCY. I hope it is not to ſend me to a boarding-ſchool, papa.

GOOD. I hope my indulgence to you has been ſuch, that you have reaſon to regard me as the beſt of fathers. I am ſure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own good: indeed I have conſulted nothing elſe. It is for that which I have been toiling theſe many years; for which I have deny'd myſelf every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of 500l. a year, amaſſed the ſum of 10,000l.

LUCY. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

GOOD. Be not frighten'd, my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But anſwer me one queſtion——What does my little dear think of a huſband?

LUCY. A huſband, papa! O la!

GOOD. Come, it is a queſtion a girl in her ſixteenth year may anſwer. Should you like to have a huſband, Lucy?

LUCY. And am I to have a coach?

GOOD. No, no: what has that to do with a huſband?

LUCY. Why you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carried away in a coach by her huſband; and I have been told by ſeveral of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was marry'd. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a huſband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my ſleep, and methought it was the pureſt thing!—

GOOD. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counſellors. [*Aſide.*]—I tell you, child, you muſt have no coach with a huſband.

LUCY. Then let me have a coach without a huſband?

GOOD. What, had you rather have a coach than a huſband?

LUCY. Hum——I don't know that.——But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a huſband.

AIR

AIR I. Thomas, I cannot.

Do you, papa, but find a coach,
And leave the other to me, Sir?
For that will make the lover approach,
And I warrant we ſhan't diſagree, Sir.
No ſparks will talk
To girls that walk,
I've heard it, and I confide in't:
Do you then fix
My coach and fix;
I warrant I get one to ride in't.
I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, ſure. Huſſy! who put theſe thoughts into your Head? You ſhall have a good ſober huſband, that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't though if I can help it; for Miſs Jenny Flant-it ſays, a ſober huſband is the worſt ſort of huſband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to ſound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever ſaw, whom you ſhould like beſt for a huſband?

Lucy. O fy, papa, I muſt not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miſs Jenny ſays I muſt not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miſs Jenny is a wicked girl, and you muſt not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I ſhall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever ſaw in my whole life-time, I like Mr. Thomas, my lord Pounce's footman, the beſt, a hundred thouſand times.

Good. Oh, fy upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thouſand times more like a gentleman than either ſquire Foxchaſe or ſquire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and ſmells more like one too. His head is ſo prettily dreſt, done all down upon the top with Sugar, like a trofled

froſted cake, with three little curls on each ſide, that you may ſee his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind juſt like a fine lady's, with a little, little hat, and a pair of charming white ſtockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd fowl; and he always carries a great ſwinging ſtick in his hand, as big as himſelf, that he would knock any dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A footman indeed! why Miſs Jenny likes him as well as I do; and ſhe ſays, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are ſo fond of, are juſt ſuch perſons as he is.——Icod, I ſhould have had him before now, but that folks told me, I ſhould have a man with a coach, and that methinks I had rather have, a great deal.

GOOD. I am amaz'd! but I abhor the mercenary temper in the girl worſe than all.——What, child, would you have any one with a coach! would you have Mr. Achum?

LUCY. Yes, indeed, would I for a coach.

GOOD. Why he is a cripple, and can ſcarce walk acroſs the room.

LUCY. What ſignifies that?

AIR II. Wully Honey.

When he in a coach can be carry'd,
What need has a man to go?
That women for coaches are marry'd,
I'm not ſuch a child but I know.
But if the poor crippled elf
In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I may go by myſelf,
And he may e'en ſtay at home.

Enter BLISTER,

BLIST. Mr. Goodwill, your humble ſervant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an hour. I am glad to ſee you ſo well; I was afraid by your meſſage——

GOOD. That I had wanted your advice, I ſuppoſe; truly, coz, I ſent for you on a better account.—— Lucy, this is a relation of yours, you have not ſeen a *great* while, my couſin Bliſter, the apothecary.

LUCY.

LUCY. O la! I hope that great huge man is not to be my husband?

BLIST. My couſin is well grown, and looks healthy. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

GOOD. Plain wholeſome food and exerciſe are what he deals in.

BLIST. Plain wholeſome food is very proper at ſome time of the year, with gentle phyſic between whiles.

GOOD. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I muſt talk with your couſin.

LUCY, Yes, papa, with all my heart.——I hope I ſhall never ſee that great thing again. [*Exit.*

GOOD. I believe you begin to wonder at my meſſage, and will, perhaps, more, when you know the occaſion of it. In ſhort, without more preface, I begin to find myſelf going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore reſolv'd to ſee her ſettled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vaſt wealth neceſſary to happineſs; wherefore, as I can give her a ſufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will pleaſe me, that the fruits of my labour ſhould not go out of the family. I have ſent to ſeveral of my kinſmen, of whom ſhe ſhall take her choice; and as you are the firſt here, if you like the propoſal, you ſhall make the firſt application.

BLIST. With all my heart, couſin; and I am very much obliged to you. Your daughter ſeems an agreeable young woman, and I have no averſion to marriage. But pray, why do you think yourſelf going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it conſiderable while. Let me feel your pulſe.

GOOD. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

BLIST. A little feveriſh.——I would adviſe you to loſe a little blood, and take an emulſion, with a gentle emetick and cathartick.

GOOD. No, no, I will ſend my daughter to you; but pray keep your phyſic to yourſelf, dear couſin.

[*Exit.*

BLIST. This man is near ſeventy, and, I have heard, never took any phyſic in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life-time. 'Tis ſtrange; but if I marry his daughter, the ſooner he dies, the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and ſo, ſo much the better.—What a ſtrange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worſe.

AIR III. Round, round the mill.

In women we beauty or wit admire;
Sing Trol, lerol:
But ſure as we have them, as ſurely they'll tire;
O ho, will they ſo?

Abroad for theſe dainties the wiſe therefore roam,
Sing Trol, lerol:
And frugally keep but a plain diſh at home;
Oh ho, do they ſo?

Who marries a beauty, muſt hate her when old;
Sing Trol, lerol:
But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
Oh ho, is it ſo?

Enter LUCY.

Oh, here comes my miſtreſs: what a pox ſhall I ſay to her? I never made love in my life.

LUCY. Papa has ſent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-ſchool, I am ſure I would not have come: but they ſay I ſhall be whipt there, and a huſband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

BLIST. Won't you pleaſe to ſit down, couſin?

LUCY. Yes, thank you, Sir ——Since I muſt ſtay with you, I may as well ſit down as not [*Aſide.*

BLIST. Pray, couſin, how do you find yourſelf?

LUCY. Find myſelf?

BLIST. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your *pulſe*. How do you ſleep o'nights?

LUCY.

LUCY. How? why upon my back, generally.

BLIST. But I mean, do you ſleep without interruption? Are you not reſtleſs?

LUCY. I tumble and toſs a good deal ſometimes.

BLIST. Hum! Pray how long do you uſually ſleep?

LUCY. About ten or eleven hours.

BLIST. Is your ſtomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

LUCY. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unleſs it be at breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper, and afternoon's nunchion.

BLIST. Hum! I find you have at preſent no abſolute need of an apothecary.

LUCY. I am glad to hear that; I wiſh he was gone with all my heart.

BLIST. I ſuppoſe, couſin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happieſt man upon earth?

LUCY. You need not aſk me: you know I muſt do what he bids me.

BLIST. May I then hope you will make me your huſband?

LUCY. I muſt do what he'll have me.

BLIST. What makes you cry, Miſs? Pray tell me what is the matter.

LUCY. No, you will be angry with me, if I tell you.

BLIST. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I muſt not be angry with you, whatever you do.

LUCY. What, muſt not you be angry, let me do what I will?

BLIST. No, my dear.

LUCY. Why then, by Goles! I will tell you—— I hate you, and I can't abide you.

BLIST. What have I done to deſerve your hate?

LUCY. You have done nothing; but you are ſuch a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I ſhould hate you ſtill.

BLIST. Did not you tell me juſt now, you wou'd make me your huſband?

LUCY. Yes, ſo I will for all that.

AIR IV. Now ponder well, &c.

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you——O la!

BLIST. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I aſſure you I will not; beſides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourſelf any trouble about that, it is the very beſt reaſon for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom ſhe hates; hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what moſt couples do before they are marry'd, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a marry'd life. I ſuppoſe you imagine we are to be fond, and kiſs, and hug one another as long as we live.

LUCY. Why, an't we?

BLIST. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is! [*Aſide.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the ſame houſe together, and going by the ſame name; while I am following my buſineſs, you will be following your pleaſure; ſo that we ſhall rarely meet but at mea's, and then we are to ſit at oppoſite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

LUCY. I ſhall like that prodigiouſly.——Ah, but there is one thing tho'——an't we to lie together?

BLIST. A fortnight, no longer.

LUCY. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

BLIST. Ay, and then you may have any one elſe?

LUCY. May I? then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by Goles! why this is pure; la; they told me other ſtories. I thought when I had been marry'd, I muſt never have liked any one but my huſband, and that if I ſhou'd he wou'd kill me: but I thought one thing tho' with myſelf, that I cou'd like another man without letting him know it, and then a fig for him.

BLIST.

BLIST. Ay, ay, they tell children ſtrange ſtories; I warrant they have told you, you muſt be govern'd by your huſband?

LUCY. My papa tells me ſo.

BLIST. But all the married women in England will tell you another ſtory.

LUCY. So they have already, for they ſay I muſt not be govern'd by a huſband; and they ſay another thing too, that you will tell me one ſtory before marriage, and another afterwards, for that marriage alters a man prodigiouſly.

BLIST. No, child, I ſhall be juſt the ſame creature I am now, unleſs in one circumſtance; I ſhall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

LUCY. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

BLIST. It is you that will make them grow.

LUCY. Shall I? by Goles! then I'll do't as ſoon as ever I can; for I long to ſee 'em! do, tell me how I ſhall do it.

BLIST. Every other man you kiſs, I ſhall have a pair of horns grow.

LUCY. By Goles, then, you ſhall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V. Buff-coat.

Ah, Sir! I gueſs
You are a fibbing creature.

BLIST. Becauſe, dear Miſs,
You know not human nature.

LUCY. Marry'd men. I'll be ſworn,
I have ſeen without horn.

BLIST. Ah child! you want art to unlock it:
The ſecret here lies,
Men now are to wife,
To carry their horns in their pocket.

LUCY. But you ſhall wear yours on your head, for I ſhall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

BLIST. Well then, Miſs, I may depend upon you?

LUCY. And may I depend upon you?

BLIST. Yes, my dear.

LUCY. Ah, but don't call me ſo; I hate you ſhould call me ſo.

BLIST. Oh child, all marry'd people call one another My Dear, let 'em hate one another as much as they will.

LUCY. Do they? Well then, my dear——Hum, I think there is not any great matter in the word, neither.

BLIST. Why, amongſt your fine gentry, there is ſcarce any meaning in any thing they ſay. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding inſtantly.

LUCY. The ſooner the better.

BLIST. Your ſervant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*

LUCY. Your ſervant, my dear. Naſty, greaſy, ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing tho', I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life; ſince I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Goles, I'll make him know who is at home.——Let me ſee, I'll practiſe a little. Suppoſe that chair was my huſband; and ecod! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a huſband as any thing elſe; now ſays my huſband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. "Pray, my dear, let us dine early to-day." Indeed, my dear, I can't.——"Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" No, my dear! "Then you will ſtay at home: No, my dear! "Shall we ride out?" No, my dear. "Shall we go a viſiting!" No, my dear.——I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am reſolv'd; and then Mr. Thomas, O good! I am out of my wits.

AIR VI. Beſſy Bell.

La! what ſwinging lyes ſome people will tell!
I thought when another I'd wedded,
I muſt have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,
And none but my huſband have bedded.
But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas day
Is ſtill the fore-runner of Lammas,
So wedding another is but the right way
To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this!

COUP. Couſin, your moſt obedient and devoted humble ſervant.

LUCY. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

COUP. I have not the honour to be known to you, couſin; but your father has been ſo kind to give me admiſſion to your fair hands.

LUCY. O Gemini Cancer! what a fine charming man this is?

COUP. My name, Madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-maſter.

LUCY. And are you come to teach me to dance?

COUP. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance; did you never learn to dance?

LUCY. No, Sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

COUP. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happineſs for you to amend it, by having a dancing-maſter for your huſband.

LUCY. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a dancing-maſter; my papa ſays, I am to have a naſty ſtinking apothecary.

COUP. Your papa ſays! What ſignifies what your papa ſays?

LUCY. What, muſt I not mind what my papa ſays?

COUP. No, no; you are to follow your own inclinations.—I think if ſhe has any eyes, I may venture to truſt 'em. [*Aſide.*] Your father is a very comical queer old fellow, a very odd kind of a ſilly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I aſk pardon tho' for my freedom.

LUCY. You need not aſk my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I ſay.

COUP. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous uſage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit, and ſpirit, without ever ſuffering her to learn to dance! Why, Madam, not learning to dance, is ab-

ſolute

ſolute ruin to a young lady. I ſuppoſe he took care enough you ſhou'd learn to read.

LUCY. Yes, I can read very well, and ſpell too.

COUP. Ay, there it is; why now, that's more than I can do. All parents take care to inſtruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel ſciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at leaſt, if I throw myſelf at your feet, and vow never to riſe till lifted up with the elevating fire of your ſmiles.

LUCY. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to ſay to theſe fine things.——He's a pure man. [*Aſide.*

COUP. Might I hope to obtain the leaſt ſpark of your love, the leaſt ſpark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide thoſe lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, leſt I am conſumed —Shall I hope you will think of me?

LUCY. I ſhall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aſide.*

COUP. Will you not anſwer me?

LUCY. La! you make me bluſh ſo, I know not what to ſay.

COUP. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance; a dancing-maſter would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to ſay, that I may hope you will condeſcend to make me your huſband.

LUCY. No, I won't ſay that; but——

AIR VII. Tweed-ſide.

O preſs me not, Sir, to be wife
To a man whom I never can hate;
So ſweet a fine gentleman's life
Shou'd ne'er be four'd with that fate.

But ſoon as I marry'd have been,
Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh ſtay but a fortnight, and then,
And then you ſhall—— Oh, I'm aſham'd.

COUP. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of—— of——Mr. What's his-name, the oldeſt man that ever liv'd; live a fortnight after you are marry'd! No, unleſs

unleſs you reſolve to have me, I will reſolve to put an end to myſelf.

LUCY. O do not that. But indeed I can never hate you; and the apothecary ſays no woman marries any man ſhe does not hate.

COUP. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as thoſe every fine lady muſt hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

LUCY. O but I would not have you think I love you. I aſſure you, I don't love you: I have been told I muſt not tell any man I love him. I don't love you; indeed, I don't.

COUP. But may I not hope you will?

LUCY. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miſs Jenny ſays I muſt always give myſelf airs to a man I like. [*Aſide.*

COUP. Hope, Madam, at leaſt, you may allow me; the cruelleſt of your ſex, the greateſt tyrants deny not hope.

LUCY. No, I will not give you the leaſt crumb of hope.——Hope, indeed! what do you take me for? I'll aſſure you! No, I would not give you the leaſt bit of hope, tho' I was to ſee you die before my face. —It is a pure thing to give one's ſelf airs. [*Aſide.*

COUP. Since nothing but my death will content you, you ſhall be ſatisfy'd, even at that price. [*Pulls out his kitt.*] Ha! curſed fate! I have no other inſtrument of death about me than a ſword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way: within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you ſhall ſee me hanging by the neck.

There ſhall you ſee your dancing-maſter die;
As Bateman hang'd for love——e'en ſo will I.

LUCY. O ſtay!——La, Sir! you're ſo haſty.—— Muſt I tell you the firſt time I ſee you? Miſs Jenny Flant-it has been courted theſe two years by half a dozen men, and nobody knows which ſhe'll have yet: and muſt not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed ſo I will.

COUP. And ſo you ſhall; I will court you after we are marry'd.

LUCY. But will you, indeed?

COUP. Yes, indeed; but if I ſhould not, there are others enough that wou'd.

LUCY. But I did not think marry'd women had ever been courted, tho'.

COUP. That's all owing to your not learning to dance! Why there are abundance of women who marry for no other reaſon; as there are ſeveral men who never court any but marry'd women.

LUCY. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you. But hold; there is one thing, but that does not much ſignify.

COUP. What is it, my dear?

LUCY. Only I promis'd the apothecary juſt now; that's all.

COUP. Well, ſhall I fly then, and put every thing in readineſs?

LUCY. Ay, do; I'm ready.

LUCY. One kiſs before I go, my deareſt angel! And now, one, two, three, and away. [*Exit.*

LUCY. Oh, dear ſweet man! He's as handſome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He is handſomer than Mr. Thomas, and i'cod, almoſt as well dreſt. I ſee now why my father wou'd never let me learn to dance. For, by goles; if all dancing-maſters be ſuch fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O-la! now I think on't, he pull'd out his fiddling thing, and I did not aſk him to play a tune upon it.——But when we are marry'd, I'll make him play upon't; i'cod, he ſhall teach me to dance too.——He ſhall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here! Another beau?

Enter QUAVER.

QUAV. Madam, your ſervant. I ſuppoſe my couſin Goodwill has told you of the happineſs he deſigns me.

LUCY. No, Sir, my papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

QUAV. I have the honour of being a diſtant relation of yours, and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, Madam: I have the honour to teach ſome of the firſt quality to ſing.

LUCY.

LUCY. And are you come to teach me to ſing?

QUAV. I like her deſire to learn to ſing; it is a proof of an excellent underſtanding. [*Aſide.* Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I ſhall not yield to any one in the ſcience of ſinging.

LUCY. Well, and I ſhall be glad to learn; for I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

QUAV. That, Madam, may be acquired; a voice cannot. A voice muſt be the gift of nature; and it is the greateſt gift nature can beſtow. All other perfections, without a voice, are nothing at all. Muſic is allow'd by all wiſe men to be the nobleſt of the ſciences: whoever knows muſic, knows every thing.

LUCY. Come then, begin to teach me; for I long to learn.

QUAV. Hereafter I ſhall have time enough. But at preſent I have ſomething of a different nature to ſay to you.

LUCY. What have you to ſay?

AIR VIII. Dimi Caro.

Deareſt charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you diſcern ſo well,
By my expiring ſighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look thro' th' inſtructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
See how the turtles play;
Each object prompts to love:
All nature tells you what I'd ſay.

LUCY. O charming! delightful!

QUAV. May I hope you'll grant——

LUCY. Another ſong, and I'll do any thing.

QUAV. Deareſt creature,
Pride of nature!
All your glances
Give me trances.
Deareſt, &c.

LUCY.

LUCY. Oh, I melt, I faint, I ſwoon, I die!
QUAV. May I hope you'll be mine?
LUCY. Will you charm me ſo every day?
QUAY. And every night too, my angel.

Enter COUPEE.

COUP. Heyday! what do I ſee? my miſtreſs in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what buſineſs you have with that lady?
QUAV. Pray, Sir, be ſo good as to tell me what buſineſs you have to aſk.
COUP. Sir!
QUAV. Sir!
COUP. Sir, this lady is my miſtreſs.
QUAV. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.
COUP. Sir!
QUAV. Sir!

AIR IX. Of all the ſimple, &c.

COUP. Excuſe me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.
QUAV. Sir, you miſtake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.
COUP. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.
QUAV. Do you challenge me, Sir?
COUP. Not I, indeed, Sir,
QUAV. Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

LUCY. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beſeech you, ſpeak to me, one of you.
COUP. Have I not reaſon? Did I not find you in his arms?
QUAV. And have I not reaſon? Did he not ſay you was his miſtreſs, to my face?

AIR X. Molly Mog.

LUCY. Did mortal e'er ſee two ſuch fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whiſper I'll bite.

With

With you I am ready to go, Sir;
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff.
[*To* Coupee.
Stay you but a fortnight, or ſo, Sir.
I warrant I'll grant you enough.
[*To* Quaver.

QUAV. Damnation!

COUP. Hell and confuſion!

[*They draw*; Lucy *runs out*.

Enter BLISTER.

BLIST. For Heaven's ſake, gentlemen, what's the matter? I profeſs I am afraid you are both diſorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulſe: I wiſh you are not light-headed!

COUP. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

QUAV. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, ſirrah?

COUP. I have a great mind to break my ſword about your head, you dog!

QUAV. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you raſcal!

COUP. Do you know who we are?

QUAV. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with?

BLIST. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.——I wiſh I had nothing to do with you: I meant no harm.

COUP. So much the worſe, ſirrah: ſo much the worſe.

QUAV. Do you know what it is to anger gentlemen?

Enter GOODWILL.

GOOD. Heyday! what are you fencing here, gentlemen?

BLIST. Fencing, quotha? They have almoſt fenced me out of my ſenſes, I am ſure.

COUP. I ſhall take another time.

QUAV. And ſo ſhall I.

GOOD. I hope there is no anger between you! You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.—Mr. Quaver; you was ſent out of England young;

and

and you, Mr. Coupee, have liv'd all your life-time in London; but, I aſſure you, you are couſin-germans. Let me introduce you to each other.

COUP. Dear couſin Quaver.

QUAV. Dear couſin Coupee.

BLIST. It's but a blow and a kiſs with theſe ſparks, I find.

COUP. I thought there was ſomething about him I cou'd not hurt.

GOOD. Here is another relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Bliſter, ſon to your uncle Bliſter the apothecary.

COUP. I hope you will excuſe our ignorance.

BLIST. Yes, couſin, with all my heart, ſince there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you ſhall both immediately loſe ſome blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter WORMWOOD.

WORM. Your ſervant, couſin Goodwill. How do you do, Maſter Coupee? How do you do, Maſter Bliſter? The roads are very dirty; but I obey your ſummons, you ſee.

GOOD. Mr. Quaver, this is your couſin Wormwood, the attorney.

WORM. I am very glad to ſee you, Sir. I ſuppoſe, by ſo many of our relations being aſſembled, this is a family law-ſuit I am come upon. I ſhall be glad to have my inſtructions as ſoon as poſſible; for I muſt carry away ſome of your neighbours goods with executions by-and-by.

GOOD. I ſent for you on the account of no law-ſuit this time. In ſhort, I have reſolv'd to diſpoſe of my daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, couſin Wormwood, with 10,000l. and you ſhould happen to be her choice———

BLIST. That's impoſſible; for ſhe has promis'd me already.

COUP. And me.

QUAV. And me.

WORM. How! has ſhe promis'd three of you?

Why

Why then the two that miſs her will have very good actions againſt him that has her.

GOOD. Her own choice muſt determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. Bliſter, I muſt inſiſt on your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

BLIST. No, Sir, I cannot conſent to leave off my trade.

GOOD. Pray, gentlemen, is not the requeſt reaſonable?

ALL. Oh, certainly, certainly.

COUP. Ten thouſand pounds to an apothecary, indeed!

QUAV. Not leave off his trade!

COUP. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I ſhou'd not have made many words.

GOOD. I dare ſwear you will not, couſin, if ſhe ſhou'd make choice of you.

COUP. There is ſome difference tho' betwen us: mine is a genteel profeſſion, and I ſhall not leave it off on any account.

GOOD. I'll be judg'd by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and ſeen the world.

QUAV. Very reaſonable, very reaſonable——This man, I ſee, has excellent ſenſe, and can diſtinguiſh between arts and ſciences.

GOOD. I am confident it would not be eaſy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to ſing,

QUAV. Ridiculous art of teaching to ſing! Do you call muſick an art, which is the nobleſt of all ſciences? I thought you a man of ſenſe, but I find——

COUP. And I find too.

BLIST And ſo do I.

WORM. Well, it is ſurpriſing that men ſhould be ſuch fools, that they ſhou'd heſitate at leaving off their profeſſions for 10,000l.

GOOD. Couſin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice, I am ſure.

WORM. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-maſters. No man need be aſham'd of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What would you

you do without lawyers? Who'd know his own property?

BLIST. Or without phyſicians, who'd know when he was well?

COUP. If it was not for dancing-maſters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

QUAV. And if it was not for ſinging-maſters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

GOOD. Ha! confuſion! what do I ſee! my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter LUCY *and Mr.* THOMAS.

LUCY. Pray, papa, give me your bleſſing; I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am marry'd to Mr. Thomas.

GOOD. Oh Lucy, Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondneſs?

LUCY. Dear papa, forgive me, I won't do ſo any more,——Indeed I ſhould have been perjured if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

GOOD. To marry a footman?

THO. Why, look ye, Sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have a good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other cloaths on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to ſee me again.

WORM. Harkye, Mr. Goodwill, your daughter is an heireſs. I'll put you in a way to proſecute this fellow.

BLIST. Did you not promiſe me, Madam?

COUP. Ay, did not you promiſe me, Madam?

QUAV. And me too?

LUCY. You have none of you any reaſon to complain; if I did promiſe you all, I promis'd him firſt.

WORM. Look ye, gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we ſhall recover part of her fortune.

QUAV. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt muſick, it wou'd have put ſofter things into her head.

BLIST.

BLIST. This comes of your contempt of phyſick. If ſhe had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and bilſtering, this had never happen'd.

WORM. You ſhou'd have ſent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the Temple, that ſhe might have converſed with the young gentlemen of the law, and ſeen the world.

AIR XI. Buſh of Boon.

LUCY. Oh dear papa! don't look ſo grum;
Forgive me, and be good:
For tho' he's not ſo great as ſome,
He ſtill is fleſh and blood.
What tho' he's not ſo fine as beaux,
In gold and ſilver gay;
Yet he, perhaps, without their cloaths,
May have more charms than they.

THO. Your daughter has marry'd a man of ſome learning, and one who has ſeen a little of the world, and who by his love to her, and obedience to you, will try to deſerve your favours. As for my having worn a livery, let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great family, I have ſeen that no one is reſpected for what he is, but for what he has; the world pays no regard at preſent to any thing but money; and if my own induſtry ſhou'd add to your fortune, ſo as to entitle any of my poſterity to grandeur, it will be no reaſon againſt making my ſon, or grandſon, a lord, that his father, or grandfather, was a footman.

GOOD. Ha! thou talk'ſt like a pretty ſenſible fellow, and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice, than ſhe cou'd have done among her booby relations. I ſhall ſuſpend my judgement at preſent, and paſs it hereafter, according to your behaviour.

THO. I will try to deſerve it ſhou'd be in my favour.

WORM I hope, couſin, you don't expect I ſhou'd loſe my time. I expect ſix and eight-pence for my journey.

GOOD. Thy profeſſion, I ſee, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinc'd

vinc'd 'tis leſs difficult to raiſe a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII. The Yorkſhire Ballad.

BLISTER.

Had your daughter been phyſick'd well, Sir, as ſhe ought,
With bleeding, and bliſt'ring, and vomit and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his Down, down, &c.

COUPEE.

Had pretty Miſs been at a dancing-ſchool bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curſe! 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his Down, down, &c.

QUAVER.

Had ſhe learnt, like fine ladies, inſtead of her prayers,
To languiſh and die at Italian ſoft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears,
With his Down, down, &c.

LUCY.

You may phyſick, and muſick, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance,
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his Down, down, &c.

And though ſoft Italians the ladies controul,
He ſwears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian can do for his ſoul,
With a Down, down, &c.

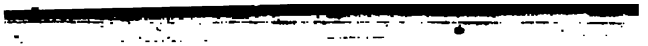
My fate then, ſpectators, hangs to your decree;
I have brought kind papa here, at laſt, to agree:
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce then nice criticks purſue,
But like honeſt-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to pleaſe us, who have ſweat to pleaſe you,
With our Down, down, &c.

CHORUS.

Let not a poor farce then, &c.

END of the THIRD VOLUME.



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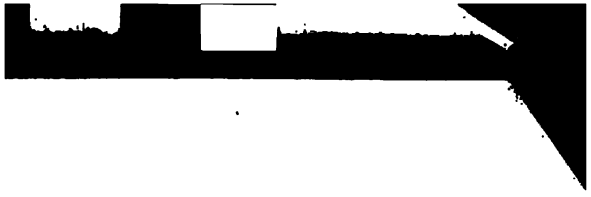
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